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A HISTORY

OF

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE

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BY

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On the 25th of October 1707 the first Parliament of the United Kingdom met. Few meetings of a new Parliament at Westminster have been attended with less manifestation of excitement and curiosity than this. To Scotsmen of the Belhaven school, who dwelt on the romance of the "ancient kingdom," it was

mortifying to notice how thoroughly English the event was. They read that "all the forms usual to the beginning of a new Parliament were observed. The queen came to the House of Peers, and the Commons being sent for, they were directed by the Lord Chancellor to return to their House and choose a Speaker, and present him that day se'night. They unanimously made choice of Mr Smith, their former Speaker, and then adjourned to the thirtieth of the same month."[1] The Lords adjourned to the same day, after thirteen of the sixteen peers assigned to "that part of Great Britain called Scotland" had been admitted to their places by virtue of their respective writs, each being introduced by two English peers of the same rank.

Thus it was tacitly assumed that the English organisation and forms would rule the new Legislature of the two nations. It could not be otherwise; and fortunately the question of giving Scots institutions a share in the new legislative action was never seriously opened, because it must have been the suggestion of an impossibility, to be met by the doctrine that the admission of any institutions or practices peculiar to the Estates of Scotland would have materially damaged the Parliament of Great Britain. In Scotland it was felt rather than admitted that if old traditions and customary usages must be abandoned on one side or the other to give the necessary power and pliancy to the new organisation, generosity combined with justice in declaring that the sacrifice should be made by that small community to whom it would occasion but an eighth

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 589.

part of the trouble, cost, and danger that it would bring on the larger body. What was essential to the protection of the rights and liberties of Scotsmen—the separate laws and local institutions—had been sacredly preserved. The predominant religion even had been secured, though a large body of the people, chiefly among the gentry, were devoted to the creed and ceremonies of the potent Church of England. Some among the aristocracy and wealthy citizens must abandon the ambition to play the part of legislative statesmen; but, on the other hand, the select few who went to St Stephen's had each a voice in the mighty destinies of the British empire.

Thus there was a courteous evasion, not only of the question whether the United Parliament might have been benefited by the introduction of some features from Scotland, carrying with it evasion of the answer that must have been an absolute negative. When the parliamentary tactics of England are compared with the devices for popular legislation framed by other communities, they come forth as a marvel of subtle skill. They stand not only unmatched but unapproached in efficiency, by any other public institution not copied from them, as a mechanism for collecting the predominating judgment of a popular assembly on any piece of business, whether of the simplest or the most complex character. Throughout the multitudinous and intricate mazes of "the statutes at large," there is no sentence — no word —that has not undergone the test, sometimes over and over again, of being at the mercy of every member of the Legislature to demand from his colleagues a vote on its acceptance, and that vote had to

be in the simple form of affirmative or negative. It was the realisation of the idea of the old logicians that exhaustive analysis could only be accomplished by what in their own language has been called bifurcation—it was exemplified in the whimsical formula that men are divided into Socrates and those who are not Socrates. There were in England but few difficulties and dangers that had not been conquered by a firm and conclusive settlement, and the few constitutional parliamentary contests occurring within the scope of our present story would seem so trifling in almost any other community, that they testify very effectively to the determination of the leaders in the political warfare to leave nothing doubtful and undecided. This noble organisation may be counted as the collective trophies gained in the long contest between prerogative and privilege; and those who had the keeping of so precious a charge would not and dared not sacrifice a morsel of it. There certainly could have been no compensation for the sacrifice in anything imported from the easy slovenly practice of the Estates of Scotland. In the Scots Estates there had been nothing parallel to the English contest between prerogative and privilege. There was seldom, indeed, anything there parallel to what was becoming the Government and the Opposition in England. The business brought before them was discussed with rarely any divisions, and the Lord Clerk-Register summed up the preponderance of opinion, sometimes consulting the members in his rendering, and correcting it if he were convinced that it was to any extent inaccurate. Such a method might in England be followed by the chairman of a

county or municipal meeting, where differences of opinion were faint, and there might be no occasion for calling even for "a show of hands;" but in the English Parliament it was coming to be the rule—if indeed that rule had not been already established—that nothing could go forth as the result of the deliberation of either House, unless it had been set forth in writing before the taking of the vote, and the vote was taken, yea or nay, on what had been so written. In Scotland, when the business of a session was over, the Lord Clerk-Register took the record of all that had been passed to the Sovereign or his Commissioner, who touched it with the sceptre as a signal of acceptance. But, as we have already seen, it was doubtful whether this was an equivalent to the royal assent in England, or was merely a courteous act of concurrence in what the Estates had done.

There were other matters abiding in a state of doubtfulness signally in contrast with the rigid precision of English practice. It was in question, indeed, whether, to hold any resolution or other utterance of the Estates as carried, it was necessary that there should be a specific majority for it in each Estate; or it sufficed that taking the members of the three Estates collectively, there stood a simple majority on one side. It would appear that this question never met a settlement, because it never happened that there was a majority of the whole members that did not consist of a majority in each Estate.

Through such easy harmonious action there was no room for great results wrought out of a contest such as that between prerogative and privilege in England. Whatever contest, indeed, had a part in

shaping the ends of constitutional action in Scotland was of a more critical character—the contest with England for national existence. There were, so far, the same elements at work, that the Norman sovereigns of England who claimed prerogative there, and their Norman followers, were ever watching their opportunity for stretching their power over Scotland. Communities in danger from a powerful enemy must of necessity become unanimous, for division among them is treason. Hence we see the harmony between the sovereign and the Estates distinctly merging into contest after the union of the crowns, when there is no fear of conquest by the "auld enemy," but great uneasiness about the King of Scots taking bad lessons from his prerogatives in England. This growing contest was overwhelmed in the great convulsions of the Civil War; but after the Restoration had been hailed with frantic joy, the Crown and the Estates came to collision, and there was a motley burlesque on the great English contest between prerogative and privilege. It was impossible to improvise anything like the mighty bulwarks that it had taken centuries to create in England as the protection of powers and privileges; and something of a picturesquely juvenile tinge was given to the discussion by references to classical opinions on freedom, and to the fabulous accounts of ancient republics. For voting in the Estates, the ballot was tried as a protection from Court influence, and it was found that it could be defeated by the officer of the Crown, who received the voting papers, putting a private mark on them.

But there was another side to the pleasant picture

of two communities looking back on a common origin in race and tongue, shaking hands in peace and cordial union after ages of discord and hatred. Descending from State difficulties to the personal intercourse between the English and their new countrymen, it was found that the Scot had an eminent capacity of adaptation to surrounding conditions, both among people and in places. Perhaps this was one of the sweet uses of adversity, as it trains the houseless wanderer, skulking from the emissary of the vagrant law, to be content with a humble roof and meagre hospitality. The Scot may have fled, for instance, to France or Flanders—the last of his family left living when the English army, led by Hertford, crossed his glebe on the march to Edinburgh, where he burned whatever was inflammable. He might also have fled before the avenging pursuit of a feudal enemy, at the head of his followers, or might have had his pastures stripped, and his grange burned by a troop of caterans from the Highland hills. He was subject to perils and oppressions in various shapes, in his own land, and so he accommodated himself to the fate of the exile. He was ever welcome in sumptuous and hospitable France, where he was heartily encouraged to sharpen his sword against England—the common enemy of both. Poland swarmed with Scotch settlers. They understood business, and would work, while the Pole preferred a life of idle gaiety. They were succeeded in that part of the world by the Israelites. It is notable, indeed, that wherever we find that the Jews now gather, the Scots supplied their useful services of old; while in Scotland itself scarce a single Jew has found a living.

It was in the nature of the true-born Englishman to hold aloof from strangers, and he was rarely an object of esteem when he went among them. The greatness, the glory, the freedom of his own country, were all-sufficient to exhaust his capacity of love and admiration. It was not his nature to hate other nations, or even actively to despise them; but he gave them the full measure of his social temperament, and that was a sublime reserve. In ordinary intercourse with the foreign world, this had no effect more serious than the arousing of a small amount of unpopularity, to be assuaged, or at least concealed, on a scattering of the contents of the abundant English purses. But between friends so close as Englishmen and Scotsmen were now made, it resolved itself into an active form productive of disastrous influences. It was part of the Englishman's reserve to decline entering on the merits of institutions that were not English, but to hold them at once as irregularities and mistakes; and the habit is still so inveterate, that wherever he goes he expects English social institutions to be improvised for his use, if he chooses to pay for them. But if national usages, differing from those he had been trained in at home, disturbed his equanimity when he crossed the Channel, how could he endure this people who, inhabiting the same island with his worshipful self, and in close intercourse with him, were bringing unknown forms and barbarous usages into that world of business which he had brought to perfection? This sense of injury reached its most contemptuous climax, when the officer of a Government department, or any other man of affairs, who had been trained

from his youth in a school of business, brought by the practice of generations to the highest perfection, found that it was neither acknowledged nor respected on the other side of the Border, where some substitute of unknown shape and hideous name occupied its place. The feeling was inveterately hostile to the perfect fusing together of the two communities; and people who have had experience in official life may even, at this day, know how hard it is to get even the most fair and liberal of men, if he has been indurated by long practice to any special form of English routine and nomenclature, to accept a different form of routine and nomenclature when he crosses the Border.

Naturally, these sources of incompatibility come forth most conspicuously in dealing with the law in the administration of justice. England had her common law—a peculiar child of her own parentage and rearing—and as unlike to the laws of any other country as it is possible for two organisations, for accomplishing a like end, to be. Scotland chimed in with France and the nations of Europe generally in accepting the law of the Roman Empire, as expressed in the collection of the *Corpus Juris*, modifying it by the feudal law as expressed in the *Consuetudines Feudorum*, and as announced in the supreme native court.

Let us imagine an English lawyer, say one of the jurisprudential monks of the Temple, desirous to form some idea of the laws of England's new partner in life: perhaps he has a taste for discursive reading in jurisprudence, but it is more likely that he has heard a rumour of appeals coming up from Scotland to the

House of Lords. The law lords there will not change their forms of pleading to adopt those of the Scots courts, and a mass of new business may thus find its way to the bar of London. He finds a book of great local eminence, The Treatise on the Feudal Laws, by Sir Thomas Craig. But there is not a morsel of practice to be found in it. All is philosophy or history, with a sprinkling of passages from Horace, Virgil, Juvenal, and other classic authors. It might rather pass for a work by Bynkershoeck, Rittershusius, Voet, or Haiminsfeld, if any of these authors could have expressed themselves in Latin so pure and eloquent, than the effort of a practical lawyer and judge living in Britain.[1]

Something more exact as to the substance of the law of the land and the practice of the courts, might be expected in the great book of the Institutions, by Lord Stair—a book that might be called the Scotsman's Coke upon Lyttleton, holding the same position in Scotland as that weighty authority in England, in so far that if a distinct utterance can be found in it pronouncing on a disputed point of practice at the present day, it is supreme over all intermediate authorities; but here, too, there is far more divergence into the pleasant paths of philosophy and history than the common lawyer would like to see in

[1] Even the title of Craig's great work displays a rambling propensity that would shock a devotee of the common law: "Thomæ Cragii de Riccarton equitis in senatu Edinburgensi Patroni celeberrimi et jurisconsultissimi JUS FEUDALE, tribus libris comprehensum, quibus, non solum consuetudines feudales et Prædcorum jura quæ in Scotia Anglia et plerisque Galliæ locis obtinent, continentur; sed universum jus Scoticum, et omnes fere Materiæ juris feudalis et civiles singula reducuntur.

any English work on *nisi prius* practice or common recoveries.[1]

Perhaps some native lawyer might recommend as an exception to the discursive character of the literature of the Scots law, a collection of precedents then recently published, the work of a judge of the Court of Session, with the forensic title of Lord Durie. There is neither philosophy nor poetry to be found there—at least as the author's own utterance—nothing but a thoroughly prosaic narrative of the facts of each case, and the law administered on the ground of these facts. Our common lawyer may now be so far assured of information, that if he read, and reading can understand, the first paragraph, or even the first sentence, he may read through the whole folio volume and take into his possession the whole of its technical wisdom.[2]

[1] The title-page in this instance, as in the other, is candid on the matter of wandering: "The Institutions of the law of Scotland, deduced from its originals, and collated with the civil canon and feudal laws, and with the customs of neighbouring nations. By James, Viscount of Stair, Lord President of the College of Justice. 1681."

[2] The beginning of the collection of decisions by "Auld Durie," as he used to be affectionately termed by his admirers and followers, is in this wise:—

"In an action pursued by Nathaniel Keith against the tenants of Peterhead and others, for abstracting of multures, founded upon a tack of the thirle-multures set to him by the Earl of Marshal, heritor of the lands and milne, bearing no exception or limitation expressed in the said tack which is set of all the thirl-multures of that milne and lands thereto contained,—the lords found that the farm of all corns payed to the lord and master of that ground which is thirled and astricted to the milne, ought to be free of multure-paying, notwithstanding of the foresaid thirlage of the whole corns growing upon the said lands, except that the foresaid farm be ground at other mills in the county by the tennent; but either being delivered really by the tenant to the master, or to any other to whom the heritor or master sells the same, or being sold to the tenant himself, and again sold by the tenent to any person whatsoever in the country, albeit it be not really delivered to the

In some corners of the law of Scotland—especially in those where, taking its sources from the feudal system, it deals with heritage or landed property—technicalities throng, as in the passage cited in the note; and it might have been expected that, next to his own, the common lawyer could have felt respect for counter-technicalities in the possession of his new partner. However this might be, for the absolutely feudal technicalities, such as those sprouting throughout the passage from Durie, tolerance by Englishmen

master but that it be bought by the tennent as said is. The lords found the farm not subject in payment of multures, but only in this case: if the same be grunden by the tennent at any other miln than the miln to which the corns of that ground was astricted."—Opening words of 'The Decisions of the Lords of Council and Session, in most cases of importance debated and brought before them, from July 1621 to July 1642, &c. Observed by Sir Alexander Gibson of Durie, then one of the Senators of the College of Justice. Folio: 1690.' This intricate little affair, in claims arising out of agriculturists thirled or thralled to a privileged mill for the grinding of their corn, and the proportion of multure rendered for the grinding—or *molitura* as it will be found in Ducange—would be all the more distinct to the native professional reader by the aid of the technicalities that are stumbling-blocks to the uninitiated.

The inquirer might find, however, in the personal history of the author of this passage, a much more lively revelation of peculiarities distinguishing from English practice affairs coming under the notice of Scots lawyers of the law in Scotland. The judge was on an occasion taking an airing on horseback on the shore of Leith, when in a remote place he felt himself suddenly surrounded, muffled, and carried off. When the personal restraints were removed he found himself imprisoned in a Border peel-house or fortified tower. Three months afterwards he found himself set down at the spot where he had been picked up; then the mystery was explained. The abductor was an illustrious Border marauder called Christie's Will. So far as he called any one his master, that one was the Earl of Traquair, who had a litigation in the Court of Session. The Borderer believed that the judge would decide against the Earl, and took the remedy natural to his habits. When the judge returned to duty he found that two incidents had occurred. The case had been decided in the Earl's favour, and a successor appointed to his own judicial office.

was an absolute necessity even to Westminster Hall, because the strange names expressed institutions or usages unparalleled in England, and it was impossible to adapt to them English names. But Scotland was abundantly supplied by courts of justice doing work such as the English courts did; yet in these Scots tribunals, instead of common pleas, oyer and terminer, coroners, and grand juries, Westminister Hall found the court of session, sheriffs depute and substitute, and procurators-fiscal. *Qui tams*, *assumpsits*, common recoveries, and *quo warrantos* were unknown; but that Scotland might not be taunted with deficiency in corresponding technicality, she could produce summonses, suspensions, interdicts, multiplepoindings, and actions of declarator, and of putting to silence. The climax of the preposterous was reached in the revelation of a community where arson was called fire-raising, larceny theft, and burglary housebreaking.

Then that delicate and powerful instrument, capable of accomplishing almost anything in the hands of highly skilful adepts, the fiction of law, was unknown in the Parliament House at Edinburgh. In Scotland the practitioner of the law went straight to the matter at issue, and the Bench concurred with him. Of course certain classes of cases were grouped by appropriate nomenclature, but the prevailing doctrine of the law was, that where there is a right there is a remedy; where crime or injustice has been committed, there must be punishment for the one and restitution for the other. There was a mighty convenient form of action called the "multiplepoinding"—it might be translated into Eng-

lish as a remedy in the instance of "many impoundings." It was the remedy where there were many claimants on one fund or estate. It divided the fund among them according to the nature and extent of their claims, and was found to be so just and useful an arrangement that it has in later times forced itself into practice all over the kingdom as the duty of "the liquidator." Such an action might wind itself into the rather startling phenomenon of presenting before the casual visitors in a court-house a judge in all his canonicals engaged in making repeated casts with a dice-box on his bench. This occurred when a landed estate had to be distributed among co-heirs; and it achieved simplicity and perfect fairness, for if the claimants were prepared to accommodate each other they had their opportunity after all forensic procedure was over.

A very solemn form of litigation was known as an "action of putting to silence," and when it was explained that this action could only be raised against a person of the female sex, we may suppose that it has occasionally excited curiosity. It is the remedy of a man who finds a woman proclaiming to the world that she is his wife. It gives him the opportunity of proving the negative, and she may meet his evidence by counter-evidence; but it is probable that her advisers may recommend her to adopt the form of remedy called a "declarator," peculiar to the woman who is repelled with ignominy from the door which she besieges as the injured wife of the traitor behind it. In that case the two actions will be "conjoined" as it is technically called, and will proceed harmoniously to the appropriate and

just conclusion as a "conjoint action of declarator and putting to silence."

In such an affair in England, if there were no remedy in the ecclesiastical courts, and the woman was driven to the cold shelter of the common law, she might find the case initiated for her in one of those actions for a remedy against evils encountered in the petty commerce of life, far away from the solemn issue of marriage and concubinage, of legitimacy or illegitimacy. Perhaps it might open with a plea of "assumpsit." The woman buys a pair of gloves from a dealer. To help her he must make himself in some measure her accomplice by raising an action against the man whom she declares to be her husband for the price of these gloves.[1]

To a purely logical mind, the Scots idea of the administration of justice might seem infinitely the more rational and practical. But the spirit of the English common and penal law, though it may in its

[1] Those who have had the great satisfaction of reading Samuel Warren's brilliant novel called 'Ten Thousand a Year,'—developing a design to attack a great landowner and transfer his estates to an obscure drudging youth, brought forward as by hereditary descent the true owner,—will remember that the enemy's approaches are first detected by a legal friend of the family in an unintelligible scrap of paper delivered to a humble illiterate tenant—being a writ of ejection to try the title of his landlord, in the validity of his right to cultivate his morsel of soil. It is to be regretted that we have so little of the picturesque elements of litigation and other forms of legal practice in our fictitious literature. What Dickens has left to us is the echo of the mere externals witnessed by him as a reporter. One would desire to be led through some of the forensic mazes by one who has had extensive practice; but fortune is against such an acquisition to literature, as the temptations of the profession are apt to hold their own until the higher capacities are exhausted. Scott bequeathed to the world a rich store of forensic reminiscences, but the sources he supplied them from were limited to what passed before the clerk's table in the Court of Session.

jubilant humours play some fantastic tricks, has a deep principle of justice at the sources whence these escapades of jurisprudence are supplied. It is the principle that the machinery of the law shall not be set at work in the cause of an abstract generality, but must have facts and specific practical claims founded on them. There might be many ways of getting at the question of marriage or no marriage, all more or less beset by difficulties and dubieties, but the dealer's claim for his half-crown for the gloves is simple and specific, and the husband of the woman who took them off his counter is liable in payment if he can be found. It was the principle, or prejudice, that gave strength to that powerful protection to innocence in danger from the passions roused by traces and suspicions of some great tragedy—the establishment of the *corpus delicti* in all charges of murder. It was the proof, independently of all other items of evidence, that a person known, identified, and named, had been alive down to a certain point, and that after this he was identified as dead, and dead from violence —the act of a murderer. No bloody witness of indiscriminate slaughter, no testimony of deadly enmity between two men, followed by the disappearance of one of them, can supply the place of a specific proof of the *corpus delicti*. We have already seen how disastrous was the effect of the more lax spirit of the law of Scotland in dealing with charges of murder, in the affair of the execution of Captain Green.

We may see in such casual testimonies of antagonism between the two nations in the nature of their national establishments and the spirit of the admin-

istration of justice, how wide a field there was for disastrous work if the stronger nation were resolved to subdue the weaker to its own ways. And indeed Scotland was not long in finding that there would be a potent tendency in England to exact uniformity of national life. On the 11th of December the Commons were prepared to receive certain propositions affecting the Union with Scotland. In the first place came the repeal of "The Act of Security," with all its menaces and preparations for war. To this there could be no objection; and it was in the power of the United Parliament to repeal any Act passed by either of the separate parliaments. The Act of Security had been passed to drive to its conclusion a fair treaty, with perfect freedom of trade and interchange of profitable privileges; and all this had been accomplished. The very scanty morsel of comment preserved from anything said on the occasion must have been satisfactory to Scotland, as showing that the bold policy of the Act had been successful in gaining for the nation what it would not otherwise have obtained. It was noticed that the provisions of that Act "had given so great a jealousy to the English nation, that the rescinding of them was one of the principal views of the ministry in the prosecution of the Treaty of Union."[1]

If it was impossible to resist the reasons for removing this hostile statute from the Acts passed by the Parliament of Scotland, and retained as permanent laws in "that part of Great Britain called Scotland," yet the repeal was likely to waken among the Scots the recollection that everything in their statute-book

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 603.

was liable to be erased from it by a body containing a vast preponderance of Englishmen. On the other hand, perhaps English lawyers did not then know what they afterwards discovered in the course of practice, that there was a slippery ingredient in the statute law of Scotland rendering it uncertain what part of it was, and what part was not, fundamental active law liable to be put at the service of any one who claimed its enforcement, Englishman or Scot. A statute in England was safe until it was repealed by the Lords and Commons, with the assent of the sovereign. A statute in Scotland could die by what was termed "desuetude;" and there was no better criterion for this extinguishing power than that a court of law found that desuetude had done its work. Signal hardships and injustices were sometimes perpetrated in England when an Act, perhaps two hundred years old—to the knowledge of almost all men dead and buried,—was exhumed by some persevering rummager in the dreary region of old statute lore, and made the instrument of inflicting on his neighbour some rapacious or cruel demand peculiar to a distant age and a past social organisation. Still it was something that existed, and could be found by one man as well as another, while the desuetude was an exercise "of that law of tyrants—the equity of a judge." This rigidness, demanding full practical vitality for what had entered the statute-book, until it was actually blotted out by the authority that had placed it there, was a feature highly characteristic of all the elements of English law, and ever coming up in contrast with the amiable pliability of the Scots practice. But little more came of the

incompatibility than the retention of the Englishman's boast that his common law and his statute law were his own, inspired by the stern, unbending genius of his race, while the Scot was free to console himself with the privilege of picking up whatever he thought valuable in the *Corpus Juris* of the Romans, in the *Corpus Juris Canonici*, in the *Consuetudines Feudorum*, and generally in the laws decretal or consuetudinal of the civilised world.

Looking back to the Act of Security repealed, there followed other resolutions portending more serious meddling with constitutional elements in Scotland.

"1. That there be but one Privy Council in the kingdom of Great Britain. 2. That the militia of that part of Great Britain called Scotland be regulated in the same manner as the militia of that part of Great Britain called England is regulated. 3. That the powers of justices of peace for preserving the public peace be the same throughout the whole United Kingdom. 4. That for the better administration of justice and preservation of the public peace, the Lords of Justiciary be appointed to go circuits twice in the year. 5. That the writs for electing members to serve in the House of Commons for that part of Great Britain called Scotland be directed to the sheriffs of the respective counties, and that the returns be made of such writs in like manner as returns are made of such writs in that part of Great Britain called England."[1]

This last resolution was simply a practical sequel to the negative influence that enabled the Houses of Parliament to go on with their business in the old

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 603.

way, uninfluenced by the presence of a few new members. The abolition of the Privy Council of Scotland was something in appearance more momentous. It had been the gradual growth of centuries, and active to the last. Its traditions of rank and power were so august that it had stood in rivalry with the supreme courts of law on the one side and with the Parliament on the other. Of some old records of assemblages arrogating supreme power in Scotland, it could not be for certain established by adepts in archæology whether the minutes of their meetings recorded the Acts of the Estates of Parliament or of "The Secret Council." There was dubiety here contrasting with the precision of English institutions. It was difficult to see what place such a body could hold with the United Parliament and the Privy Council of England co-operating at Westminster. The very name, "Secret Council," savoured more of the functions of the Inquisition than the good old name of Privy Council, associated with distinct powers and hard useful work. It happened, too, that the tenor of the fashionable English reading of the day had made the gentry acquainted with a page in history not creditable to this same Scots Secret Council. Clarendon's great History had just burst upon the world from its hiding-place. It was the work of the queen's maternal grandfather. It told with lofty thought and touching expression the trials and troubles of that other grandfather who had been canonised as a saint, so far as Protestantism could accomplish this mystery. It became known to the readers of this book that the Secret Council of Scotland was the chief instrument in fostering the

Covenanting troubles that there opened the way to "The Great Rebellion." The Council had endeavoured to act on its own responsibility and knowledge, instead of implicitly obeying the instructions received from Whitehall; and it was no excuse for this that the instructions represented the meddling fanatics who clustered round the prelate Laud, and were only likely, if precisely followed, to hasten and exasperate the crisis. There was something on the whole to stamp this Secret Council as a dangerously irresponsible body, capable of aiding in the objects of any factious party in Scotland. It might serve the purpose of declaring war against England and equipping a rebellious army. It must be destroyed. The doom was executed by a sudden blow, without discussion. By inference from the effects of lighter corrections coming from the south, this might have been expected to light up all Scotland in a blaze. But the affair passed in indifference, for the Secret Council had few friends, and none who would lift a strong testimony in its favour. The days had been when "The Secret Council" was an object of national reliance and reverence—those days when, having received secret intelligence that an expedition had been equipped in the northern counties in England for a desolating invasion, the Secret Council issued its edict for instantaneously lighting up a string of beacons on the Border communicating with responsive fires northward till the blaze was seen from the slopes of the Highland mountains. When the peril had passed and the hour of retaliation had come, the Secret Council again reaped golden opinions from all true Scotsmen by the wisdom and precision

of its organisation of a bloody and destructive raid southward of the Border. But the later memories of the services of the Secret Council had been of another kind. It had been the Inquisition that harassed and tortured the Covenanters. And there were traditions of the last Stewart king who fled before the Revolution being sedulous in attendance at the administration of the torture when others fled from it, because it was a performance that he enjoyed as other people enjoyed tragic acting on the stage. And yet the Jacobites, if they had a word to say, could not well utter it for the Secret Council of the Revolution Settlement.

We shall presently have some further examples of the slight difficulties still calling for adjustment after the Union had become law. In the meantime, however, chronological sequence brings us to affairs when all parts of the United Kingdom had a common interest in the conduct of the executive Government.

On the 2d of February, the Lords, by an address to the queen, put at issue complaints that had been made on the part of several great traders against the administration of the Admiralty. The tenor of their grievances was the general insufficiency of the convoy department in the navy; long detention to suit the periods of sailing of the convoys, and consequent unproductive expenditure of wages and deterioration of cargo; the scarcity of cruisers for the protection of trade in the Channel; and lastly, the oppressive impressing of seamen from merchant vessels, implying a hint that while the protection given by the convoys was imperfect, advantage was taken of the opportunities it afforded to the press-gangs. The Lords sent

the affair to a committee, who made a long inquiry. It would be useless at this time to examine the several charges, and find how the question stood in each between the angry merchants and the apologetic sea officers. But the inquiry affords us some curious revelations both as to the prevalent opinions on the claims of trade, and the condition of the naval service of the day.

We have seen already how the claims of trade had waxed in magnitude until they seemed to assume a supremacy over all others,—how, for instance, the exclusive privileges of the English trade under the navigation laws were so tenaciously grasped, that nothing but the imminence of a war that must have been of the bitterest kind, between England and Scotland, procured for the smaller country the participation it demanded.

Something of a like grasping arrogance became visible in this inquiry. A historian of the period who gives prominence to the affairs of the navy, says, "A great many merchants being admitted into the House to make good the allegations in their late petitions, Mr Heathcote, son of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, and Mr Dawson his partner, two Russia merchants, made long and bold speeches against the Admiralty, whom they charged with fraud, malice, and ignorance —particularly in relation to the Russia fleet. Some members, to curry favour with the Court, endeavoured several times to interrupt them; but Sir Richard Onslow, the chairman of the committee, desired them to go on, which they did with great freedom."[1]

[1] The History of the Life and Reign of Queen Anne, by Paul Chamberlen, p. 271.

The inquiry brought up many things to the discredit of the naval service of the day, as relics of the piratical spirit that had in early times contributed so much to its power and activity. It was said, and seems likely to have been true, that some participation in the affluent results of the trade to be protected might stimulate a commander to exertion. There were testimonies also to abuses in the exercise of the power of impressment, unjust and oppressive in its simple existence, even if restrictions on its use were sternly enforced. As a simple instance of the stories told, Peter Roberts, master of the Walthamstow galley arriving from Barbadoes, said that, "Though he had several of his men impressed at Barbadoes, and only nine men and two boys left with himself on board, yet Captain Roach of the Fox impressed three of his best men, his boatswain being one, although the master told him how weak he was, and that he had but one anchor on board. Captain Roach said if he was saucy he would take him and all his ship's company aboard, and whip the master at the gun. Captain Roach sent him three Italians who could speak no English, and they the next night in a storm ran away with the ship's boat, which was staved, and the ship ran on shore, and so continued thirteen days, to her damage of four or five hundred pounds, besides the great prejudice to the merchant's goods—upon which account the merchant protested at Plymouth."[1]

There must have been a considerable amount of truth in the large number of stories of this kind told, and received with so much favour that they were

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 634.

deemed worthy of a place in the parliamentary records. But on the question of abstract justice, it is curious to see that the summation of the charges of neglect and oppression, followed by heavy losses, seems to be matter of accounting solely between the sea-going trader on the one side, and the authorities of the navy on the other, including not only a few insolent commanders like Captain Roach, but the great council of the Admiralty, with Prince George of Denmark at its head.

The chief injury inflicted by Captain Roach was on the poor men impressed, and brings us to the point of the whole grievances being enhanced by the arrogant claims of the trading interests. It is not only that traders are making great profits, very much to their own advantage, but that the profits are also credited as an acquisition to the community at large, for which there should be compensation not only in the form of exclusive privileges, but in the support of a costly naval service for its protection.

Under the influence of the fiscal theories of the present day, we would leave the mercantile community to find for themselves profitable currents of trade; but we would hardly count the protection of this trade worthy of a special naval service, leaving them to their share in the organisation for protecting all the subjects of the realm, traders included. If the trader should select a line of business infested by dangers, we would tell him, as we tell the blockade runner, that the chances of success and the risks of capture are all his own. But the spirit of that age was to rank the men who opened new and profitable

lines of trade as mighty benefactors of their country, who had heavy claims on its gratitude. They expected protection as we now give it to inventors and authors, with the difference that the protection was to extend over the world as far as the combative power of the British empire could reach.

It happened that this inquiry opened up a serious affair of another kind touching the safety of national and personal interests. France was the power that accomplished by far the greater portion—nearly the whole—of the mischief that created a cry for increased protection to trade in the shape of more effective convoys. It appeared in the course of the inquiry that for the kind of mischief thus exposed, the naval power of France was more effective than that of Britain. Further, it appeared that in the narrow seas this superiority extended even to the capacity of making descents on the shore and plundering and wrecking villages and country-houses. It may be remembered that in our own day the elements of such a superiority were examined by a Frenchman of illustrious rank, and recommended as a policy that might be profitable to, and therefore worthy of, his country.

In the fortified seaports — especially in Dunkirk and Calais — there lay in wait fleets of privateers watching their prey and pouncing on the English vessels as the opportunity came. The half-corsair commanders of these vessels would, when the horizon was clear of British war-ships, cut out vessels from the unfortified harbours on the English coast opposite the French, and they occasionally carried their enterprises inland through the unfortified and ungarrisoned

country. The evidence before the committees of both Houses is stocked with such information about the dangers on the southern coast as the incidents in this little story, here repeated from the testimony of the commander of a merchantman, discloses:—

"Captain George Guillaume told their lordships that in his last voyage from St Ubes to London in the Ketch Concord, on Sunday the 10th of November last, he was forced by contrary winds into Falmouth harbour. The next day he saw three French privateers take a Dutch ship within three miles of Pendennis Castle. On Thursday he left Falmouth, and on Friday he saw two vessels, which chased him into Freshwater Bay in the Isle of Wight; but night coming on and the weather very black, he escaped between the land and the ships. On Saturday the 23d, he made Beachy Head, and as soon as it was day saw a French privateer under his lee, and soon after saw two at his stern and three more at his lee, and two more abreast of him, which made him resolve to run his vessel on shore, being very near land. Upon this the privateers put up English colours, which made him forbear for some time to run his ship ashore; but one of them putting all his sails out and coming upon him, he grounded his vessel and disabled her all he could, that they might not carry her off, and then went ashore at a place called Pevensey, and went to the town and got some assistants. The privateer came to an anchor and fired upon them, and the shot went above half a mile into the country." The French privateers did not act as depredators who must pounce swiftly on their enemy and as swiftly escape, their attempt successful

or unsuccessful. They set themselves deliberately to loosen the beached vessel; and Captain Guillaume laments that had effective assistance been at hand the vessel might have been saved, "for it was above five hours before the privateer had her afloat." [1]

It was clear that the most profitable naval policy for France in the war was that of applying its resources to the support of a predatory fleet, instead of courting contests in the open seas between fleet and fleet. The robber policy had at the same time a power of expansion by aid from private capital. Where the ambition of England was to use the vast capital of her people—vast for that period—by sending her merchant vessels into every sea, accompanied by powerful war-ships and squadrons for their protection, France found a nearer and simpler harvest by granting letters of marque, and issuing from the fortified harbours a hoard of pirates subject to the condition that their depredations must be restricted to the enemies of France. It will be seen that when a day of reckoning came at the end of the war the French Government were compelled not merely to abandon but to destroy the great fortress that threatened to annihilate the Channel trade of England.

France had not adopted a dignified form of warfare, but the parliamentary inquiry revealed many blots inconsistent with the national traditions even of the British sailor as a model of candour, bravery, and humanity. In a country so affluent, the social and political physiology of the naval service should have followed such a sequence as this. The nation should not have grudged to the service a large proportion of

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 634.

its wealth—especially the wealth acquired by the foreign commerce that demanded protection from the sailor. Out of the large expenditure, the pick among our hosts of seamen would be tempted into the service of the national navy as volunteers, their selection for their effectiveness giving them a rank above those left behind in the mere service of commerce. If we have not yet reached this ideal, we are much nearer to it than we were a hundred and sixty years ago. The great scandal of our naval service—impressment—died a protracted death. There are people old enough to remember having in lonely places seen one and then another group of seamen skulking as if they were evading some avenging enemy: they were each others' enemies; the one, the press-gang hunting—the other, the hunted seeking escape.

An aggravation of the charges against the Admiralty for insufficiency in the convoy service, was the weakening of the crews by impressment. It was urged in defence of the Admiralty that there were limits and restrictions to the practice. No ship was to be thinned of more than one man to five of the crew. And instructions were given to local naval establishments to supply assistance where vessels were crippled, and especially to help any such vessel in bringing to port and discharging the cargo. Further, that every act of impressing in any British colony must have the sanction of its governor. If these orders were not obeyed, those who failed to obey them must take the consequence on the failure being established. It scarcely needed, however, such morsels of evidence as the following to show that when men like the rough sea-captains, the "old tarpaulins," found them-

selves with their overwhelming force beside a poor merchantman in a distant region, they would have little scruple in recruiting their crews, and would laugh at consequences. One witness stated how, "year after year from the beginning of the war, not one of his ships had escaped from having men pressed out of them, both at Jamaica and upon their return—if there was a press—except such as had run through all danger into the Downs, and so got to London. In particular, he swore that he had complained to the Prince's council of Captain Johnson impressing his men out of the Somerset frigate, and Captain Roach impressing his men out of the Walthamstow galley, also of taking away his men out of the Gold frigate, and produced to the Prince's council the evidence he had of these facts, but could not learn that any of the captains were punished or censured, or so much as once called to account for their violences. He also swore that all the captains he had employed in the West Indies have declared to him that those who impressed his men at Jamaica never showed any authority or consent from the governor for so doing."[1]

There were pathetic references to the losses of perishable cargo, occasioned by waiting for convoy, or impressment of crew, or both. Of this species of cargo was a gang of negroes, and the hardships are not credited to the poor creatures in suffering and death, but to the owner in loss of property. And here association recalls as appropriate to the other grievance that nothing is said of the hardships and injustice to the man who is made almost as com-

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 649.

pletely a slave as the negro, and compelled to work at a service he dislikes.

It seemed likely that this long and in some measure rancorous inquiry might touch in some unpleasing shape Prince George and his office of Lord High Admiral. There was, however, nothing more than some vague hints at the difficulty of bringing home responsibility to a service where the real holders of power and performers of duty could point to their august chief as the authority for all. But if there is truth in the following brief memorandum by Lord Dartmouth, it reveals more than is to be found by a study of the tedious report whence some morsels have been here culled. "George Churchill, the Duke of Marlborough's brother, was set at the head of the Admiralty in name of Prince George, who had a commission of High Admiral only to screen the other, by which means the Duke of Marlborough commanded as absolutely at sea as he did at land, where the Prince had likewise the title of Generalissimo, with as little authority; for he was not allowed the nomination to any one office in either, which he would sometimes complain of, but had not spirit enough to help himself, nor durst anybody put him upon it."[1]

An incident occurred at this time not in itself so momentous as to be historical—it was the trial and execution of a criminal, but this was a too common event of the time to excite interest beyond some special circle. Here, however, the nature of the crime and the personal position of the criminal gave to the affair a flutter of interest passing up through various political circles to the throne. The opening

[1] Burnet, v. 342, note.

of the affair was thus: Tallard, the great French exile, corresponded with Chamillard, whom he had known as minister of war, in the arrangements that had led to his great defeat at Blenheim. The letters went open to the foreign department of the Secretary of State's office, where they were sealed and despatched with the official correspondence. It happened that one of these letters, dated the 28th of November 1707, in passing through Holland excited attention and was opened. It contained evidence that a clerk named Gregg serving in the foreign department of the Secretary of State's office, was accustomed to insert letters of his own in Catinat's letters before sealing them. Gregg had offered his services to the Government of France and the exiled Court at St Germain, to supply them with secret information from the British Court. As a specimen of the services he could do, he sent a copy of a letter that was to be a great State paper, the same that was to be written in the queen's own hand to the emperor, as described by Burnet. This was the letter by which the queen pressed the sending Prince Eugene into Spain; and the copy, if not intercepted, would have been at Versailles many days before the letter could reach Vienna.[1] And here we have—what is rarely to be found—an account of the genesis of an autograph royal letter, since the careful spy distinguished the original draft by the Secretary from the additions or alterations made on it by the Treasurer (Godolphin) before it was copied by the queen. It facilitated Gregg's communication with France that the letters sent home by French prisoners of war passed through his hands. On the indictment for

[1] Hist., ii. 492.

high treason Gregg pleaded guilty, and thus the revelations expected from his trial were lost, and much curiosity throughout the country was baffled. The House of Lords came forward to supply what had been lost, describing it as a revelation "whereby the public might have been truly informed of the particular nature and circumstances of his crime;" they say, "we thought ourselves indispensably obliged, in duty to your Majesty, and for the future safety of the kingdom, to do all that was in our power to find out the rise and progress of this dangerous correspondence." The Lords humbly addressed her Majesty to be favoured with all the papers in the possession of the Government likely to assist them in their investigation. And the ready supply of these materials was a token that the Government countenanced the investigation. The Lords remitted it to a committee. The inquiries of the committee were wide and diffuse. Gregg belonged to the criminal class, and had been convicted as a coiner of false money. He had no title to any social position above that of the labouring community, but, being a native of Scotland, he had education—a rare possession in the English criminal. We find him set to making a clear copy of a letter of courtesy scrolled by Harley, and how he "found it so ill-worded and the French so bad" that he thought it necessary to recommend it for reconsideration. He had haunted the Secretary's office—and probably many other offices—soliciting some employment that would afford him bread. It appears that he had been sent to Scotland in the crisis of the Union contest, instructed to look to such points as "What were the designs of the several parties? What correspondence

between the Highlands and St Germains? How affected to the house of Hanover? &c. He was also ordered to form a cipher of letters, whereby to design the great men there." Little was gained by the close inquiries of the committee. They told him that "it was expected by the House that he should be very clear and particular in declaring by what advice and encouragement he first begun such a correspondence." He said, "By none at all—he was tempted; he was tempted to it by the devil in the hopes of getting money."

One must suppose it to have been satisfactory to the committee that they alighted on nothing to induce them to carry the inquiry into any higher quarters than they found it in—a group of spies, with little to reveal but their own obscure communings. The country was full of French prisoners of war. These naturally plotted within the bounds of their little means, and corresponded, when they could, with the French authorities and with the British Jacobite exiles. Some light thrown on the secret communings and projects of this class imparts to the laborious inquiry almost the only interest it conveys to the present day. Gregg had said something about a French wig-maker, then in Newgate, as one of his accomplices, and this led to an examination, affording a sketch of his class. "Alexander Valiere, *alias* John Clarke," tells "that he is a native of France, and came over to Ireland in the French regiments sent thither with King James. He pretends he deserted fourteen days before the battle of the Boyne. He was hired as a servant by an ensign in Belcastle's regiment. After the war of Ireland was over he came into Eng-

land; and after having served several persons, he bound himself apprentice to a peruke-maker; and when his time was out, he went to live in the City, and followed that trade. He pretended that he entered into merchandising while the peace lasted, and that he had a part in a ship that was stopped in France; and upon that account he applied to Secretary Hedges to get a pass for Holland, but it was refused. One Wilmot of Doctors' Commons was employed upon occasion of treating about the exchange of prisoners. He named D'Allegres, Gallisi, Oniere, &c., and Valiere said he was made use of as an interpreter on these occasions."

It was a prevalent opinion that this inquiry exposed gross carelessness in the arrangements of the foreign department of the Secretary of State's office, and this was attributed to Harley apologetically, as the cause of the treachery that had alarmed the country. Among the incidents of mismanagement were these and others of their kind: "The rough draft of the queen's letter to the emperor, as it was altered by the Lord Treasurer, was left in the public book of the office, to be entered the same night it was to be sent away; there Gregg says he found it, and transcribed it, and any other clerk of the office might have done it as well as he. All the books in the office lie in a press; the key is always in the door, and not only the clerks but the chamber-keepers may have access. All letters, except those wrote to the Duke of Marlborough, are entered in the books; but these are only copied on loose sheets. Gregg said he had copied many of these. The draft of the queen's letter to the emperor was prepared by Mr Lewis, it was then

entered in the hand of Mr Thomas, Mr Harley's domestic clerk. The addition was in Lord Treasurer's own hand. Mr Mann saw it as well as Gregg. Mann said to Gregg, that what was added by my Lord Treasurer was much the brightest part of the letter."[1]

This is certainly a sketch of a very slovenly official interior, especially when the momentous character of the papers lying about, and the urgent necessity for privacy, are considered. But was it all Secretary Harley's fault? According to later notions the organisation of a staff put at the service of a cabinet minister is in separate responsible hands. The chief enters the department as a stranger, who expects everything that it is proper to bring under his notice, or that he desires to see, to be brought to him, and removed or cared for by the proper officer. The cabinet minister's mind is occupied not in the disposal of the documents, but in the possibly critical information he may have derived from them.

It would certainly have been a waste of the highest class of official intellect, if the man who had the care of the nation—and of other nations—in his hands, should also have to lock the drawers and presses of his large department, and see that all papers were in their places. It would readily be believed, indeed, from casual notices of his habits and conduct in social life, that Harley would have been signally unfit for such

[1] On the affair of Gregg, see the Parliamentary History, vi. 608 *et seq.*; also State Trials, xiv. 1371, "Proceedings against William Gregg at the Old Bailey for High Treason, before Lord Chief Justice Holt and other Judges," 6 Anne, A.D. 1708. It seems strange to find in the country, then as now the least burdened with State secrets of all the European Powers, an item of secret intelligence described as a letter "wherein were enclosed the proceedings of both Houses of Parliament in relation to the augmentation of our forces."

a duty. He was liable to a dreamy absence of mind; and the hazy influence of this on his appearance and manner was probably the source of the accusations against him of indulgence in stimulants and narcotics —a charge inconsistent with a life so thoroughly devoted to practical business. But the dreamy absence is too well authenticated to be doubted; and indeed it was, as it were, burned along with a sense of bitter disappointment into the recollection of several men, who, led by him with a sort of ostentatious solemnity into private personal communication, expected to be intrusted with a State secret, or, better still, a State appointment, and found no weightier confidences reposed in them than the Secretary's hesitation about the genuineness of a Rembrandt or the rarity of one of the volumes that may have found a place in the Harleian Miscellany. Vivid and pathetic among these incidents is the blow dealt to Prior the poet. Was he acquainted with the Spanish language? No. Ah, well, it was recommended to him with great earnestness to lose no time in making the acquisition. The poet lost no time. His labours were sweetened by guesses at the object. Was it, for instance, to be a mission to Spain? When he announced the completion of this branch of his education, he was congratulated by his patron on his ability to enjoy the great pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original.

Harley remained at his post during the inquiry, as if to let the world see that he was at hand to meet any possible accusations. He resigned his office of Secretary of State, and his resignation was generally attributed to no baser motive than a sense of unpleasantness in remaining at the head of an establishment

where such things had been done. It was, as we shall have many opportunities of seeing, a period rife with suspicions—with bitter spites and malignities. We may perhaps accurately rank these defects of temper among the dregs of the Civil War and the Revolution. Men were not roused, as in those days, to strike their enemies with the edge of the sword or the axe. Possibly none of Harley's political enemies thirsted for his blood, or would even have rejoiced in the knowledge that he had been brought to the block as a traitor. But, on the other hand, there were many people inclined to charge Marlborough and Godolphin as those who would rejoice to see their rival put on trial and crushed as a traitor.

Before resuming the history of the double war, it may be well to look at some events creating an alarm that the contest might be brought home to the newly united kingdom. On the 4th of March 1708, Henry Boyle, who had succeeded Harley as Secretary of State on the 11th of February, laid before the House of Commons by command "several advices received the night before and that morning of great preparations at Dunkirk for an immediate invasion upon England by the French, and of the pretended Prince of Wales being come to Dunkirk for that purpose." On the 11th "the queen went to the Peers and addressed both Houses, giving information that seemed to point to the danger of an actual landing as over." The invading fleet had been in the Firth of Forth, but it had passed northwards pursued by Sir George Byng with a far superior fleet. The opportunity of the crisis was taken for some parliamentary assaults on the new party, that was creating for itself

a political power inimical to the thorough revolution party, by asserting themselves as Tories without committing themselves as Jacobites. When the danger had passed, it was noticed in an address by the Lords, as appropriate to the smallness of the foreign force sent to invade the British empire, "This as it must depend upon some invitation and encouragement from hence, so it is an undeniable proof that neither your Majesty's piety, nor the mildness of your government, nor the success of your reign, can reconcile some men to the present establishment, the only sure foundations of our liberties and the Protestant religion. We hope your Majesty will always have a just detestation of those persons who, at a time when this hellish attempt was on foot, and so near breaking out, were using their endeavours to misrepresent the actions of your best subjects, and to create jealousies in your Majesty of those who had always served you most eminently and faithfully."[1]

The affair was not a mere groundless rumour or panic. Five French men-of-war, with two transports containing about four thousand troops and "the Pretender," had been actually in the Firth of Forth under the shelter of the island of Inchkeith, and their masts had been visible from the heights round Edinburgh. This was the rather feeble result of a project long entertained by King Louis—he would frighten Britain so that Marlborough would be recalled from his conquering career for the protection of his own country. But here there were two considerations pretty well balanced against each other, with the result of neutrality. Marlborough was not a man to

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 728, 729.

be easily moved by idle rumours; and while he was yet face to face with the French forces, how could these be safely reduced so as to send a sufficient force to make work for him in England? Had the original project of King Louis been effected, it would have performed before the world one of the grandest and most exciting dramas in the great game of war—the Duke of Berwick was to meet his uncle Marlborough. The two greatest captains of the age so strangely connected with each other were to try the issues of war, and it was to be on British ground. And the object of the invading general was to place his father's legitimate son on the throne—that legitimate son whose existence was denied—who had been treated as a spurious infant, abjured in countless solemn oaths as "the Pretender."

Surely this would have made a strange and exciting conjunction,—but it was not to be. The time indeed, when the formidable shape it was designed to take would at least have spread dismay over Britain, had slipped away with the conclusion of the Union, and of the existence of divided parties and uncertain political loyalties. It was not until the battle of Almanza seemed to render the French cause secure in Spain—at least for the time necessary to reinforce the army of the Austrian cause there—that France could spare the poor four thousand men who were nestling under the shadow of Inchkeith. A Jacobite emissary named Hooke had been busy arranging among the Scotsmen who belonged to or might be led to that party for the great event. Little came of his efforts except an account of the wonderful difficulties he found in getting access to

the most notable public men in Scotland. He found the most zealous opponents of the Government in the debates on the Union liable to be overtaken by something like nervous silence when "King James the Third" was mentioned. Great hopes rested on the Cameronians—those extreme Covenanters who made themselves the most picturesque of the successive disruptions among the Presbyterians, each swarm on its departure lifting its testimony with great vehemence and much cursing, not so much against Popery or Prelacy, as against those Presbyterians who were likest to themselves but yet not thoroughly of themselves. By the Jacobite plotters these were much sought and cherished. A false brother of their order has left to the world an account of his negotiations with them, in an unblushing narrative of defeated treachery.[1] Then, who were they that were expected to co-operate with the suffering remnant who called themselves the "anti-Papistic, anti-Prelatic, anti-Erastian, only true Church in Scotland"? Even the wild mountaineers of "the Highland Host," who had, but a few years earlier, been hounded out upon them by their persecutors to plunder and harass them—a band of malignant papists in politics and religion, and freebooters in temporal occupation; men who neither cultivated the ground, nor disposed themselves to any industry or trade, but lived by despoiling the industrious Lowlander of his humble hard-earned living. When a scheme involving the fusion together

[1] See The Memoirs of John Ker of Kersland, in North Britain, Esquire, containing his Secret Transactions and Negotiations in Scotland, England, the Courts of Vienna, Hanover, and other foreign parts. 3 vols. 1726-27.

of elements so utterly repulsive to each other is looked at, it is easy to decide that those Jacobite politicians, who professed to work a political reaction to the Revolution by such tools, were only creating an imaginary force of moving shadows, in the hope that powerful men at a distance might be tempted to commit themselves into co-operation with the phantom array. What was real in the cause of the keen alarms of the time, was the French force in Fourbin's little fleet and nothing more. Though its motions took the country by surprise, it is clear from the tenor of occurrences that the Government in London were informed of all, and had Sir George Byng ready with a force equipped for the immediate extinction of the "invasion."

Meanwhile all London was startled by the news that the French invading fleet had evaded Byng and was within sight of Edinburgh. Defoe, trying to account for this as an untoward incident, if not a calamity, took counsel among actual sailors, and gives us an instance of his curious power for mastering and describing the practical, bringing it forth from the perplexing envelopment of technicalities, except in so far as they helped him to make his story clear. It was well known in London, and was matter of surprise that, as the French expedition was to be against Scotland, and lay in Newport Roads, the English fleet lay in Gravelines, twenty-five miles southward, so that "it was about eight hours after the French were sailed, before the fleet could get notice of it and be under sail. But this is answered by the sailors, and which I shall not undertake to confute—viz., that it blew very hard, the wind at

north and north-west, and there was no other place where the English fleet could ride with safety." He tells us that "Sir George had also another disadvantage—viz., that the French sailing with the first of the ebb, he lost a tide of them, so that in their first starting the French had the advantage of the English fleet as follows: eight hours in time, twenty-five miles in space, and the ebb of the tide."[1]

Hence Byng, in pursuit, was two days behind the French invading force. Had there been any organisation in Scotland for co-operation, here was the opportunity; and the whole affair is yet so far a mystery that the expectations that induced a practical Government like that of France to hazard such an expedition have not been divulged. On the 14th the approach of Byng's fleet was signalled; and there was no alternative for the French but to find their way home. One of their vessels had been sent so far up the Firth on some unknown errand. It was thus detached, and, of course, taken. This small acquisition was peculiarly welcome. The vessel was named the Salisbury. It had been taken by the French, and was thus recovered to the English fleet.

We may measure the alarm of England on this occasion by the preparations made to meet a French force landed and equipped for battle. Thirteen battalions of foot—7000 men—were marched northwards, along with a body of horse approaching 2000, supplemented by 1000 brought over from Ireland. The Dutch, true to their alliance, sent over 5000 foot, who were paraded with the English force; and they had a further contingent ready to sail if they

[1] Defoe: Hist. of the Union, p. 5.

were needed. Scotland provided 2000 foot and 650 horse,—making, in all, an army of 17,650 men; and reinforcements were anticipated by raising the militia in England and Scotland.

This affair was followed, in Scotland, by some criminal trials of a curious and rather perplexing kind. Five gentlemen were indicted for high treason. At the head of the list stands a name surrounded by associations that recall whatever is divine and lovely in art and literature. On the 15th day of November 1708, there were arraigned, before the Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, "James Stirling, Laird of Keir; Archibald Seatoun, Laird of Touch; Archibald Stirling, Laird of Carden; Charles Stirling, Laird of Kippendavie; and Patrick Edmonston of Newton." We may count this the first and the last trial for treason under the old law of Scotland that attracted popular attention across the Border, and introduced some of the technicalities of the Scots criminal code to the astonished inhabitants of England. The passage in the indictment coming nearest to a specific definition of their crime was, that "they all and each of them, shaking off all fear of God and regard to her Majesty's person, authority, and laws, . . . when that part of Great Britain called Scotland was threatened with an invasion by an enemy's fleet of ships, with forces and an army abroad, sent by the French king, or by the Pretender—who went some time by the name of the Prince of Wales, and now assumes to himself the name, style, and title of King James, as king of her Majesty's dominions—with a manifest and open design to invade her Majesty's dominions and destroy her Majesty and her

good subjects,—at least to deprive and depose her Majesty from the style, honour, and princely name of these her dominions; did convocate and convene in arms with others their accomplices," &c. After much more such vague and strange rhetoric came a rather more specific definition of the crime that is to be proved to the jury. And it may be here noted that as the Scots law of treason came up soon afterwards for censorious criticism in England, ending in a recasting of the system, the passages here quoted may be interpreted along with the information to be given on the point. They "did gather themselves together, with their accomplices in arms, with swords and pistols and other offensive weapons, in an open correspondence with the said enemies and invaders, at the very time of their said invasion; and being so convocate and convened in arms, did march in one body or company, with their said accomplices, several days and nights, to and from several places in the shires of Stirling, Perth, and other shires adjacent, on purpose to encourage and strengthen the said invaders, or at least to raise her Majesty's other subjects in rebellion against her. Likeas for that end they did openly drink the good health of their 'Master,' as they called him, who could be none else but the said Pretender."

For the facts attested by the witnesses brought by the Lord Advocate to confirm this formidable charge, we must suppose ourselves at a place then as obscure, and deemed as little worthy of notice, as any fen in Lincolnshire or in Holland, but now illustrious in poetic fame—"the Brig o' Turk," at the opening of the Trossachs. One would not expect to find that it

had been a tavern, such as that described in 'Rob Roy' as belonging to the neighbouring clachan of Aberfoyle; but there appears, in testimony to the treason of Stirling of Keir and his accomplices, "John Maclaren, change-keeper at the Bridge of Turk," whose testimony gave faint support to the mighty charges against his guests. The five "pannels," as in the record of his testimony he is made to call them, were in his house for a day and a night, with a few servants. "All of them had swords, and some of them had pistols, and saw them have some guns, but he knows not how many." Inquiries whether they held communications with accomplices elsewhere were unproductive. The Laird of Keir's servant was one of the witnesses. He testified that his master's reason for leaving Keir at that time was "the apprehensions he had of being seized with his horses by the forces lying at Stirling." Being questioned if aught was said "concerning the Government, the Prince of Wales, and the intended invasion," he had no information to give, "but that they heard that Admiral Byng had chased the French fleet off the coast before they went from Keir." It is to be inferred from the whole tenor of what is recorded in the 'State Trials,' that these gentlemen, conscious that they were suspected of Jacobite tendencies, had gone within the Highland line to be out of the way of danger or suspicion. To have gone where they were, unarmed, would have been deemed an act of supreme folly. The jury "all in one voice" found a verdict that the charge of treason was "not proven." [1]

[1] "The Trial of James Stirling of Keir and others in Scotland for High Treason."—St. Tr., xiv. 1395.

Though unproductive as a stroke of policy, this trial is memorable as the last under the old treason law of Scotland, and as having possibly afforded suggestions for those who were determined to abolish that law. We can suppose our common lawyer, as the term "pannel" occurs here and there, reflectively passing judgment on it thus: "Pannel! why, pannel means a jury. How, in the name of all that is preposterous, did it come to be applied to the prisoner at the bar?" Yet such was the fashion in Scotland; and if we come etymologically to search out a vindication for the adaptation in the two countries, it will be difficult to find a word more to be said for the one than for the other.[1]

This trial handed over to the English lawyers a more signal source of doubts and difficulties in the verdict of the jury "not proven." This had an air of skulking compromise contrasting with the fair candour and distinctness of the English "guilty" or

[1] The great lexicographer of Scotland, Dr John Jameson, gives us "Pannel, any person who is brought to the bar of a court for trial." "The word, although used by us in a peculiar sense, must be viewed as the same with 'Panel,' English, which denotes a schedule containing the names of a jury who are to pass on a trial. Thus the phrase 'panel of parchment' is used L.B., *panella*, from *panne*, a skin, because parchment is made of skin, or *panean*, a small square, from its form. Spelman unnaturally derives it from *pagina*, or rather *pagella*, supposing *g* to be changed into *n*." But the author of this learning seems to have found it wasted, since, in his supplement to his Dictionary, he finds pannel to be the Scots name for the bar of the court. He finds one of the persons charged with the murder of Darnley "presently entered in pannel to stand trial;" and in another passage the Lord Balmerinoch "sent prisoner to the castle of Edinburgh, and at last brought to the pannel, and by the assize of his peers condemned to die." Tomlins, in his 'Law Dictionary,' speaking from England, tells us that "Panel, according to Sir Edward Coke, denotes a little part." "But it is used more particularly for a schedule or roll containing the names of such jurors as the sheriff returns to pass upon any trial."

"not guilty." The judicial function of a jury is to convict or acquit. It is not constitutional to send the accused from the bar with a stigma on his fame —a sort of ostracism. But Scotland has ever tenaciously adhered to this middle verdict in charges of private crimes. There was a contest for it in the reign of King James the First of England and the Sixth of Scotland, whose servants in Scotland were strenuously suspected of attempts to bring over from England any specialty that might be used oppressively against the subject. They had on something, possibly suggested by a "writ of error," put juries, or assizes as they were called, on trial for erroneous findings or "errors of assize." And in such trials they endeavoured to enforce the doctrine that if a jury cannot conscientiously acquit they must "fyle" or convict, thus inverting the English principle that where there cannot be a conviction the acquittal must be absolute. In what is seen as the practical effect of the "not proven." verdict in Scotland, there has been found a strong argument to maintain it in all questions of private crimes. True, it sends the accused into the world with a black mark against his name. But he is free to remove that mark if it is his fortune to be able to prove his innocence. It is the fact, however, that there is no known instance of the sufferer under such a verdict challenging investigation. There seemed, however, to be in Scotland a disposition to concur in its removal from the treason code. Though coming from England, it came in the acceptable shape of a modification of rigour towards offenders against the Crown, who in Scotland might prove numerous.

After the Union had been carried and was absolute law, there was still mischief in store for that 1st of May 1707, when merchandise was to pass free between the two countries—the great point that had throughout been demanded by Scotland and resisted by the trading interests of England. These had now to protest against extremely dishonest uses made of the vast privileges so acquired by Scotland; but there was no remedy. The revolution in the trading organisation of the empire gave opportunity for private persons to speculate on the event as a source of profit, and they could not be prohibited from drawing the profits realised by their skill. Indeed it might have probably been found that a far greater amount of English than of Scots money was thus embarked, as the market was open to all speculators of both countries, and England had at least twenty times the capital of Scotland.

The chief speculations in this sort of commerce were very simple. In all pecuniary bargains there was always fairness, often liberality, to Scotland. She was to be subjected to the high custom duties exacted in England, and she had received a pecuniary compensation for that burden. As her own low duties held till the 1st of May, the mercantile problem was to import as much merchandise as possible into Scotland before that date. It might be sold in competition with the highly taxed articles in Scotland, but it was in the great market of England that the speculation was valuable. On this occasion trade showed its subtleness in finding channels that escape the acuteness of the most accomplished financiers. The duties in Scotland were farmed. The farming was to come

to an end on the 1st of May, and the natural question with the farmers was how to gather in the largest amount of customs duties before that time? It was of course by enlarging to the utmost the amount of commodities imported; and this policy to a certain extent made it profitable for them to be lenient in the exaction of duties, so as to draw, on the whole, a larger sum than the stern exaction would have brought. So it came to pass that on the 1st of May a large stock of goods had accumulated for the English market, imported partly at the low Scots duties and partly at less even than these.

When the critical 1st of May had arrived, the merchandise thus accumulated in Scotland did not slide into England with the usual silent rapidity of legitimately established commerce. It was known that the English officers would act; and as they had to be fought, it seemed better to fight one great battle where the national strength might come to the front, than to court defeat by contests in detail. There was evident hesitation about the final step, for the middle of June had come ere, as Defoe tells us, "the fleet sailed for London, consisting of about forty sail, mostly loaded with wine and brandy." [1]

The English Custom House officers could see nothing in this but an attempt on a large scale to smuggle foreign goods through Scotland into England. They made a complete seizure of the vessels and the cargoes. The officers would not permit the ships to be unladen on bond or other security for the duties, if any, that might be found exigible. That was an accommodation conceded to importers when the precise amount

[1] Hist. of the Union, 572.

of duty was questionable so that the amount might be deliberately settled; but these goods were contraband, the produce of the national enemy.[1] The whole affair seemed to the department of Customs a very simple matter; but it was far otherwise to those who had the responsibility of keeping the peace between Scotland and England, and saving the treaty that had cost so much patience, anxiety, and statesmanship from being scattered to the winds. Able lawyers were consulted, and in some of the deep recesses of the law of England a method was found for warehousing and preserving the goods, reserving the rights of all parties concerned for deliberate adjustment.

If the zealous subordinates of the Custom House looked at this as an opening of the flood-gates that would let a continuous stream of smuggled goods pass into England, the higher officers of the Crown who were responsible for the peace of the United Kingdom, reflected that such an accident could happen but once, and, having occurred, the affair was at an end. That it could have happened was a small imperfection in one of the most complicated and critical acts of diplomatic statesmanship that the world had seen.

It was so far in favour of a passive solution of the difficulty that the actual enforcement of the duties required the aid of a new Act of Parliament; and though a draft of such a measure is preserved, the author found no traces of it on record.[2] On the

[1] Hist. of the Union, 573.

[2] "The clause proposed in the English Parliament to prevent the French goods being imported through Scotland."—Defoe, 686.

details of this affair little help is to be gained from available records, and we must be content with the conclusion as anounced to us by Defoe:—

"That the merchants might be made easy, it was proposed to them that they should land their goods upon condition that they gave security to stand to the judgment of the British Parliament. This was thought but reasonable, and some complied with it and had their ships unloaden; others refused such securities, and their goods lay longer and suffered more.

"At length a medium was found out which was to let all the merchants have possession of their goods, serving the possessors of the goods with a writ of *devenirunt* out of the Exchequer. This is a kind of writ which puts the matter in a form of prosecution only, that in case of farther occasion the queen might recover her dues; and so the merchants had their goods, and the decision of it was left to time and to the British Parliament. Thus it continued in a course of law, but not under prosecution, till the meeting of the British Parliament, when, by a vote of the House of Commons, the whole affair was discharged, and all prosecutions ordered to be stopped."[1] It may possibly colour these sombre and humble technical details with a touch of interest, to note that they are the last vestiges of the great quarrel that had kept England and Scotland apart as enemies for so many centuries.

The Excise and Customs—such parts of the revenue generally speaking as were not of a feudal nature—were collected by the indolent and pernicious system

[1] Defoe, 573.

of farming them out. A commission of Excise and Customs was now appointed. The new commissioners were of both nations, but many of the subordinate officers were naturally selected from the body trained to the work in England. The new process made the Scots acquainted with a curious testimony to English persistency in ancient customs. It had been found of old, when writing was a rare accomplishment, that when a sum of money represented a claim on the Exchequer, the way of recording it so that neither party had a possible chance of gaining anything by maintaining the record to be inaccurate, was to take a baton or bar of wood, smoothen one side of it, cut into the wood the sum in question—generally in Roman figures—and then split the wood through the figures, each party keeping one slip or tally. When the two were brought in union and fitted by the split there could be no question as to the exact figures engraved on them. An importation of vast bales of the materials for this kind of record caused much amusement among the Scots, and was perhaps a diversion from more dangerous excitements.[1]

Among the resolutions to make the Union more complete, one was, "that the powers of justices of the peace for preserving the public peace be the same throughout the whole United Kingdom." This change was suggested not so much for the preservation of the public peace as the collection of the

[1] These tallies were used in some shape or other down to 1834. There was much lamentation among the champions of ancient national customs when they were abolished, and it was rumoured that many forgeries immediately followed on the abolition. A reminiscence of the custom exists in the office of "teller" or "tallier" attached to the Exchequer and other departments.

revenue. Scotland abounded in judges of many kinds, and it might have caused surprise if among them there had not been found some suited to the enforcement of the revenue. Apart from the supreme court, there were on the one side the feudal courts attached to the establishments of territorial magnates —on the other side, the burgh courts or tribunals of the municipal corporations. But both were deficient in the quality of drawing their judicial authority from the proper fountain of justice—the Crown. In Scotland, a country where the central control was weak, and the other elements of the constitution struggled for power, it cannot be said that the popular municipal corporations failed to obtain their share. Within their walls they were supreme, and by a curious privilege, gradually absorbed, they had an organisation for striking and humiliating the proudest of the neighbouring aristocracy. If the hereditary sheriff or lord of regality had a vault in his castle possessing some faint privileges as a legal place of imprisonment, the neighbouring provost and burgesses owned a much larger and stronger building, where malefactors of all descriptions were detained and punished. This was a privilege fairly bought with their money. For the possession by each municipality of a building that was partly a fortress and partly a place of punishment, the corporations collectively agreed to build and maintain prisons, not only for keeping down turbulence and dishonesty within their own walls, but for the reception and detention of all that the king's writ sent to them.

Still all this abundant and powerful judicial administration did not suffice for the collection of the

revenue as it was collected in England. The judicatories, feudal and municipal, were not in the places where trade required a rapid adjustment of fiscal and other disputes, but in the corporations—some of them long decayed—and in the great feudal houses where the historical conditions of the country had of old placed them. Hence an Act was passed to give effect to the resolution, that the power of justices of the peace "be the same throughout the whole United Kingdom."

One thing yet was needed for the uniform adjustment of the machinery for the collection of the revenue —a supreme tribunal possessing the power in revenue matters of the English Court of Exchequer. It was necessary to be very careful that these powers should be limited to questions of pure revenue; for the English court had created to itself a wide jurisdiction in many classes of civil litigation, on the fiction that the defendant was liable to process as a debtor to the Crown, and it was necessary to clear off this impediment to bring the parties fairly to issue. The Exchequer was transferred to Scotland with all its ancient pomps and traditional forms that had lost their meaning. But it was seen to be harmless for all purposes beyond the collection of the revenue, and it was tolerated. Another item in the measure for the improvement of the Union had naturally a more formidable shape—the revolution of the treason laws by recasting them in the English model. Trial was to be by "commission of oyer and terminer." Three of the Lords of Justiciary in Scotland were to be of every such commission there—one of them to be of the quorum. It is observable that in the bulk

of the enactments for completing the Union, there seems much solicitous care to revolutionise only the institutions for giving effect to the policy of the new State at large, and to leave as they were found the remedies for claims between man and man in the courts of civil law, and also the administration of the criminal law for the punishment of the perpetrators of crime and the personal protection of the citizen. The Act for readjusting the treason law lets us see a point where English precision rendered necessary a small deviation from this spirit. In England, when some offences that were not matters of State slipped into the treason law, they were clustered together under the exceptional name of "petty treason." Scotland had not been so exact, and therefore it had to be provided that "theft in landed men, murder under trust, wilful fire-raising, firing coal-cleuchs, and assassination," declared to be treason by old Scots statutes, should be ranked with other capital crimes, and tried before the old Scots courts.

The Act contained a short clause that, in association with the events that supplied Scott with his great epic of 'Old Mortality,' might be calculated to raise a sensation of shame even in the most patriotic of Scotsmen. It simply made it law that "no person accused of any capital offence or other crime in Scotland, shall suffer or be subject or liable to any torture."[1]

[1] 7th Anne, ch. 21.

CHAPTER IX.

The War in Spain.

EXPEDITION UNDER ORMOND AND ROOKE—SELECTION OF CADIZ AS THE POINT OF ATTACK — FAILURE EXCEPT IN THE MATTER OF PILLAGE—THE SPANISH FLEET OF THE INDIES ATTACKED IN VIGO BAY—SINKING OF THE TREASURE—THE COMPETITORS FOR THE SPANISH CROWN — PORTUGAL AND THE NEGOTIATIONS—CO-OPERATION VISIT OF "THE KING OF SPAIN" TO QUEEN ANNE—GIBRALTAR—SIEGE AND CAPTURE —HOISTING OF THE UNION-JACK—THE BATTLE OF MALAGA—ATTEMPT TO RETAKE GIBRALTAR—JOHN METHUEN, THE AMBASSADOR TO PORTUGAL, AND HIS SON PAUL—THEIR INFLUENCE ON OUR RELATIONS WITH THE PENINSULA—THEIR SERVICES IN THE RETENTION OF GIBRALTAR — PAUL METHUEN AND THE TWO KINGS — SOLICITATIONS AND DEMANDS FOR MONEY FROM BRITAIN — THE BRITISH TROOPS — MISMANAGEMENT—RECALL OF SCHOMBERG.

To carry the war of the Spanish succession into the territory of Spain itself, was a tradition from the Government of King William. On the statesmen liable for the conduct of this policy there hung the weight of difficulties and dangers inevitable to the Government that takes a part in the internal quarrels of a foreign people. In Flanders or Swabia the allies saw their enemies before them, and knew that their simple duty was to fight and conquer. It was pos-

sible, however, that a victory over Spaniards might help to defeat the ultimate object of the war, by arousing new hatreds and strengthening old. To all, however, who only looked at the life before them in the camp or the fleet, such a war had many charms — especially in the liberal opportunities it would afford to the rapacious spirit of the period. Spain was not a country rich in the fruits of industry and trade like England and Holland; but it was known that the chief cause of the sordid poverty of the Spaniards arose from the restraints on the free application of the precious metals to the legitimate services of trade; and thus the country was believed to be full of ready treasuries of bullion to reward the marauding soldier. Then the galleons plying between the Indies and the ports of the Mediterranean were ever carrying to Spain additions to this load of wealth; so that, to the sea-warrior, the piracy that so often stained his profession was converted from a crime into a duty.

A joint expedition, English and Dutch, for sea and land service, was adjusted and put under the supreme command of the Duke of Ormond—Sir George Rooke commanding the English fleet of thirty ships of the line. There were twenty Dutch ships of the same class; and with adjutant vessels and small craft, there were upwards of a hundred and fifty sail, carrying fourteen thousand land troops. Various points of attack in or near the Mediterranean were considered, and among them Gibraltar. For this, as the first and chief aim of the expedition, there was little to be said. It was a poor place—a bare rock with nothing but its forts, and it was naturally strong. It

was to Cadiz, as the richest centre, that the expedition gravitated. There they were likely to find abundant spoil both for land and sea men; for not only were great treasures in permanence there, but a fleet of galleons, with a substantial addition to the precious things, was expected speedily to arrive. For the safety of its riches, Cadiz was heavily fortified; but here there was a reward for courage and endurance, while the great rock furnished none.

The admiral was told that, looking to the advanced season of the year—2d July 1702—the instructions that he is to sail as far as Gibraltar are withdrawn. He is to sail to Cadiz and take that town, if this appears to be practicable; if he find it is not, he is to sail directly to Corunna. Should he in the meantime hear that there is a French fleet at Corunna, he is to go thither, straight, without taking Cadiz on his way; but that alternative did not interpose for the protection of Cadiz.[1]

Cadiz is known as a town on the coast of Spain—some half-way between Gibraltar and the frontier of Portugal. It stands on the outmost point of the small island of Leon, connected with the mainland by bridges and causeway, and thus made by art somewhat as Portland Bill is by nature. The place was defended by a veteran warrior of the old Spanish type, Villadarias—the hero of many of the stories of chivalry and good-fellowship that endear a commander to his followers. His weight was felt in the first attempt of the assailants. It appears that the sea authorities pronounced a landing to be safe where there was a capricious and delusive surf

[1] Despatch to Sir George Rooke.—Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., 2894.

peculiar to the waters of that coast, so that the boats got out of control, and twenty of them were upset. On those who landed, confused and wet, Villadarias came down at the charge with a troop of cavalry.

The expedition seems to have at first been uncertain whether they were to fight enemies or gather friends. It was soon evident that they were not to discover friendship enough to supply them with information. They could form no estimate of the numbers gathering against them, and were easily deceived by devices for exaggerating these numbers. Incapable of making any serious attack on the great fortresses, they occupied the suburb called St Mary's where the rich citizens had their rural abodes; and these all deserting their homes, left the place in the hands of the new-comers. To compensate themselves as far as possible for the impossibility of touching the treasures guarded by the fortifications, they stripped the houses of the valuable things belonging to the affluent owners. They found a good deal of spoil, too, in the decorations and treasuries of the churches, and so managed at once to arouse the hatred of a people who were the most bigoted adherents of the old Church, and by nature the bitterest haters of heretics. The vision of an enthusiastic native force rallying round their deliverer to join them in driving out the French invaders, was soon dispersed. But a calamity deeper than this had to be mourned over by the people of England. Their nation was disgraced before the world by the brutalities committed at St Mary's. It was not merely that the common soldiers and sailors had broken loose from the bonds of disci-

pline, but that officers of high rank were chargeable with rapacious plundering. Two of these were tried by court-martial, and one of them, General Belsise, was dismissed.[1]

At a council of war it was resolved to abandon the adventure; and on the 30th of September all were on their way homewards—according to the definition

[1] See instructions to the Duke of Ormond, 24th September 1702, under the sign-manual, referring to the outrages committed at the taking of Port St Mary's. The rumour attaches chiefly to Sir Henry Belsise and Sir Charles Hara, "who, as general officers, ought rather to have cared to have prevented such proceedings in others than to have given encouragement thereto by their own example." A full inquiry is to be made, and those to whom guilt is brought home to be dismissed from the service.—Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., 28746.

The following passage in the Nottingham Papers shows that the queen took a lively and indignant interest in the steps necessary for visiting on the guilty persons the scandal that had been brought on the army:—

"Mr Secretary has shown me a letter he has from Count Wratislaw complaining of great disorders and pillage committed by the general officers themselves at Port St Mary—naming Bellasize, Haro, and Shaw, and desiring the queen's directions for the examination and punishment of them, if the fact should be true, as I doubt it is. The queen herself thought his request so reasonable, that of herself she was ready to give immediate orders to the Duke of Ormond accordingly, and it was not without a little uneasiness that she was prevailed on to defer it till to-morrow, that she might have an opportunity of calling together such Lords of the Cabinet Council as have the honour to attend her Majesty in this place, and hear their opinion upon it, which I am apt to think will not much differ in this case from the queen's own thoughts."—Ibid., 29588, f. 265.

The scandal of the plundering brought another important person into a curious difficulty. Lord Portmore, on board the Northumberland on the 9th of October 1702, complains that a mistake had been made by a subordinate, the effect of which he thus describes: "My name is sent to Court at the head of several articles, which, though my own things brought from England, are set down in the book as plunder. This, I have reason to expect, will do me a great prejudice, and give impressions very different from the character I have ever maintained in the army, which for the present is very mortifying to me, though I am sure it will appear that I had rather merited esteem than disapprobation."—Ibid., 28927, f. 155.

of one who was present—"with a great deal of plunder and of infamy."[1]

The "disappointment at Cadiz" was noticed in the queen's speech at the opening of Parliament, on the 21st of October, with such a "representation of disorders and abuses committed at Port St Mary's," as demanded special inquiries. In noticing this in their counter-address, the Commons found consolation in the prospects of the war, where the "wonderful progress" of her Majesty's arms, under Marlborough, "have signally retrieved the honour and glory of the English nation;" and here, again, was subtle contest on the possible insinuation in the word "retrieved," as a "reflection on the late king's memory." Those who found such a meaning in it only stamped an emphatic testimony of the meaning by finding themselves in a minority of 100, on a motion to substitute for the word "retrieved" the word "maintained."[2]

Fate had yet, however, a mighty blessing in store for the British expedition, through blunderings of the enemy that went far beyond neutralising their own. The fleet, with fresh supplies of treasure from the Indies,—what had become of it? Naturally it did not steer towards its original destination, for that would have been to throw itself into the trap; for the great superiority of the British force at sea was unquestionable. The fleet of the Indies sought refuge in the Bay of Vigo, in Galicia, the most northerly province of Spain, so that the British fleet on the way home found what it sought. The prey

[1] Captain Stanhope, cited by his descendant.—War of the Succession in Spain, by Lord Mahon, 59.

[2] The numbers in the division were 180 to 80.—Parl. Hist., vi. 48-51.

might have escaped but for one of those questions of trade monopoly that, especially in Spain, overruled all other influences. Cadiz had the privilege of receiving the treasures and drawing tolls. The matter went to the Supreme Council of the Indies at Madrid for adjustment, but an affair so weighty could not be settled at once. At length came the alternative that should have been obvious and immediate, to put the cargo in safety, reserving consideration of all claims. But the instruction came too late. The year was far through October, and on the 22d the British fleet was also in Vigo Bay. There was no despondency, no lack of zeal and determination now. A boom across the entrance, sustained by vessels moored, was burst. The enemy within, however, were invigorated by desperation. They endeavoured to separate the galleons carrying the treasury from the protecting fleet of war-ships, Spanish and French. But the attacking fleet broke through and chased the galleons. The next policy was to set the galleons on fire and sink the treasure in the water on the chance of after-recovery. There was now a contest in a variety of forms, but all ferocious and sanguinary. The attacking force were slaying their enemies, extinguishing the fires, and seizing the valuables as the Spaniards strove to pitch them into the water. An account of this affair was rendered to the queen by a special messenger of rank on the 30th of October, and was passed to the ministers in these concise terms:—

"*October* 31, 1702.

"I believe it will be very acceptable news to your lordship to hear of the force of the fleet, which news my Lord Lenox brought this afternoon to the queen from the fleet.

Sir George Rooke, upon advice that the galleons and the French squadron that conveyed them were got into Vigo, he immediately sailed thither. The land force attacked the forts and made themselves masters of them, and part of our fleet sailed into the port, took nine galleons and nine men-of-war, and destroyed all the rest of the fleet. They are coming home with these nine galleons and nine men of war.—I am, &c.,

JOHN VERNEY."[1]

Much life was lost and much of the precious cargo, but it would appear that the assailants carried off plunder reaching a pecuniary value estimated roundly at half a million of pounds sterling. Yet the loss to the sufferers was estimated as that of the gain to the attackers several times over; and this commended the achievement of the British to those who had no concern with the expedition, but were interested in the Austrian side of the contest, as a great loss and discouragement to the party of the French succession. It paralysed the naval power of Spain, then in the hands of the French party.

That a success had been accomplished was visible in two events. Cabrera, the Admiral of Castile, one of the most powerful of the hereditary grandees of Spain, declared for the Austrian succession. As his fidelity to the French party was suspected, he was sent as ambassador from Spain to France—from the grandson to his grandfather. The preparations for the embassy were completed with all appropriate deliberation and pomp, and he was on his way to Versailles when he was stopped and called hastily back by a messenger who carried a sealed document, which he had himself prepared before he left Spain.

[1] Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., 29568.

With sudden exclamation on opening it, he announced it to contain a message to turn immediately to Portugal, where there was danger that King Pedro might declare himself for the Austrian succession. The admiral accomplished what he declared that he had been sent to counteract. At least through him Portugal was accepted into the Grand Alliance. King Pedro engaged to supply for the Archduke's service some 28,000 men — 5000 of them cavalry. They were to be maintained by the Archduke; but this, if it meant anything more than a general promise of participation in any funds that might be available, added the maintenance of the Portuguese force to the obligations thrown on England. But this did not entirely satisfy King Pedro of Portugal. By a separate secret treaty certain convenient portions of Spain, including Vigo and Badajos, were to form part of the dominions of the crown of Portugal; and it was to obtain as a colonial possession the Rio de la Plata in America. This was the second and the more important of the two events supposed to have been influenced by the success at Vigo.

Out of these two events came another perhaps more important than either. Portugal had not much relish for interference in a Spanish quarrel. Whichever party governed, Spain would be the natural oppressor of the weaker nation. Yet, if the prospect of final success attached itself to the cause of the opponent of the aggrandising Bourbons, it might be the interest of Portugal to do its best in that cause. The sincerity of the contest for the Austrian claimant would be shown by his coming to

the Peninsula to direct the war—and the Archduke came accordingly.[1] The rivals were both young men — the Archduke seventeen, the French prince nineteen years old. It had become a tradition that young sovereigns should do audacious things ever since Louis XIV. in his hunting dress bullied the Parliament of Paris with a success so brilliant as to recast with additional strength the prerogative of the Crown. It cannot be believed that both the princes who were now placed at the head of the two parties dividing and convulsing Europe possessed characters so fully developed, and sagacity so mature, as to "ride the whirlwind and direct the storm" with strong hand. Yet each is occasionally spoken of as the practical as well as the nominal leader and controller of his own cause; and that the Archduke, whose private life is naturally better known to us than that of his competitor, professed sometimes to direct and thwart his counsellors and allies as one who felt himself "every inch a king," has become known to us by the unfavourable criticism passed upon his conduct on such occasions. We shall find him endowed with two qualifications for his regal mission, neither of them inconsistent with youth. The one was an ever-active consciousness that where he went his place was that of supremacy —the other was the perfection of courtly grace that

[1] It will perhaps be found convenient to apply in future the name of "the Archduke" to this competitor, since both he and the grandson of King Louis are each by his own party called "the King of Spain," and referred to as "his Majesty." The term "King Philip" may be with propriety applied to identify and distinguish the opponent, as he had all along a firmer hold of the sceptre, and at last became undisputed king.

made the assumption not only tolerable but becoming. He came, in fact, fresh from the social hotbed where all the courtly graces were understood to be reared. The imperial Court was by tradition the fountain of honour for the whole world, and practically it was the great central academy where all the wisdom about heraldry, precedence, the significance of Court pomps and ceremonies — all that oriental and Gothic barbarism had heaped over the original Roman simplicity — were studied and taught. We shall see how he was thus endowed for dazzling the remote unsophisticated Court of Windsor.

Meanwhile "the King of Spain" was to leave the imperial Court and visit his own dominions, making a circuit to visit the Court of his chief ally at Windsor.

Taking Holland on his way he paid his visit to the queen at Windsor, in solemn state, on the 29th of December. "The Marquis of Hartington, Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, received the king at his alighting out of the coach, and the Earl of Jersey, Lord Chamberlain, lighted him to the great staircase. Her Majesty received the king at the top of the great staircase, without the guard-room, where his Majesty made a very low bow; and the queen raising him up he saluted her, and made his compliment to her Majesty, acknowledging his great obligations for her generous protection and assistance."[1]

The following account by an eyewitness of the hospitable part of the ceremonials may have interest,

[1] History of Europe, 1703, p. 484.

instructive as a sketch taken from the life of a Court interior of the period :—

"KEW, This day,

"MY LORD,—My young man and I returned yesterday from Windsor, where we were very much diverted by seeing the reception of the King of Spain, which was in all particulars truly noble. I never saw so great a court nor so splendid. This prince had been represented so to his disadvantage, that I believe everybody was surprised to see him almost the contrary of what they expected; for, as to his person, he is beautiful, well-shaped, and his mien and address very graceful and proper; so that everybody seemed to have the same sentiments of him. The queen seemed extremely pleased to see her Court filled with persons of the best quality and very rich in their dress. He led the queen wherever they passed from one apartment to another, and all the ministers and officers of State walked before them. He made very handsome presents of jewels to the ladies that waited at table—the Duchess of Marlborough, the Lady Frescheville, Mrs Fielding, and Mrs Damer; particularly to the first in a piece of gallantry, for he took the jewel from the queen when she had washed, and pulled the ring he wore from off his finger, locked it up with the jewel, and gave to my Lady Marlborough."[1]

[1] Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., 29568, f. 166. Burnet, who may be counted as echoing the Court rumours of the day, confirms this account of the fascinations of the young prince. "About the end of December the King of Spain landed at Portsmouth. The Duke of Somerset was sent by the queen to receive him, and to bring him to an interview which was to be at Windsor. Prince George went with him on the way, and he was treated with great magnificence. The Court was very splendid and much thronged. The queen's behaviour towards him was very noble and obliging. The young king charmed all that were there. He had a gravity beyond his age, tempered with much modesty. His behaviour was in all points so exact, that there was not a circumstance in his whole deportment that was liable to censure. He paid an extraordinary respect to the queen, and yet maintained a due greatness in it. He had an art of seeming well pleased with everything, without so much as smiling once all the while he was at Court—which was only three days. He spoke but little, and all he said was judicious and obliging."—Hist. (1833), v. 82, 83.

Granted that it was either necessary or politic to carry the war against France into Spain, it must be conceded that Portugal was a mighty acquisition to the allies. It enabled the invaders in security and ease to mass their forces on the frontier of Spain: it was, indeed, such a military base of operations as has rarely been acquired by any Power fighting with an enemy so distant. But the arrival of "the King of Spain" was not the only attraction that secured the Court of Lisbon. There was, in the first place, the universal subsidy; but King Louis also, in the terrible crisis he had brought on himself, was constrained to lavish much of what remained to his impoverished country in subsidies. There was the promise of the frontier provinces of Spain if King Charles was successful,—a precarious but tempting bribe. It must be kept a dead secret from Spain, for it would raise a vision of dismemberment—the one spectre that roused the apathetic Spaniard to fury. Hence it could not be entered as an item of the Grand Alliance, for this was virtually an element in the public law of Europe. It was therefore a separate and secret engagement, that might have compromised our ambassador John Methuen, and with him the English Government, had it been revealed.[1]

The ingenuity of the ambassador enabled him to lay down another weighty bribe costing nothing at the moment. This was "The Methuen Treaty," renowned during the last and a great part of the pres-

[1] The treaty, bringing the King of Portugal into the Grand Alliance, was adjusted on the 6th of May 1703. The following vestiges of the incidental difficulties in the way are scattered through the Nottingham

ent century, and discussed by persons who scarcely knew whether its name of "Methuen" was derived from a person or a place. By this treaty, signed at Lisbon on the 27th of December 1703, "the King of Portugal on his part stipulates, both in his own name and in those of his successors, to admit for ever hereafter into Portugal the woollen cloths and the rest of the woollen manufactures of the Britains. . . . Upon this condition, that her royal Majesty of Great Britain shall, in her own name and that of her successors, be obliged for ever to admit the wines of the growth of Portugal into Britain, so that at no time, whether there shall be peace or war between the kingdoms of Great Britain and France, anything more shall be demanded for these wines, by the name of custom or duty, or by whatsoever other title directly or indirectly,—whether they shall be imported into Great Britain in pipes or hogsheads

Correspondence in Additional MSS., Brit. Mus. The reference to Methuen's connection with royalty is a mystery.

"Lisbon, *5th September* 1702.

"He [Methuen the elder] was here a long time before he could obtain an audience from the king, and then very cold and short—not half a quarter of an hour—refused the offer of his service, and desired to go away in a few days. However, he being so near a relation to the late queen, he sent him a fine jewel, but the other would not accept it, nor did he make haste to go till he had another message to go out of town, which put him in a great passion.

"It appears that the French party in Portugal is still fed with hopes, and it may be feared that our alliance with that kingdom depends on the success of the fleet."—Nottingham (vol. ii.) f. 178.

"*11th September* 1702.

"Thus the emperor and States minister did both suspect the King of Portugal's sincerity, and that his declarations proceeded only from fear of our fleet. That if our fleet could not take port in Spain, and there settle this winter, that Portugal would return to the French alliance."—Ibid., f. 214.

or other casks,—than what shall be demanded for the like quantity or measure of French wines, deducting or abating one-third part of the custom or duty."

The writer of the most extensive account of the rise and progress of the trade of Britain with the rest of the world, having told us these conditions, with an enthusiasm unusual to him, adds: "This most just and beneficial connection has remained inviolable to this day, which has preserved an uninterrupted friendship and alliance between both nations,—and may it ever continue." He then cites King, in his dedication of 'The British Merchant' to Sir Paul Methuen, the son of the author of the treaty, as saying in relation to it: "We gain a greater balance from Portugal than from any other country whatever. By it also we have increased our exports thither, from about three hundred thousand pounds yearly, to nearly one million five hundred thousand pounds;" and the historian of commerce says in further comment—"Portugal has in return for our taking such vast quantities of their wines, constantly taken off a greater quantity of our manufactures; so as to occasion a considerable yearly balance in our favour; and our palates being long since so well reconciled to Portugal wine, the Portuguese for our supply have turned great quantities of their lands into vineyards." [1]

This last item touches the consideration that the blessings of the Methuen Treaty were not limited to the furtherance of the war in Spain, or the enhance-

[1] Anderson—Historical and Chronological Deduction of the Origin of Commerce, iii. 19, 20.

ment of British commerce and wealth. It stamped on the national habits a great social characteristic. Burgundy, claret, and other light wines of France, thoroughly ascendant heretofore, sank steadily and rapidly under the preponderating weight of port. The liquor of a people is generally influenced by the vegetable materials that produce it, or peculiar cravings imperiously demanding what will satiate them. But here a great people chose their prime element of that kind of sensual enjoyment by the accident of a warlike and commercial policy. Never, perhaps, has any stimulant been so thoroughly incorporated into the character of a people as port has been to the true-born Englishman who could afford to buy wine. So thoroughly was it a part of the nationality of England, that when the conditions that created it passed northward into Scotland, it was received with lamentations and execrations, as one of the many evil things that the Union enabled England to force upon her partner, for no other reason but that they were thoroughly English.[1]

Whether influenced by such genial associations, or promoted by the more august conditions of international politics as the source of peace and war, the ties that brought Britain and Portugal together ripened into fast friendship. Like all such relations between a great Power and a small, this took—but decorously—the shape of patronage on the one side

[1] John Home's rhymed denunciation is not perhaps quite so well known as it was a century ago :—

"Firm and erect the Caledonian stood;
Old was his claret, and his mutton good.
'Let him drink port,' the British Statesman cried,—
He quaffed the poison, and his spirit died."

and deference on the other. Every British minister who has had to pronounce a policy on the affairs of western Europe has counted on the support of Portugal; and there are people still living among us who remember how potent a position this gave us in our latest struggle with France.

In the meantime, the immediate object was to secure access to Spain; and while others doubted the success of the negotiations with Portugal, Methuen, who knew the tempting rewards he could offer, felt secure not only in the alliance, but in its practical efficiency and permanence.

He writes to Godolphin, that some of the Portuguese statesmen still lean to France, "and the others are very backward at taking those steps which will make an immediate breach, which hath given the French another opportunity to make a great deal of do and bustle. But I am very confident all the considerations in the world cannot in the least prevail against the King of Portugal; and I think I cannot be deceived in my judgment, and that your lordship may depend upon it that the moment the King of Spain arrives, everything will go on in the manner and with the vigour that your lordship can desire." [1]

Early in the year 1704 Rooke again hoisted his flag, and sailed with a land force of 8000 men, joined by 4000 Dutch. They bore Cæsar and his fortunes, —the young prince, fresh from that flattering reception at that court, where all that could materially help him to the great destiny assigned to him had to be done. They entered the Tagus to arrange affairs with Pedro of Portugal, who solemnly gave

[1] 12/23 January 1704, Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., 28056.

precedence to the Archduke, as King of Spain and a greater monarch than himself. Portugal was not apt to offer Spain tokens of subordination; but the act might be likened to the courtesy that gives precedence to the guest in the great man's house,—and it was, on the whole, a politic arrangement. And this was the most important part to be played by Portugal in the meantime, since the military arrangements of the country made the gathering of an army, even to receive pay from English subsidies, impracticable. Whatever they supplied sufficiently visible to be called an army was crushed by Berwick, who, at the same time, took possession of the Dutch force under Fagel as prisoners of war. The English army seemed on the way to a like fate; and indeed a portion of them, in garrison in Castel de Vide in Estremadura, had actually to surrender, having to plead in palliation of conduct so un-English, that their Portuguese allies, finding them determined to hold out, had wetted their powder. We shall find the immediate causes of this disaster fully discussed in a curious conference between the King of Portugal and certain representatives of England. Meanwhile, through this slough of despond, we are approaching an achievement that has had a mighty influence on the destinies of the British empire.

The motions of the fleet under Sir George Rooke had somewhat of a restless and purposeless character. He stood off Barcelona, where he got flattering intimations of the desire of the Catalans to rise if they could count on his assistance; but the assurances he could give were insufficient for that end. It became his next object to protect Toulon from the French

fleet; but the French fleet was on its way to take rest under the cannon of Toulon,—and our admiral was censured by his countrymen for not intercepting and beating it on the way. At length, rather than return home with neither spoil nor glory, the idea of attacking Gibraltar grew and strengthened; and it was decided by a council of war that it should be so.[1]

The great fortress was not only then bare of its present multitudinous defences, but all it had were trifles to the works that, under Elliot, scattered the shower of red-hot balls on the bomb-proof gunboats. The chief works were a line of small bastions running from sea to sea across the flat ground westward of the rocks. They were raised for defence against any army that might be landed in the low country, beyond reach of the guns for protecting the promontory. The chief artificial military works on the south for the protection of the town and the narrow stretch of country at the foot of the precipices were two moles

[1] Among Godolphin's papers, with no fuller title than "a proposal," is the following: "Gibraltar and Ceuta make the very mouth of the Mediterranean. The first—viz., Gibraltar—may be taken, and afterwards kept, much easier than Cadiz; for it's but badly fortified, and may quickly be made an island." "The bay of Gibraltar is capable of holding as many and as big ships as that of Cadiz; and, being in the very passage, may much better hinder ships and gallies into and out of the Straits than at so great a distance as Cadiz is."

"The Havanna being situated in the island of Cuba, in the narrow of the Gulf of Florida, the Spaniards have made the port the rendezvous of all their ships from all parts of the West Indies (except the Buenos Ayres); and here they supply themselves with all things necessary for their return to Spain. If this port were in the possession of the English, and that passage well guarded, it would put a total stop to trade from Spain to the kingdom of Peru and Mexico, and consequently make those people freely traffic with us and other Europeans."—Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., 28058, f. 31.

or fortified piers,—the old mole to the west, the new mole to the east, of the town, with a wall or rampart uniting them. The British force was of great power and number for a fleet of the period. Besides frigates and other subordinate craft, there were forty-five ships of the line, carrying a fraction less than 20,000 men (19,503), and armed with 3158 guns. The fortifications were crumbling to pieces; but they sufficed to occupy the attenuated garrison,—apparently no more than 150 men. Some two or three hundred citizens of the town were assigned to posts; but it seems questionable if they were of any use. The Spaniards have had their share of fighting; but at that period they were about the most unwarlike people in Europe. Here it was our good fortune that they were so; but afterwards, when our troops expected to find in them allies animated with the bitter hatred of the opponents in domestic war, they found that the Spanish citizen could not be awakened to the realisation of the fact that he was expected to become a soldier. The two beings—citizen and soldier—were of different orders, and never acted together. This arose not from any Quakerism of sentiment against the shedding of man's blood: the Spaniard was only too ready for this feat under other conditions, but a sort of stolid stupidity stayed him.

The policy of the attack was to pour such a hurricane of shot on the narrow defences that they were soon left bare, the defenders either being dead or gone. A landing was then effected on the new mole head; and here came the only disaster to the assailants, in an explosion—whether of a small magazine

or a designedly laid mine—occasioning forty-two deaths. The other mole was taken without casualty; and there remained nothing for the garrison but to surrender on such terms as might be conceded to them.

The articles of capitulation were peculiar, as granted on Spanish territory to persons who were subjects of the King of Spain, and yet not to be treated as rebels or traitors. The officers of the garrison and the magistrates and gentlemen of the town, were permitted to go forth with their luggage unexamined,—each soldier might take what he could carry. Some arms were allowed for protection against casual dangers. All might remain who chose to accommodate themselves to the new arrangements and take the oath of fidelity to King Charles III. All were provided with bread, wine, and meat for six days. It was significant of the peculiar conditions of this capture, that all subjects of the King of France were excluded from the benefits of the terms of capitulation—to be dealt with as prisoners of war—and that the terms were signed by George, Landgrave of Hesse, as representing Charles, King of Spain, at war with Louis, King of France. There was an incident, however, more effectively significant, as breaking through the theories that all the more pedantically fell back on a right divine of royalty, when there was no human right to be relied on but the issue of the sword. On the same day—the 24th of July 1704—the Prince of Hesse took solemn possession of the fortress for his Majesty King Charles III., by hoisting the imperial standard. The sailor nature of Sir George Rooke

was too obtuse to trace the subtleties of this adaptation of the diplomatics of the Holy Roman Empire. So he ordered the imperial standard to be hauled down, and the standard of England to be hoisted in its place; and his orders were not to be wisely or even safely resisted.[1]

The capture of Gibraltar created at home no such exultation as we might expect to find, when we look back on it through the national pride its peaceful possession has aroused in later times, and the thankfulness felt when it remained ours after each successive attack. It scarcely raised a responsive throb of satisfaction that the loss was terrible to Spain, as this only foreboded desperate efforts for recovery. The Government indeed became rapidly conscious that what had so lightly fallen into their hands must pass through a far more formidable ordeal if it was

[1] Tindal, i. 661-663. This account by Tindal is generally received as the most accurate; but it is adjusted, with faint alterations, from the Answer to the Duchess of Marlborough's Account of her Conduct, under the title of "The Other Side of the Question," p. 227 *et seq.* Burnet gives some incidents of the capture of Gibraltar not mentioned by those who had better means of knowing all that occurred. More curious to us of the present day than the incidents he tells, is the sneer raised in the telling of them, as a testimony to the current sense of the empty if not ludicrous victory over the barren rock. "Rooke, as he sailed back, fell in upon Gibraltar, where he spent much powder, bombarding it to very little purpose, that he might attempt somewhat, though there was no reason to hope that he could succeed. Some bold men ventured to go ashore in a place where it was not thought possible to climb up the rocks; yet they succeeded in it. When they got up they saw all the women of the town were come out, according to their superstition, to a chapel there, to implore the Virgin's protection. They seized on them; and that contributed not a little to dispose those in the town to surrender. They had leave to stay or go as they pleased; and in case they stayed, they were assured of protection in their religion and in everything else,—for the Prince of Hesse, who was to be their governor, was a Papist. But they all went away with the small garrison that had defended the place."—V. 157.

to remain there, and this led to a sort of dogged determination that it was right to keep what had been taken. So in an intimation of the transmission of supplies it is noted briefly that they are for "supplying the cannon at Gibraltar, which the queen thinks it is very much for her service to keep, though at an expense to her which should indeed be borne by the two kings of Spain and Portugal."[1]

The first formidable ordeal of our capacity to hold what we had gained was the sea-fight known as the battle of Malaga, from a town some fifty miles eastward of Gibraltar. It was fought on the 24th of August. On the British side there were fifty-three sail of the line. The two fleets—British and Dutch on the one side, French on the other—seem to have been equally balanced in their respective weight of fighting-ships. The French had the assistance of a small fleet of the galleys peculiar to the Mediterranean, valuable for the remedy of disaster, but of little use for fighting even at that period. Although after a tough contest the French fleet sailed for Toulon while the British remained ready for renewed fighting, we had so little of the customary naval success to proclaim, that King Louis had a medal cast commemorating his victory over the English and the Dutch.[2] The real significance of the affair is that, had our fleet been beaten, Gibraltar would certainly have been lost.[3]

[1] Despatch to Admiral Sir John Leake, cited in Sayer's Hist. of Gibraltar, 130.

[2] Anglorum et Batavorum Classe Fugata ad Malagam XXIV. Augusti MDCCIV.—Lives of the Admirals.

[3] From Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who commanded the van, we have the following short account of his share in the fighting: "Our num-

It was noted as a peculiarity of this battle, that though there was much hard fighting and bloodshed, no ship on either side was taken, sunk, or burned. That we failed in the infliction of such casualties on the enemy was attributed to a scarcity of ammunition; what had been expended in the taking of Gibraltar not having been re-supplied. That the British fleet presently returned home was spoken of as an evil omen, and balanced against the French fleet seeking safety in Toulon. But the comparison was inaccurate; for the French quitted the seas disabled from further contest, while on our side a detachment was left under Sir Cloudesley Shovel to guard Gibraltar, and the rest of the fleet was inactive only because no enemy could face it.

At home there was much unseemly disputation on this battle, and the proper acknowledgment of the services of Sir George Rooke. If they were to be acknowledged by Parliament, it provoked comparison that the news of Blenheim and Malaga arrived almost simultaneously; and certain indiscreet champions of

ber of ships that fought in the line of battle were pretty equal; I think they were 49 and we 53. I judge they had 17 three-decked ships, and we but 7. . . . We having the weather-gage gave me an opportunity of coming as near as I pleased — which was within pistol-shot — before I fired a gun, through which means and God's assistance the enemy declined us, and were on the run in less than four hours, by which time we had little wind, and their galleys towed off their lame ships and others as they pleased. . . . The ships that suffered most in my division were the Lenox, Warspite, Tilbury, and Swiftsure. The rest escaped pretty well, and I the best of all, though I never took greater pains in all my life to be soundly beaten; for I set all my sails and rowed with three boats ahead to get alongside with the Admiral of the White and Blue, but he, outsailing me, shunned fighting. . . . After the fight we were two days in sight of the enemy preparing for a second engagement, but the enemy declined, and stood from us in the night."—Sayer, 123, D. of M., 234.

the naval hero arrogated for him something like equality in the scales with Marlborough. There were powerful prejudices on the side of Rooke; for it was not only navy against army, but Tory against Whig. Rooke himself brought discretion and peace into the affair by desiring that his friends would not press for parliamentary honours. Upon one point there seems to have been a negative unanimity, that if he were greeted with honours, it was not for taking Gibraltar but for fighting at Malaga.

On one idea there was a strong bond of union and public spirit among the Spaniards,—it was a chronic protestation against the dismemberment of the mighty territory that had been ruled by their sovereigns. The loss of Gibraltar was the beginning of dismemberment, and a mighty effort must be made, and made at once, to cancel the dangerous precedent. The contests in other parts of Spain were abandoned, and nine thousand Spanish soldiers, with three thousand allies from France, commanded by the Marquis of Villadarias and other heads of illustrious houses, began their intrenched approaches on the fortress on the 9th of October. They were assisted by a French fleet of twelve ships of the line and seven frigates. The besieged garrison numbered three thousand. Some improvements had meantime been made in the defences—especially in works for flooding the land approaches. The siege lasted above five months, with little to vary the usual monotony that is unavoidable in describing the slow pressure of the assailing force on the works of defence. Only one part of the fortress, called the Round Tower, was for a short period in the hands of the besiegers. There was an interrup-

tion to this dreary monotony in an attempt by five hundred Spaniards to reach, by intricate tracks and perilous climbing, a level on the cliff above the garrison and the fortifications. It was identical with the adventure of Captain Crawford when he seized Dumbarton Castle in Queen Mary's wars; but it was far away from the like success, for the adventurers were seen before they had descended to a spot where they could fight, and they were all either pitched over the precipices or taken as prisoners of war.

The siege and defence of Gibraltar were becoming a critical struggle in the great contest of the day, and the conclusion of it must make a crisis. Before the end of November the fate of the garrison seemed to be closing in. The assailants had gathered in numbers, and had vast resources for siege purposes. The garrison were approaching the end both of their munitions and food, when they received notice through Methuen, the British ambassador to Portugal, that two thousand men, with corresponding munitions, were on their way for the defence, and a third thousand would follow. The hopes thus roused were at the moment of utmost need realised by the sight of nine troop and store ships on the 7th of December. The besiegers were liberally recruited—some five thousand men joined them under the command of the French Marshal Tessé. But there was no central force for recruits to gather round and strengthen. The assailants were so worn down that each body sent to recruit them had to stand its own as a new army. On the 2d of January 1705, the Marshal wrote to the Prince of Condé, giving his impression of the situation in a shape to afford a spirited sketch of the

effect of the lazy mismanagement of the Spaniards, as measured by an officer of King Louis high in rank and capacity :—

"Here I am before the Pillars of Hercules; and this siege, which has been undertaken with more perseverance and spirit than means of securing success, would have been happily terminated if those means had been provided. But in Spain, to use the old proverb, we live only from day to day and think not of remedies till evil appear. I found the siege, indeed, farther advanced than I had reason to expect, notwithstanding the supplies of succours to the besieged, one instance of which I had the misfortune to witness. The English set us the example of keeping the sea at all seasons with as much tranquillity as your swans in Chantilly. But when the breaches had been rendered practicable, and only a few days were required to batter down what remained, our ammunition failed, and our useless artillery could not be changed. The squadron of Baron Pointé, without which the reduction cannot be completed, was detained by contrary winds. No convoy made their appearance—no cannon arrived—and, as a mere point of honour, a few shots only were fired every hour. Thus the enemy had time to repair their damages, while our army is almost annihilated. I was told that on my arrival here I should find twenty pieces of artillery and three hundred thousand pounds of powder; but the cannon are still at Cadiz, and I have no intelligence of the powder which was to have been forwarded from Toulon."[1] There is yet one incident of moment to be mentioned ere the attack is closed. Sir John Leake,

[1] Sayer—Hist. of Gibraltar, 144, 145.

bringing a small squadron for the relief of the besieged, found five French ships of the line rounding the southern point of the rock. As the batteries of Europa Point opened on these ships, the English commander saw that the garrison required no immediate aid from him, and that he was free to chase the French, and with such effect that he captured three vessels and burned the remaining two. On the 18th of April 1705, the active siege was dropped, the French returned to Toulon, and a remnant of the Spanish force kept up a pretence of hostilities in the form of a blockade.

The British indifference to the significance of Gibraltar as the key of the Mediterranean and an armed police establishment for the protection of the commerce of the empire, was not universal. Two men named Methuen, John and Paul—father and son—were an exception. It becomes necessary to introduce them as obscure and unknown persons, since, although great in their day, they have been permitted to lapse into obscurity by the negligence of those who have undertaken the function of saving all reputations worthy of that distinction. I am not aware of any biographical dictionary in any language where there is to be found a notice of either of the Methuens, though as statesmen they left their mark on their age. As it happens that they were descendants of an old and honourable race, their names are to be found in peerages, baronetages, and other genealogical compilations; but the sententious memorials of these registers of titles, offices, and estates, give but scanty revelations of the character and capacity of their heroes. We have found the name passing into

historical nomenclature in "The Methuen Treaty;" but that commits it to the doctrine of differential duties now condemned, although, as we have seen, that treaty had a period of glory. If we believe that all the people who failed to see in economic science what we see in it now, must have been failures in every other walk of intellect and action, we shall have to clear several generations out of the chambers of the temple of fame devoted to statesmen and political philosophers, leaving Adam Smith as their sole occupant, with an occasional visit from Turgot. Let us therefore, in the matter of Gibraltar, acknowledge that we owe to the Methuens the chief merit in the preservation of this prize during the early stages when its worth was unrecognised by others. John Methuen was ambassador at the Court of Lisbon when the fortress fell into British hands. He has thus noted his consciousness of the general indifference to the acquisition: "The news of the attacking of Gibraltar was beyond my expectation, but not the taking of it when they attempted it."[1]

On the 13th October 1704, we find Methuen writing home to Godolphin:—

"I am very glad to see by yours to my Lord Galloway, the great pains you have taken about Gibraltar, for I believe the keeping of that garrison in our hands will be looked on in England as a thing of the last importance; and I hope that if the French squadron before it be only that which is designed to return to Brest, the season of the year will oblige them to remove from thence before they are able to take it."

[1] Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., 28056, f. 145.

Again, on the 13th of October :—

". . . Very uneasy on the subject of Gibraltar. I was ordered at the beginning to do everything necessary to the preservation of the place, and to spare nothing that might contribute to it. This, and the importance of Gibraltar to England, hath made me boggle at nothing of difficulty or expense to preserve it, believing that next week the ships, the powder, the ammunition, the officers, the stores, provisions, and other necessaries, would come. In the meantime, not the least of these things is yet arrived." [1]

He states that he has had to make heavy advances, and asks £6000 to account. Then: "I believe it not necessary to speak to your lordship of the importance of the place of Gibraltar—not only during the war, which the enemy show us enough by their winter siege — but after the peace. My opinion is, that if the circumstances of Europe should force a peace without the monarchy of Spain being left in the possession of Charles III., England must never part with Gibraltar, which will always be a pledge of their commerce and privileges in Spain. And should her Majesty be of another opinion — which I hope will never happen — the delivery of that place will always bring the sum of money the maintaining of it hath cost. And should we be so happy to succeed in placing our prince on the throne, it will be in our hands as a caution or security for the money her Majesty pays for him." [2]

He writes on the 20th April 1705 :—

[1] Paul Methuen, from the camp at Fuente Ginaldo, Oct. 13 N.S., 1704.—Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., 28056, f. 176.

[2] Ibid., f. 254, 255.

"Gibraltar is now in the condition you can wish it—provided with everything—out of all apprehension of an enemy—and is certainly of the last importance to England. You will easily imagine that in the condition and manner it was left there is very little government or regular administration of anything, and in truth there is a great deal of confusion and disorder which was not possible to remedy in a siege. But I hope her Majesty will please now to settle proper officers and persons to have the charge of everything, and likewise to give immediate orders to make the place very strong—which may be certainly done and without a great charge. I hope your lordship will favour me so far that her Majesty may understand the great care and concern I have shown in the preservation of this important place, of which I ought to say no more than that, being out of my proper province, another man possibly would not have done it with so much eagerness, or would have waited for orders from her Majesty, in which case the place must have been lost twice over."[1]

In history we cannot always command an abun-

[1] Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., f. 260. It would seem, however, that not many months later this prize was endangered by neglect. In a copy of a letter "from Methuen" (it does not appear whether the father or the son) to Lord Peterborough, is this passage :—

"A great subject of your care will be the place of Gibraltar, which you will find in a very ill condition, both as to the number and the health of the garrison, the want of subsistence for the two regiments you left there, the backwardness of the works, the state of the provisions, and the want of necessaries. Believing it very possible that the French fleet from Toulon may come out and attempt it when you are gone, I have done what I can, and in a day or two shall by litters, in defect of English ships, send 400 barrels of fine meal to make bread, barley, candles, &c., and all the money I can possibly get bills for in Gibraltar—not daring to send it in specie, there being no English man-of-war here."—Ibid., f. 335.

dance of material exactly proportioned to the importance or interest of the events. It is our fortune to be better instructed on the sombre history of the war in Spain, than on some of the glories achieved elsewhere; but there is a lesson to be drawn from the causes of failure and mediocrity, and therefore it seems good to put to use the means we possess of drawing them out of the special information available as to occurrences in the Spanish peninsula at this juncture. The parties to such conferences as we have here to open are generally shy and reticent as to their communications, and hence, when these happen to be obtainable, they are all the more valuable. We are not to expect in these the excitements of the battle and the siege. These we may find when, as the result of the secret conferences, Peterborough was let loose on the war-path. The employment of our national wealth in the subsidising of allies instead of spending the lives of our fellow-countrymen, in the great European contests, has often been a distinguishing feature in our war policy; and an opportunity of noting the interior mechanism of such adjustments should not be lost.

In the year 1704, John Methuen was our ambassador to Portugal. He had to leave his post to recruit his broken health, but his son Paul represented him at Lisbon, and wrote to him from time to time; and the father, when he wrote to Godolphin, seems to have sent him the letters from the son. It was the fortune of this young man to hold much communication and transact much business with two royal personages. One—the Archduke—had derivative lustre from the highest of all royalties, and

nominally had a royalty in itself not much inferior in the hierarchy of monarchs; but no titles or ceremonials of etiquette could hide the ugly truth that it was nominal and unreal, while the chance of its becoming a fact and a reality was precarious. If there should ever be realisation it would be accomplished by the troops and money of Britain, and therefore it was impossible to exact from the man who had the charge of these a rigid worship of the divinity that doth hedge a king, and imprudent to try to exact it.

So it came to pass that young Methuen had many conversations and consultations with these sovereigns on something like equality of terms. It was the enacting on a loftier scale, of the ever-fresh food for comedy, when the young patrician prodigal has to encounter the hard, unsympathising, undeferential moneyed man of the city, who knows his power, and cannot prevail on himself absolutely to hide the consciousness of that knowledge. If money has been obtained and more is wanted, the situation is peculiarly adverse to the maintenance of a deferential awe. The King of Portugal had received money already, but he was sorely in need of more.

A radical constitutional condition in the administration of the kingdom seems to have paralysed the conduct of the war at its commencement. This was the distribution of the country into provinces, each with a governor, who, however he might count himself subordinate to the king, was not under the order of a supreme administration. The centralisation necessary for the conduct of great military operations could not be achieved, and the armies—both British and Portuguese—fell into scattered and separated

groups. On the 16th of June 1704, Paul Methuen writes to his father: "The 12th, as soon as I had ended my letter to you, I waited on the King of Portugal, and in the afternoon on the King of Spain. Both of them received me with great kindness and civility, especially the King of Portugal, who expressed a great deal of joy and satisfaction to see me. The next day I presented the Marquis of Montandre to him, whom he received courteously and praised very much. I have ever since waited on him, at least once every day, and had yesterday the opportunity of discoursing with him above an hour. In these audiences I represented everything to him in the manner you ordered me, and with all liberty and freedom, as I think the present condition of affairs requires—to which I was the more encouraged by the manner in which he received me, and by his desiring me to speak very plainly. I told him that it was visible to all the world, and that it would appear so to all Europe, that the ill posture his affairs were in did not proceed from the superior strength of the enemy or from the weakness of his forces, but merely from the ill-conduct and neglect of his ministers and generals in separating his forces in such a manner as had made it impossible for them to be got together in time and in a body able to oppose the enemy; and in leaving his frontier towns in such a manner as has rendered them unable to make any defence for want of provisions and ammunition; which made it now no longer strange to you as it had often been before, that his ministers should make that use of your illness which hindered you from waiting on him, as to keep you by that means

in ignorance of what had passed, by not communicating to you the resolutions of his council, and the orders that were sent to the generals in their several provinces, which, if one may guess by the event and success of things, must have been such as your zeal for his service and knowledge of affairs would never have suffered you to approve. That the Queen of England's interest being in all respects the same as his, and her Majesty having a considerable body of her own forces here on his service, it did not appear reasonable that anything that might conduce to the good of the service and the common cause should be kept secret from her ministers whilst she was at so prodigious an expense for carrying on this enterprise, and whilst his Majesty was pleased to say that his only dependence in case of any ill turn of affairs was in her further help and assistance."

We may believe that the King of Portugal was not accustomed to lectures, discharged on him after this fashion, by an obscure, undecorated young man; and we may be sure that nothing but a keen appreciation and a fervent hope of further subsidy would have enabled him to endure it. His defence was made in the acquiescent and apologetic tone that affords the smallest hope of energetic amendment. Yes, the whole affair had been blundered by those it was intrusted to; but this came of inexperience, not lack of zeal or fidelity. To the charge of not communicating all things to the English ambassador, the king, like a superior who has to work with bad subordinates, pleaded "that he had constantly ordered his secretaries to give you [Methuen] an account of what passed, and that if they had neglected

it, they had been wanting to their duty; so that it was no fault of his if they had not done it, and that for the future he would take care that neither of us should have any reason to complain on that score."

It might almost be inferred that throughout this by-play the young diplomatist had been testing the condition of the king's temper for enduring humiliation and interference before bringing up against him a weighty charge involving injury and insult to England — such injury and insult as justified the demand for serious interference with the independent sovereignty of Portugal. The king or his ministers had forgotten the wide difference between British troops and their own trash of conscripts, and in the negligence of the general tactics of the war had exposed them uselessly to risks, if it were not indeed that one whole regiment was already lost and another in imminent peril. The ambassador looked to possible personal responsibility at home for this, and the son prepared the way for a suitable defence by bearding the offending sovereign thus :—

"I represented also to the king the strange condition that the province of Alentejio had been left in, notwithstanding the daily assurances that his ministers had given us of the great care that had been taken to provide that province with all things necessary, as that from which it was intended that we should enter Spain. That nothing could be more strange than placing of our English regiments in quarters at so great a distance from one another, and their not getting them together in a body in time, by which means the small body of our forces had been hindered from doing any service, by their being

divided in the same manner as his Majesty's forces; whereas, if our eight regiments of English foot that are here, and the six Dutch regiments, had been kept together in a body and posted at Villa Velha or any other place thereabouts upon the river, they would always have been able to maintain their ground against the Spanish army, and secure a communication between Beira and Alentejio, the want of which, has been the greatest cause of our misfortune and the progress of the enemies. That nothing could be more unaccountable than the exposing—and sacrificing, if I might use that word—two of our best regiments in Porta Legra and Castel de Vide, notwithstanding the Duke of Schomberg pressing the Condé das Galveas to withdraw them in time. That the Condé's conduct in doing it never could be justified or approved by any man who knew what war was; and that the loss of these regiments—one of which was already lost, the other in great likelihood of running the same fortune—would be very much resented in England, especially when it should be considered that there could be no necessity of exposing these regiments in places that of themselves, and by the little care that had been taken to provide them with anything that was necessary for their defence, are incapable of making any resistance. That what made me the more concerned at this piece of ill conduct was, first, the positive orders I had from the queen to insist positively on our forces not being divided; and next, the great noise this news would make, and ill effect it would have in England."

It is satisfactory to find that the "loss of the

regiments" does not imply either that they were cut to pieces or made prisoners, but they were meanwhile lost to the service by the capitulation of Castel de Vide, as to which it was told to Methuen by Fagel: "It was taken by capitulation, the garrison being to march out with all the marks of honour, and be conducted to Abrantes, but under an oath not to carry arms against the Duke of Anjou in a year's time." And here, again, having on the 30th of June to note this calamity, the Englishman cannot restrain his bitterness at his country having suffered so dire a humiliation from whatever cause: "I shall not repeat to you what I have said to the king about the loss of these two regiments, but I assure you he seems as sensible as you or I can be how great a misfortune it is, and how much the Condé das Galveas is to be blamed for exposing them. I thought it my duty to let him know how great a noise it would make, and with how much reason this usage of our forces would be resented in England."

The king admitted that all was too true. He had nothing to say in palliation, save that the fault was not his—he had been ill served; and nothing to say in retaliation, except some bitter taunts aimed at Schomberg, who was an officer in the British service, but had no friends there.

The conclusion reached by Methuen was, that it did not suffice that the British representative should be told what was done by the Portuguese Government in the matter of the war; he must be admitted into the inner councils of the Court so as to have a voice in the policy adopted, or, as he puts it—"I

took this opportunity to desire him for the future to order the Secretary of State that he should communicate to me as well the news that his generals should write, as the resolutions that should be taken in the Council of State, and the orders that should be issued out in pursuance of them. This he promised should be done."

So much for the future; but there remained the question of correcting the sad mischief that had been done, and Methuen, under his weight of anxiety, writes to his father, saying: "I have pressed, above all things, the joining of our forces in one body, because I really believe that, without it, it will be impossible for us either to defend ourselves or to do the enemy any harm; and I have therefore begged and entreated the king to prefer that before any other design in the world, for I am every day more and more convinced that the safety of the kingdom depends entirely upon it. He and all his ministers assure me that they think of nothing else; but I shall never be at rest until I hear it is executed, or, at least, till the Marquis das Minas is joined with Monsieur Fagel." The point of danger is "the enemy's bridge at Villa Velha," "built with planks upon wooden boats;" it "is well fortified on both sides of the river, and a detachment of their army is left there to guard it. The King of Portugal's present intention is—if I may credit the positive assurances he and his ministers give me of it—to join all the three bodies as soon as possible, and to begin with that under the command of Marquis das Minas with Monsieur Fagel, and then either to order them to march and join the Condé das Galveas, or else to

send to him to come and join them." And separately a representation from the commanders of the British forces having reached the Court, telling that "Porta Legra being taken, they are left exposed at Estremos, the king has ordered the Condé das Galveas to march with all his forces and incorporate with them, having ordered a very civil letter to be written to our officers to let them know how much he relies upon their bravery and conduct, in very obliging terms."

All this was dated on the 16th of June; and next day, still like a true Englishman, haunted by the fate of the two regiments as the prime consideration, he says: "I have made the king as much ashamed as sorry for the loss of the two regiments; but what are we the better for that? I am in a continual fright for the Marquis das Minas, fearing that his fiery temper—the reflections that have been cast on him for lying still so long, together with the success he has had—will so far transport him as to make him go too near the river, and lose time in forcing small parties of the enemy, whereby he will give the whole body an opportunity to pass the river."

On the 18th he has reason to renew his distrusts even more emphatically, hinting not only at incapacity and indolence, but at mendacity and treachery. He has a letter from Das Minas, and "this letter being dated the 13th of this month, and from the same camp near Monsanto as that of the 11th, makes me tremble for the army under his command, and revives the fear I had that he would lose time, and suffer himself to be amused by the enemies, till they fall upon him with their whole army. If you please to look on the map and consider the situation he is in, and that the

whole army of the enemies, with the Duke of Anjou at their head, was encamped, on the 14th, at a league's distance from their bridge at Villa Velha on the other side of the river, having laid by for the present their design upon Castel de Vide, I believe you will be of my opinion. As soon as I received a copy of this letter, yesterday in the afternoon, I could not forbear going again to the king, and telling him plainly my thoughts upon it. He did all he could to persuade me that I had no reason to be so uneasy, and that the marquis had the most positive orders that he could give, not to let anything in the world divert him from joining Monsieur Fagel. This is what they tell me. But I am afraid that either he has not such orders, or that he will not obey them. Howsoever, the king and all his ministers say that, though the Spaniards should march to attack the Marquis das Minas, yet he may safely retire himself and be out of danger under the cannon of Peñamacor. You will judge better of everything than I can explain it you, upon casting your eyes on the map; but I see no likelihood of the marquis joining Fagel if the enemies are pleased to hinder it, as it is to be supposed they will. And by what knowledge I can pick up of the country, if they beat the marquis, we have no post between us and them which we can defend but Tuneos, Punhete not being capable of it. In short, I have persecuted the king so much on this point, that I can say no more; and let what will happen, I have done whatsoever lay in my power to prevent it, and make him and his ministers sensible of the ill consequences it would have."

But in the midst of these suspicions and acrimonies,

the destinies of the contest were silently wafting to the spot a power that would neutralise the petty successes and misfortunes that might be in store for the small land forces facing each other. On the 20th, young Methuen tells his father,—"Yesterday morning about nine of the clock, I received your letters of the 16th and 17th, and thereupon, as they came to my hands, I went directly to the king to acquaint him with the arrival and strength of our fleet, as well as the instructions and orders our admirals had, and the necessity and importance of their joining as soon possible; till which time it would be very unsafe for them to part with any number of ships upon any service; and after which they would, according to the queen's orders, concert all their measures and operations with him and the King of Spain."

The British fleet, with the Dutch allies, made the bulk of the force available at sea for fighting the cause of the Austrian succession, and it would take under its wings such petty naval contributions as their party in Spain, with Portugal and the other allies, could supply, making practically a powerful sea force available for great objects. But to hold a small share in a vast European contest did not suit the views of monarchs like the King of Portugal. He was the owner of so much fighting power, to be let out at the highest profit it could bring. It was difficult indeed for the minor constituencies of the Grand Alliance to understand the awfully critical nature of the game for England. It seemed a Quixotic war for an abstract principle such as the balance of power. It was in reality a struggle for free national life, with

the Stewarts restored by the bayonets of Louis as the forfeiture. Looking to how he could most profitably use his good fortune in having a friendly fleet at hand, the King of Portugal suggested a thoroughly practical scheme. Certain vessels laden with colonial treasure were on their way from Brazil. They were liable to be seized by French war-ships. What could be a better use of the fleet than the protection of this treasure? Accordingly, if the king had his way, a detachment would be sent on this service, dividing the fleet as the army had been divided.

Methuen tells his father the tenor and result of his farther conference with the king: "I was at least three hours with him, the first of which was spent in talking with him alone—and the rest with him, the Marquis d'Alegrete, and Diego de Mendola. All the arguments I could use, could not so far convince the king of the necessity there was that our fleets should join without any further delay, or weakening themselves by the detachment of any squadron—and that his Brazil fleets were secure from any attempt of the French—as to make him in any ways easy. It would be to little purpose to repeat to you what was said on both sides, but I think that I did not omit anything which was proper to be spoken on this subject, though with the mortification of seeing the king's mind so strangely prepared beforehand, either by his ministers here or by the letters of those from Lisbon, that the most weighty reasons in the world had no effect upon him. So that, after having entertained me with a long discourse about the ill consequences the loss of the Brazil fleet would have—of which I still acknowledged myself to be as sensible

as he could be,—he concluded by telling me that he gave his fleet for lost, and his kingdom with it, unless the admiral would leave a squadron here sufficient to defend it, and that should go immediately in search of it, as we were obliged by the treaty—this service admitting no manner of delay, and it not being possible to defer the execution of it till the fleets were joined; because in all likelihood the Brazil fleets would be lost before that time, being hourly expected."

As there was something in all this like a threat that the king would charge the young man with the formidable act of intercepting the performance of treaty obligations by England to Portugal, he desired specific information on the point, and was told that D'Acunha had intimated from England that Sir Cloudesley Shovel had been sent with twenty-six sail of the line, "of which eight were to be left here at the king's command, according to the treaty." And on the specific point of danger this was to meet, there was "a letter from Mendo de Foyer, in which he tells the king that the French king had sent for fifteen of the most famous privateers in France to Paris, and that it was supposed to be in order to form a design against the Brazil fleet. As to the first, I told the king that I could not think what Don Louis wrote was from the mouth of the queen or any of her ministers, but rather it had been picked up by common report. I did all I could to persuade the king how unlikely a thing it was that any number of privateers of a sufficient strength to attack his fleet should be fitted out at present, when all the world knew that they had been all called in to man their men-of-war."

It was possibly a sagacious idea of the king that an Englishman would be more under the influence of parliamentary action than imperial dictation. Accordingly, Methuen was called to a *junta* where the ministers of the two kings were in hard discussion on the matter. But this did not seem to accomplish the king's object, for the *junta* embarked on discussion, and even among Spanish and Portuguese statesmen discussion brought variance. There was a general understanding to request the elder Methuen to do what he could to obtain a detachment for the protection of the Brazil fleet. And as to further steps, "all of them differed something in their opinions; however, they all joined at last in voting, that first the two fleets should endeavour to join, and next, they being joined, should make some attempt upon Cadiz, or some other place on the coast of Andalusia, as the part of Spain where they might easiest do it, and where any such attempt would either succeed by the ill condition they were left in, or at least oblige the Spaniards to withdraw part of their force from the frontier of Portugal. This was the general opinion, and it prevailed, though opposed by the Duke of Cadaval and Prince Lichtenstein. The first would have had the squadron now at Lisbon make the attempt immediately on Andalusia, without staying for the junction, and the last was for the fleet acting wholly in Italy and the Gulf of Venice, as the most proper place." So it fell to the young man left to act for his sick father, not only to have conferences with two kings, and confidential visits from so important a magnate as Prince Lichtenstein, but to assist at a *junta;* and the opportunities so afforded him have enabled him

distinctly to describe those difficulties in our wars and alliances that have been so frequent, yet have seldom been more distinctly described than as arising out of incompatibilities in national character and institutions. Methuen, however, instead of enjoying his dignities, is tired out by "the strange irresolution and disorder that reigns in our councils here," and prays to be relieved of his oppressive responsibilities. He gives a concluding touch to his abject picture by telling that while the enemy are so helpless as scarcely to threaten resistance, yet if among the friends "things go as they have done hitherto, in a continued series of disorder and confusion—with nothing but ignorance and irresolution in our councils, the orders given one day being countermanded the next, and the generals acting without any certainty of the strength or motions of the enemy, or any measures concerted among themselves—what can be expected but that, instead of entering Spain whereby we may have an opportunity to try the inclinations of the Spaniards, we should soon lose the hopes of that together with the kingdom of Portugal?" The whole affair has a characteristic conclusion. "In my last audience the king told me in great confidence and secrecy, that seeing how impossible it would be for him to continue the war if the French sent more of their forces this way, unless England and Holland assisted him with larger supplies of men and money, he had, though he confided much in Don Louis d'Acunha, ordered it to be debated in his council whether, upon this extraordinary occasion, he should not send another minister to England; and that so soon as the councillors had given their opin-

ion, he would acquaint me with his resolution." The reason for all this condescending confidentiality is revealed in the king's hope that Methuen will give his influence in prompting British liberality; but on the question whether the king has succeeded in gaining him as an advocate, the young man is discreetly silent.[1]

That branch of the great contest which lay in the besieging of the English Treasury for money to support it, seems to have been very industriously pursued by the Archduke himself—King Charles as he of course calls himself in his solicitations. He has left behind him several specimens of composition such as in a "complete letter-writer" might stand as examples of the royal begging letter. These are curious in their generic resemblance to the appeals of the humbler class of applicants, who see a situation that may be secured, or a run of luck that may be followed, if the generous friend who has so kindly assisted him hitherto, would but come forward again.[2]

It cannot be charged against the Archduke that he begged without the plea of necessity. This brief passage is in the tone of the correspondence of the period: "The King of Spain is reduced to so low an ebb

[1] The letters which have furnished the information in the text will be found in Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., 28056, f. 84 *et seq.*

[2] Take, for instance, the following passage from a letter addressed to Treasurer Godolphin, from Barcelona, on the 17th of May 1706:—

"Une assistance médiocre des trouppes et d'argent bien employé, faira un plus grande effet dans la conjoncture presente, que peut-être une armée, et plusieurs millions, dans une autre. J'espère, my lord, que vous fairés une reflexion sérieuse sur l'état de mes affaires, et que vous contenueres de vos puissants offices a ce, que la Reyne votre maîtresse m'assiste promptement de sa générosité pour l'achèvement d'un œuvre dont elle aura toute la gloire et moy une perpetuelle reconnoissance."—Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., No. 28056, f. 143.

of money, that I am forced to beg your lordship to recommend to her Majesty the supplying him with a further sum till some way be found of settling a maintenance on him, of which I shall not trouble you now."[1] And here is Methuen addressing Peterborough: "The king and his ministers, both in this and the last council, and severally in particular with me, have made several complaints of want of money to subsist their family. I have referred them to your lordship when you should meet at Valencia; but now that another route is resolved upon, they have renewed their instances with me to apply to your lordship, which I have promised to do. It is certain they are in the utmost straits. I must confess I have all along wished, and did endeavour, when I was in England, as much for your lordship's sake as theirs, that something certain might have been appointed for the king's domestic expenses, being persuaded that the want of such a regulation must be an eternal handle of discontent to men who think they have a right to everything, and that whatever is not given is refused by your lordship."[2]

And indeed we can hardly be surprised at these symptoms of a creed—still prevalent in some parts of the world—that Englishmen of a certain standing have at their command an inexhaustible Pactolus of gold—when we find Peterborough presenting the following antithesis to the sordid greed he chafes against: "I am resolved to make one effort more to see if anything can touch a German heart. I have

[1] Ambassador Methuen to Godolphin, 3d November 1704.—Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., f. 190.

[2] Mahon—War of Succession, App. p. 18.

received a good sum of my own, and credit; the king and his troops shall have every farthing of it, and I will send it in gold to our expedition at Saragossa, as likewise a thousand pistoles for the Portugal ambassador." [1]

It was the peculiarity of the pecuniary needs of "the King of Spain," that they were aggravated by success; or, taking it otherwise, that he pleaded his brilliant prospects to show that liberality might be a safe investment.[2] There seems to have been still another feature characteristic of this imperial petitioner as of the smaller men who haunt the steps of the freehanded. Considerable sums passing into his hands had a faculty of becoming instantly absorbed, no one could tell how. Even that sagacious man, Paul Methuen, who, if he had not been an excellent man of business, especially in pecuniary matters, would never have been trusted as he was by Treasurer Godolphin, writes thus: "Besides this donative of a hundred thousand pistoles [by the Cortes of Valentia], the king has constantly received the rents of all estates belonging to those who have not acknowledged him as king, some of which, belonging to the Duke of Medina Celi, the Marquis d'Aytuna, the Duke of

[1] Mem. of Peterborough, ii. 280.

[2] On the 17th of June 1706, he writes again to Treasurer Godolphin with this exulting opening: "My lord, vous serés surpris de ce que les ennemis ayant abandonne la Catalogne comme la Valence et tout l'Espagne dans la dernière confusion après les succes d'Alcantara et de Barcelonne." He has gained four thousand foot and five hundred horse from deserters, and on account of this new burden, and because he finds himself "dans une extrême nécessité" to support the expense of his Court, he is constrained to say,—"Ainsi, my lord, vous me faires un grandissime plaisir en entremettent vos offices auprès de la reyne pour qu'elle aye la bonté de me vouloir bien assister de sa générosité pour la subsistance de ma dite cour et trouppes."—Ibid., ii. 285.

Cardona, and others, are very considerable—to which may be added the plate of all the nobility voluntarily offered to the king and lent him to be coined for his use; and it noways appears how this money has been laid out, for he still owes to private persons, as I have been informed, for everything that has been employed for the subsistence of his person and family, so that it appears very strange that they should pretend—as they actually do—that they are in great want, and cannot go from hence unless my Lord Peterborough let them have more money."[1]

What, in services to the common cause, or in any other shape of value, had been given for the sums already paid to this regal solicitor, may be inferred from the following note by the elder Methuen of 31st May 1704:—

"For the money for the King of Spain I have been torn in pieces, and indeed the number of deserters, horse and foot and officers, is very great; and the King of Spain leaving Lisbon this day, the service will suffer. I have paid the Almirante eighty thousand dollars, although I have received only those bills of ten thousand pounds which Mr Fox sent Mr Morrice. Yet the King of Spain and all his Court having been fully filled with notions contrary to the truth, have given me all the trouble and vexation possible, and remain enraged against me, believing that I have the money here; and finally, the Almirante yesterday hath sent me a letter which contains a protest against me in the name of the king, which I have enclosed a copy of in the original, which is so strong as hardly

[1] Letter, Paul Methuen to his father, printed in Letters and Despatches of Marlborough, ii. 273.

to be translated, that your lordship may see that they understand the queen's orders are positive to pay them all the money without restriction; that I have formed conditions and limitations; and, in fine, that I have the money and refuse to give it them." [1]

And then, after all, had the co-operation of the King of Portugal in the cause been secured, either by his promises or by the money he had received? Was it possible that even that money might be spent in the cause of France?

In January the elder Methuen had written, saying:—

"I have all the satisfaction a man can have, that the King of Portugal will, without any respect to the places he is to have, or to any other motive whatsoever, begin to act immediately, and endeavour to proceed directly into the heart of Spain, to Madrid, in such manner as to our own officers shall seem practicable. For this end, every thing and person now here is sent already to the frontiers, and disposition of all our forces to be carried there directly without coming on shore at Lisbon. I have, while I am now writing, a person of the greatest confidence sent to me by the king, with the full assurance of it, and with the notice that his minister hath orders to retire from Paris, and hopes that the French ambassador will in a day or two be desired to retire from this Court." [2]

In July his tone—whether from the sickness he had been suffering or external facts—is far less confident. He writes from Lisbon on the 23d of July 1704: "I am much mended in my health;

[1] Brit. Mus. MSS. *ut ante.* [2] Ibid.

and although I am relieved only so far as to creep about with a little help, yet I will go immediately to the King of Portugal in hopes to settle those things he hath assured my son of before he resolves to prosecute his first designed attempt of entering Spain by Old Castile—which the Almirante presses extremely.

"But what makes me absolutely resolve to go is to endeavour to obtain a public declaration of war with France; for the great ministers who opposed our treaty and the war are stronger and more violent of the party of France than ever, and that no one whatsoever hath ventured to say a word to the king in favour of France or against carrying on the war with more vigour. Yet, since I see the same persons to be still, and to own to be, of the same opinion, yet continue in the administration of affairs,—knowing well the arts of France, I cannot but be very uneasy till I see the king get the necessary methods settled that may make us hope for better success." [1]

Whether or not our own difficulties with our allies could have been extricated by a good general, it is certain that our chief in command was a bad one. He was a man with nothing to recommend him but his ornamental title of Duke of Schomberg. The name was mighty in battle, first in Henry the Great's hero—who belonged to a different race—and afterwards in King William's, who was killed at the battle of the Boyne. The son of this latter—the man now under judgment—proved signally that military capacity is not invariably hereditary. It became necessary, indeed, that he should resign his command

[1] Brit. Mus. MSS., 28056, f. 128.

amid conditions that make the acceptance of a resignation only a euphonious name for dismissal.

The affair of Schomberg is a warning against the appointment of any one who has not been well tried in the higher grades of military service to the chief command of an army—a warning especially against reliance on the belief in hereditary capacity for so perilously responsible a function. It has to be said in palliation, if not in vindication, of the selection, that it was made at the desire of the King of Portugal, and was among the diplomatic concessions or sacrifices for securing the king to the Grand Alliance. It was a further mitigation of British responsibilities in the selection, that the King of Portugal admitted, and indeed loudly proclaimed, the unfortunate selection he had made, and implored that Schomberg might be recalled ere more mischief came of his incapacity.

Methuen, writing on the 6th June 1704, says: "As to what concerns Duke Schomberg, I find that the king's ears are always filled with complaints against him by all the letters that come from Alentejio, as well as by all persons who come from thence; and the king has in his turn filled mine with the same, inveighing bitterly against his pride and obstinacy, lightness, irresolution, disobedience, and incapacity, and lamenting the misfortune of his coming hither, and his having desired it. He is accused of suffering the English to destroy the country and oppress the peasants contrary to the reputation those of our country that served in the last war left behind them, and the king seems resolved not to bear with him much longer. I told him that he knew very well

that before his departure from Lisbon I had told him, that the chief reason why the queen sent him being because he had desired it, he might be sure that she would recall him the moment he would signify to her that he was not acceptable or had not behaved himself well. That when he had taken such a resolution, the sooner he let the queen know of it the better it would be for the service; and that I thought the best method of doing it would be to order his envoy in England to speak privately to the queen alone and let her know the truth, and the reasons why he did not think the duke fitting to serve her in this country; but that in regard to his father's merit, who deserved so well from both crowns, and the present duke's quality, it would be proper to find some specious pretence to recall him without dishonour."[1]

There is reference elsewhere to the grave charge brought by Methuen against the Portuguese authorities of having so broken up the contingent of British troops, that two regiments having been cut off from the support of their comrades, had no possible alternative save extermination or conditional capitulation. On afterwards referring to this, Methuen says: "I also hinted to the king how shameful a thing it was that Prince Tzerclas had been able with so rascally a body as that under his command, to range up and down the country and do what he pleased, without the least hindrance or opposition from us. To all this the king answered that he was very much concerned at the ill conduct of the Condé das Galveas, which he neither could approve nor would pretend

[1] Brit. Mus. MSS. *ut supra.*

to justify. That as to what regarded Prince Tzerclas, the Condé laid the blame of his not having attacked him as he ought upon Duke Schomberg, who made it his business upon all occasions to magnify the force of the enemy and thereby diminish the courage of our troops; that he disobeyed him in everything; and that he had demanded and retained so vast a number of mules and carriages for his own baggage, that it had rendered it impossible for him to accommodate the rest of the army with those that were absolutely necessary for them." [1]

[1] Brit. Mus. MSS.

CHAPTER X.

The War in Spain.

(Continued.)

GALWAY IN COMMAND — PETERBOROUGH ARRIVES AND THROWS NOVELTY INTO THE WAR — THWARTED IN DESIRE TO SEIZE MADRID — SIEGE OF BARCELONA — SEIZURE OF THE SEPARATE FORT OF MONTJUICH — CHARACTERISTICS OF PETERBOROUGH — CAPITULATION OF BARCELONA — PETERBOROUGH WRITES TO THE QUEEN — HIS TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS INTO VALENCIA — PETERBOROUGH'S IMPETUOSITY AND GERMAN SERENITY — THE THEATRICAL NATURE AND FUTILE RESULTS OF PETERBOROUGH'S TACTICS — EFFORTS TO RECOVER BARCELONA — PETERBOROUGH EFFECTS A RELIEF — HIS POSITION AND CONDUCT AS A NAVAL OFFICER — THE MIGUELITES — CAPTURE OF ALICANT — PETERBOROUGH'S PERSONAL ADVENTURES — THE WAR AS TOLD IN THE 'MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN CARLETON.'

THE recall of Schomberg, and the arrival of the gallant Huguenot, De Rouvigny, Lord of Galway, brought light and hope to the anxious English ambassador at Lisbon.[1] It seemed to impart to him

[1] "The safe arrival of my Lord Galway yesterday is so great an incident in our affairs, and from which I hope so great a change, that I have spent much of my time since in informing him of the state of everything here, as I shall always do, and act nothing but what I shall communicate to him—and for that reason I have not pressed the Portuguese ministers to settle the points of carriages, forage, and hospitals, till I might have his assistance."—Ambassador Methuen to Godolphin, Lisbon, August 11th 1704; Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., 28056, f. 140.

cheerful views even of the condition of the Portuguese army. "The King of Portugal is gone this day from Coimbra, and by a letter I received from my son, of the 8th, he seems to think that things are better disposed for the provision of the army, and to be fully assured that the army now on the frontier, when joined by our six weak battalions, will be upwards of twenty thousand effective men; and by the accounts of our officers who are now there, the foot are very good men and under pretty good discipline. My Lord Galway intending to go to the King of Portugal in two or three days, you will soon have a more satisfactory account." If by the term "satisfactory," distinctness only was anticipated, the anticipation was closely fulfilled by Galway's concise denunciation both of officers and men as worthless.[1]

We have now to follow the army across the river Guadiana to the futile siege of Badajos. There was a threat rather than an attempt to besiege Ciudad Rodrigo; and from the camp near Almeida, where the two kings were present, the ambassador thus renders account of the force:—

"We lie here encamped in two lines, with our artillery behind us, and our left wing extending almost to the walls of Almeida. The army consists of thirty-two battalions and thirty squadrons—all regular forces, no auxiliaries having yet come up, though several regiments of them are expected."

[1] "Leur cavalerie qui estoit assez mauvaise, est ruinée par celle expédition; les officiers assez indifferents; et généralement leurs troupes mauvaises."—From the De Roubetta, 8th October 1704; Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., 28056, f. 171.

Fully 12,000 foot and 3000 horse; enemy not above 6000 foot and 4000 horse.

"The great difficulty is water, it being impossible for us to reach the river Agueda in one march; besides which, if we could, we shall not perhaps find the enemy in humour to let us drink at it, for which reason my Lord Galway and Monsieur Fagel went on the 23d with a party of horse as far as three leagues to the right in order to see if they could find any water, and yesterday a party of Portuguese horse went as far to the left with some of our officers on the same errand; but neither of them could find any sufficient quantity, the sun having dried up all the fountains and springs thereabouts."[1]

We are here on the way to Ciudad Rodrigo, but the army wheeled to the right, and passed in a long march southwards to cross the Guadiana and attack Badajos. There was a delay of some months, and in the meantime the fighting at Badajos brought no glory to any one, and the affair became memorable only for a casualty to the commander, Galway. A portion of the troops showing signs of confusion, he and Carleton were looking to the condition of the defences, and stood on a raised stone-work holding each up a hand signalling order. A cannon-ball passed between them: it tore the lace from his companion's uniform, but it carried off Galway's right hand.

The ambassador thus reported the event to Sir Charles Hedges:—

"I received the ill news that on the 11th, in the afternoon, upon an occasion of a great disorder by

[1] 25th Sept. 1704—Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., 28056, f. 159, 160.

the blowing up of some powder in the battery, my Lord Galway went thither, and an unfortunate shot from the cannon in the town carried away his right hand, so that his arm was forced to be immediately cut off a little below the elbow." Fagel had left the army, but was called back and told of Galway's arrangements for compelling the enemy to fight if they attempted a relief; "and the same 11th, in the morning, my poor Lord G. went on horseback with Monsieur Fagel and showed him all the posts our army were to take, and the way they were to march if the enemy came to the bridges and fords where the several lines were to pass the Guadiana."

And thus to Godolphin :—

"You will be much concerned to hear that on the 11th past, my poor Lord Galway's zeal carried him to the battery to appease a great disorder, and that a cannon-ball from the town carried off his right hand, so that his arm was immediately cut off a little below the elbow. I cannot express to your lordship my trouble. My lord's age, ill habit of body, tendency to dropsy, and great loss of blood, made me look on him as lost. But he is in the most fair way of recovery, and with the greatest courage and spirit imaginable, like a man *piqué au jeu*, more earnest and more desirous to serve than ever."[1]

The end of the attack on Badajos was that the French general Tessé effected a reinforcement of the garrison and the siege was raised. Yet when Badajos was no longer the centre of battle, it remained as a source of wrangling between the ambassador and the two kings with whom he was so strangely harnessed.

[1] 2d Nov. 1704—Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., f. 359.

It does not appear that until the month of March in 1706, designs on Badajos were abandoned, and then "it was thought that the army should march to Alcantara, where the enemy cannot make that opposition as at Badajos, and from whence the march is easy and secure to Plàcentia and towards Madrid." On this matter we have again the ambassador in conference with "the King of Spain":—

"After a great deal of expostulation on the king's part upon the whole conduct of my Lord Galway —which had obliged him to give orders for the design on Badajos, to which he never was inclined— and after desiring me to write to my Lord Galway to give his opinion freely, with his reasons, without regard to anything but his conscience and his honour, he assured me that he would give orders immediately to be sent by express to Abeyra to have everything provided which my Lord Galway had desired; and that his orders should go to Alentejio, that if the generals should think the enterprise of Alcantara to be the best, they should do everything for the execution of it. I received last night a letter from Diego de Mendonça whereby I am assured that orders are gone away.

"If we are now fixed in this design, as I hope we are, I think your lordship ought not to despair of some considerable success this campaign, which I am confident my Lord Galway will heartily endeavour in the army, and I shall on my part do all that is possible with the king and the ministers here that my Lord Galway's opinions may be approved."[1]

But life had been thrown into this languid war by

[1] Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., 28057, f. 71.

the arrival of the Earl of Peterborough on the 20th of June.[1] The characteristics of this strange man were of that colossal, vigorous, and picturesque kind that give temptation and scope to the drawer of historical portraits. It may suffice here to note briefly the qualities that make his career, though a great one, so utterly dissimilar to that of Marlborough, by many degrees greater. Marlborough never fought until he was sure of a victory that would make a crisis in the contest, by effectively breaking the power of his enemy; and his skill enabled him to avoid every enemy until he found himself in the position to strike his blow. He was not naturally combative, and could not be induced to fight unless he saw great political results certain to arise out of a victory certain to be obtained. Peterborough was of a fiery, restless, combative nature, fond of fighting for its own sake. Withal he was skilful as well as brave; and though he did not make victory secure before fighting, as the greater general did, he always became formidable to the enemy, and he sometimes made the dangers incurred by his rash audacity contribute to a success, from the uncertainties and perplexities scattered among his enemies by their inability, through any rational calculations, to see his object, or estimate his means for attaining it.

He was accepted as commander-in-chief of the army in consideration of the large body of troops and the great subsidies supplied by England. But the leader of a mixed army—there were Dutch, Portuguese, and

[1] A Memoir of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth—2 vols.: 1853. An anonymous book, but believed to have been written by George Warburton, M.P.

Spanish under his banner—is not the same absolute person as the commander of a national force under a common sovereign. If the foreign generals refused obedience to his commands, he could not shoot them for desertion or mutiny. He was thwarted at once in his first cherished project. This was, to march straight on to Madrid and enthrone King Charles. The capital of Spain was but a hundred and fifty miles off. The way was virtually open, as few enemies then occupied or could occupy it, and the garrison of Madrid itself was slender. But that unexpectedness of a spring at the capital, whence Peterborough inferred that it might easily be taken, cast no spell on the leaders of the allies. The capture of Madrid might be the conclusion of a successful war; but as the initiative it was an appalling novelty, and it had to be abandoned. Peterborough, however, was a man who could be of no use unless he had absolutely his own way; and it does not appear to have been earlier than the beginning of the ensuing year that, dispersing difficulties and discussion by threats of abandonment, he achieved a real supremacy over such troubles as the following:—"All the disappointments of the Portuguese have not made my Lord Peterborough delay one day in his preparations to go from hence, although they have cost him many hours' attendance; for he soon found them out, having made the ministers here, immediately on his arrival, offers so fair and so plain—either of acting presently, or concerting now the measures for acting at the end of August—that when he saw they were not accepted, he did not lose a moment in preparing to embark the Spanish regiment of foot

and our two regiments of dragoons, and so act independently of the Portuguese. Your lordship hath great reason to desire that the fleet should not stay at Lisbon, time being, on this occasion, of all things most precious. But my Lord Peterborough seems as little to need the being put in mind of it as any man I ever saw, being employed every hour night and day in hastening all he can. Sir Cloudesley went out the first moment he could. The Irish troops arrived but Friday last; and everything is now so ready that I hope the horses will begin to embark in two days."

We only become sure that he has obtained relief when we are admitted to the deliberations of "a council of field officers" at Albocazer on the 28th of January 1706.

The council, "finding the last orders from Court were to give an entire liberty to the Earl of Peterborough to act in all things as he pleased, whereas his former were positive without any liberty," there is an admission that this restriction had trammelled him where he might have made a brilliant success; yet, while admitting his independent authority as now confirmed, "the whole council of war were of opinion it might highly reflect upon them in point of judgment, and be laid to their charge, if they did not advise his lordship so to pose the troops with him as not to be cut off from being able to assist the king in person, and to pass to the defence of Catalonia, in the extreme necessity which, in all possibility, may be expected."[1]

Meanwhile the sage Godolphin had received from

[1] Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., 28058, f. 9, 10.

the unrestrained and unrestrainable warrior the following appeal for consideration in respect of pecuniary services, such as it may fairly be presumed had not been anticipated in such a quarter :—

"Mr Methuen will let your lordship know—and Mr Stanhope—that I have, in a manner, supported all here with my little stock. I sold, mortgaged, and took up a year's advance upon my estate; I got all my pay advanced; got all the money up at Lisbon upon my own account that I could any wise get,—and all gone to the support of this siege and other services. I have left my wife and children nothing to live upon, little expecting my stay in these parts; I conjure your lordship pay the bill I have drawn for the last money lent towards raising a Spanish regiment. I know not upon whom to draw a regular bill. I send you the Prince of Lichtenstein's receipt; and if your lordship do not find it expedient to pay this immediately, my creditors, to whom I promised payment, will torment my family, and all of them will be reduced to the last extremity,—and I hope my zeal will not prove my ruin. My accounts and vouchers shall be so regular as to leave no objections."

This letter is written in a small, neat, round, clerkish hand, in strong contrast to the rugged and eccentric autograph of its author, who, however, has recourse to his own resources in explaining, at the end, the reasons that had driven him to a legible medium: "I beg your pardon for not writing in my own hand. My eyes, stung with mosquitoes, will hardly allow me to see anything."[1]

[1] October 12, 1705, addressed to the Right Hon. the Lord Godolphin, Lord High Treasurer of England—Brit. Mus. MSS.

After some futile attempts, less conspicuous than the siege of Badajos, because less ambitious, we reach an achievement that left a significant mark on the war.

The fleet, with the disposable land force, sailed on the 16th of August from Altea Bay. Six days later a landing and debarkation were effected about five miles to the eastward of Barcelona. The question came up of besieging the place; and apparently five separate councils of war were held on that question. The vote of the general officers was repeatedly against the project, on account of the insufficiency of their small force for attacking a strong place garrisoned by nearly four thousand men. There was a disturbing element in all the deliberations, from the presence of two royal persons, each believing that he ought not to be thwarted in his desires. The one was the titular King of Spain, in the English and Dutch interest; the other was the Prince of Hesse. The king was persistent in demanding that Barcelona should be attacked and taken. Peterborough met this with a project thus told by one who was present: "The king held a council in his own chamber of his ministers only, to which I was called; and my Lord Peterborough having acquainted him that the general officers persisted in their opinion not to attack the place, and that he could not begin a siege contrary to the unanimous resolution of a council of war without taking too much upon himself, proposed as an expedient that would be readily agreed to by our general officers, and better answer the end of our coming here than the siege of Barcelona — which was to settle his Majesty on his throne at Madrid."

The first stage in that direction was Tarragona, where the garrison, being weak, "would in all likelihood surrender;" and it might be left with a garrison of Catalans.

The Prince of Hesse was delighted with this bold project. It so dazzled the ambitious vanity of "the King of Spain," that he too, at the moment, gave his cordial consent. Possibly another great man in that army may have suspected, and communicated to the king his suspicion, that the proposal was made to befool him, and to let him find, sooner than he otherwise might, the hopelessness of his projects; for we are told that "this resolution lasted not long: for Prince Lichtenstein's persuasions did so far prevail on the king, that the very next day the thoughts of this march were laid aside, and the king insisted as much as ever upon our attacking the place"—that is to say, Barcelona. In the midst of all this restless inactivity came instructions from the Government at home, if possible, to use the force in Spain for the assistance of the Duke of Savoy, and to that end to sail immediately to Italy; and at another council of war it was unanimously so resolved.[1] Hence arose elements of uncertainty that by occasioning idle conjectures became in the end conducive to secrecy of action.

On the 13th a thousand men, partly grenadiers, commanded by Lord. Charlemont, marched to the Prince of Hesse's quarters, their avowed object being to find a pass not covered by the cannon of the town, through which the army could march to Tarragona as

[1] Report, Paul Methuen to Godolphin, 13th September 1705.—Godolphin Papers, Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., 28056.

a place of embarkation. The march had begun when the command was given to wheel and take the opposite direction.[1] A conspicuous feature in the policy of Peterborough was to perform his feats in the reverse order of the sequence adopted by the rule and practice of ordinary warfare. It is usual to have much experience of fighting in a country before a march on the capital; but, as we have seen, it was Peterborough's desire to begin his career by that feat. At Barcelona, apart from the fortified town, there was a separate strong fortress, on a rock called Montjuich; and of that fortress the highest and strongest work was called the Citadel. The almost invariable course of the capture of strong places is, that a position is gained by the subjugation of the town, and then the castle or fort is attempted; but Peterborough took the opposite order, which, to the assailant first adopting it, had at least the benefit of a surprise, as being unanticipated. It is said that he had, in seeming idle wanderings, kept a close eye on the condition of this fortress, and had thus satisfied himself that it was imperfectly provided with inner auxiliary works, and that the garrison was carelessly handled, as if in the assurance of safety.

[1] "About three in the afternoon a detachment of the grenadiers of the army, and as many more as made up a thousand men, marched to the Prince of Hesse's quarters. This detachment was commanded by my Lord Charlemont as eldest brigadier, and it was given out that it was sent to take a pass, in order to secure the march of our army, which could not go by the town without being in reach of the cannon-shot from the walls. About six in the evening I was informed that our thought of marching towards Taragona was wholly laid aside, and that our design was to endeavour the surprisal of Fort Montjuich, upon the hill on the other side of the town, the next morning by break of day."—Paul Methuen, Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., 28056, f. 337.

The army had made all arrangements for departure, whether to fight elsewhere or to return home. The heavy siege-artillery had been embarked. It is not distinctly known whether the commander arranged all this as a deep stratagem, or, on the other hand, struck by an appearance of favourable conditions, he at once abandoned a fixed intention to depart. Whichever alternative we adopt, we see a man who must have possessed, for giving effect to it, two great qualities—the one a supreme capacity for manipulating the movement of troops, the other a clearness of judgment and perception impervious to confusedness or unsteadiness of nerve.

Peterborough and the Prince of Hesse took about a thousand men to the attack at midnight—another thousand were to follow at break of day. The arrangements for the storming or escalade were of the simplest kind,—the assailants were to leap into the ditch, firing and receiving the enemy's fire. There, as they expected and hoped, they were met in hand to hand fight. They put their immediate opponents to flight, following them closely, and in the end so effectively, as to drift a mixed mass of besiegers and outer defenders into the works. There two hundred of the assailants were seized. It was a necessary condition of all Peterborough's achievements that he should have luck on his side, and the seizure of two hundred of his followers was perhaps the piece of luck that decided the issue. It was determined that for better security they should be sent from the castle to the town. On their way thither they met a party of three thousand hurrying to reinforce the garrison. The prisoners were naturally questioned, and gave the astounding

information that the assailing force was led by Peterborough and the Prince of Hesse. The commander-in-chief of the enemy's army—a member of an illustrious royal house—within the fort! By all the usages of the warfare of the time, this led to no other conclusion than that the force at their disposal was irresistible—hence the three thousand men retreated within the walls of the town.

The assailants were still in an exposed and perilous position, when fortune again favoured them by affording access to an undefended bastion. They found close by a heap of stones intended for building purposes, and with these they raised a rampart across the gorge of the bastion, thus making it their own. They owed this acquisition to the insufficiency of the garrison for manning all the works; and a soldier less Quixotic or more amenable to the responsibilities of command, might have learned from the incident the folly of attempting to hold that vast ganglion of fortresses, with a force that was but a poor fraction of the garrison he was driving out, to enlarge the force by which, in his turn, he must be assailed.

There was a depressing casualty, too, casting a gloom over the success of the audacious projects. It is thus described, with its immediate political consequences, by a sagacious observer on the spot:—

"My Lord Peterborough behaved himself with all imaginable bravery in this action, and we had not above fifty men killed and wounded, but the poor Prince of Hesse, who had escaped so many dangers, was in the heat of it wounded in the thigh with a musket-bullet, and died about half an hour afterwards—a loss very much to be lamented upon all

accounts, but much more considering our good success in taking Barcelona, since everybody must allow that the love the people of this country had for him was in reality much greater than it could be represented, and would have enabled him to improve any good success on our side much better than it can well be done by anybody else. However, his death made for the present no alteration on our affairs, for the Catalan gentlemen that were come into us, renewed thereupon their promises of fidelity to the king, and that they would support him while they had one drop of blood in their veins or penny in their purses. And ever since, a number of these gentlemen which are, as they call it, of the nobility or Braiomilitar, have managed everything that concerns the Miguelets or country people, in the same manner as the Prince of Hesse did before his death."

On the 15th, the communications between Barcelona and the Fort of Montjuich were cut. During the two following days there was bombarding, and the casualties from this cause were the destruction of a bastion of a fort, and the death of its governor, the Neapolitan Marquis Caraccioli. "On our advance in storming attitude there was a surrender, and two hundred and seventy prisoners were taken." Next day, as we are told, "several friars, nuns, women, and children were sent out of the town, to the number of eight thousand; upon which my Lord Peterborough sent the viceroy word that he should not suffer any more people to come out of the city, and that he had given orders to our men to fire upon them if they did." On the 20th, fire was opened

between St Anthony's bastion and The King's, on a curtain asserted to be "as long again as it ought to be according to the rules of fortification." It managed for all its disproportion to hold out and give trouble, as the wall "was pretty thick, and the earth on the ramparts so broad that coaches used to go upon it; however, our cannon being very well served, and not being above four hundred and fifty paces from the wall, had a very good effect upon it." In ten days this good effect was perceptible in a breach affording hopes to a storming-party, when the besiegers had testimony that the work was done for them, by four successive explosions of mines that had been laid behind the breach, to be exploded on the assailants.

It was now proper to consider the political considerations that should rule the terms of capitulation. A titular king with shadowy prospects must not trample on the necks of the beaten enemy—they are in courtesy the erring subjects who are to be led back to loyalty and duty. At a great council, where "the king" was present, "everybody agreed that it was much more for the king's interest that the town should capitulate than that it should be taken by storm; so that it would be reasonable to grant the garrison favourable terms." On a suggestion to leave the initiative to the garrison, terms were offered by the viceroy as governor; and they were virtually accepted, being unexpectedly moderate—except on one point, a cessation of arms for six days. This was refused. There was a difficulty as to a place of retreat or retirement for the garrison, since they were to become prisoners of war. They named Tortosa, but that was in the hands of their enemies—and next Tarragona, but

that was invested; and in the end "it was thought better to yield to their going to Girona than to venture the loss of any further time, or the dangerous consequences that might attend it." And so at the happy conclusion, the narrator, as critically interested in the event as any of the military commanders, complacently notes,—"I believe there is no example in history of a town like this taken by an army not much superior in number to the garrison." It was noted, as if to enhance the greatness of the achievement, that a garrison of thirty thousand men might find occupation in the vast defensive works. But this feature was, in the presence of an enemy not to be frightened by appearances, an element rather of weakness than of strength—an imperfect garrison and unoccupied works, if there was anything approaching to equality in numbers, bringing equality in strength, if not a superiority, to the assailants.

Marlborough, usually placid about his own achievements, even the mightiest of them, seized the occasion of the capture of Barcelona to write to Peterborough a letter eloquent in commendation of his conduct and sanguine of vast ultimate results from his success. "I have no doubt," he says, "that your lordship has already escorted the king to Madrid, and take this opportunity to felicitate you on this glorious exploit, which is everywhere attributed to your valour and conduct. All the allies exult in the advantages which are likely to result from this splendid success, and I particularly rejoice in the new lustre which it will shed on your glory. After such astonishing actions, there is nothing which we may not expect from you; so that I flatter myself you will not consider our

hopes as ill founded, if we reckon upon the speedy reduction of Spain to the obedience of its legitimate sovereign, since it seems as if Providence had chosen you to be the happy instrument. I heartily wish you all success, till you have completed the great work."[1]

Yet, had he known the conditions as they can now be unwound from the correspondence and memoirs of the period, no one would have been so prompt as Marlborough in detecting through the glitter of the whole affair a hollow farce.

There was now a great council held in presence of "the king" to deliberate on the uses to be made of "our prosperity," when "it was unanimously resolved to prefer the enterprise upon Port Mahon before all others, by reason of its great importance, and the use a port of that nature would be of to us for our fleets and squadrons in these seas.

"To send thither for that purpose a squadron of twelve men-of-war, with twelve or fifteen hundred land soldiers in them, and some transports.

"That the person employed in this service should be fully authorised by the king to act and treat in his name, and that Brigadier Stanhope was in all respects the fittest man that could be sent."[2] But two years passed ere this project was effected.

Before going back to the chronological sequence of events, we may here, perhaps, appropriately give a few more specimens of Peterborough's method of uttering what is colloquially called "a bit of one's

[1] Coxe—Mem. of Marlborough, ii. 374, 375.
[2] Paul Methuen, Oct. 10, 1705.—Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., 28056.

mind," as to the people and the events coming under his notice. On the 29th of March 1706 he addresses the Lord Treasurer. He has the unusual task of expressing thankfulness for a remittance; requests the Treasurer to realise "what extremities I have been put to since the first money I have touched came two nights ago to Valencia—where, if good fortune and miracles had not brought me this money, in no other place could have come to my hands—there being at this time twenty-four ships of war before Barcelona, eight at Alicant, and the seas full of cruisers and privateers." "Judge, my lord, of our sore trials,—informations of a flood of enemies coming down upon us from all parts, without a letter in near five months, without any assistance of men or money, without any ground for hopes, with a most wretched minister influencing a young king, frighted out of his senses, the Prince of Lichtenstein assisted by a mad Spaniard the Count of Cesuentes, having with more German pride and ignorance, balked and disgusted the Catalans, our only hope.

"His wretched politics,—contrary to the queen's views and instructions, which were calculated to animate the Catalans by the security of their privileges—contrary to all the representations made by Mr Crow and myself,—have retarded all the means of raising money or levying men. The poor Catalans have been lost to the liberating force of England by German ill-usage, and "we owe the safety we now enjoy, and our future hopes, to the virtue of the officers, to the courage and discipline of the troops. We have been these ten weeks in the field

in the face of an enemy twice as strong, without the desertion of one man to the enemy or ten men dead of sickness." [1]

At this crisis we find the hero of the occasion writing a letter to the queen. It adds nothing to the events we have just crossed; but the letter of a great man to his sovereign, from the stage where he is controlling the course of history, is in itself an event. The letter commends itself for good taste. It is pleasantly valuable, too, as extracting the sting from one of Horace Walpole's pungent prose epigrams. "Charles Mordaunt, third Earl of Peterborow, one of those men of careless wit and negligent grace, who scatter a thousand *bon mots* and idle verses, which we painful compilers gather and hoard till the owners stare to find themselves authors. Such was this lord—of an advantageous figure and enterprising spirit; as gallant as Amadis, and as brave, but a little more expeditious in his journeys; for he is said to have seen more kings and more postilions than any man in Europe. His enmity to the Duke of Marlborough, and his friendship with Pope, will preserve his name, when his genius—too romantic to have laid a solid foundation for fame—and his politics, too disinterested for his age and country, shall be equally forgotten." [2] And while the author of the letter unconsciously clears himself of a yet unuttered imputation of a kind thoroughly alien to his chivalrous nature, he adds an item to the testimony how the mighty blow, struck by Marlborough on the Danube, brought exultation and confidence to the one side, and depression, if not paralysis, to the other, on

[1] Brit. Mus. MSS., ibid. [2] Royal and Noble Authors.

every occasion that brought a force from both face to face in the great quarrel:—

"MADAM,—The approbation your Majesty was pleased to give to the resolutions taken by the King of Spain, which I profess I did propose and did encourage to the utmost of my power, was very acceptable; and I was extremely at ease when I found that the States-General did so heartily concur with your Majesty in the same opinion.

"The triumph of the Duke of Marlborough, and his great success last year, put me upon taking such measures as could not be foreseen, and, therefore, not betrayed or prepared against. And the events, I believe, will always justify such resolutions—they are hazardous to those who command in a country where success is the only justification. I was not ignorant of my danger, but having earnest desires to do your Majesty and my country some important service overcame all my fears.

"I can never satisfy myself in any services I can do your Majesty; they always fall short of what I wish and would aim at. The King of Spain has very obligingly eased me of the necessity of giving your Majesty an attempt of particulars. Upon the whole, I believe your Majesty's great goodness will move you to gratefully accept of my endeavours. I shall only say, Madam, my thoughts and actions shall never have any other view but your Majesty's glory and the good of my country.

"I would say more to your Majesty of your officers and troops—of the great assistance from the English fleet—of the courage, cheerfulness, and exact obedience of your soldiers—if I did not think their actions did sufficiently commend them to your Majesty's good opinion and to the world; but I must not omit to let your Majesty know how happy we have been in a perfect agreement with the officers of the States-General of sea and land. Nothing has been desired from the Dutch admirals, or offered to the Dutch generals, which has not been complied with, even beyond what could be hoped or reasonably desired.

"I do not solicit your Majesty for the necessary supports

of all kinds for this happy beginning. Your Majesty, your allies, and your Parliament can never abandon a king beginning his reign with an action of such resolution and courage, nor a whole province, and your own troops entirely depending upon your wisdom and goodness. We all rest assured of the care and protection of the best of princes, and have nothing to desire so earnestly of Heaven as the preservation of your sacred person, and the long continuance of a life of such consequence to the whole world.—Your Majesty's most faithful and obedient servant and subject,

"PETERBOROUGH.[1]

"BARCELONA, *October* 13, 1705."

At this busy period, as at other times, the letters written by Peterborough to his friends may be cited as a register of the pulse of his temper. There is no touch of apprehension in them—no expressions of humble submission to an adverse fate; and if they express a wail of discontent, it has in it a touch of rage and ferocity distinguishing it from the wailings of ordinary mortals. Here is one of his utterances to the honest soldier and faithful friend, Stanhope:—

"BARCELONA, *November* 15, 1705.

"God preserve my country from the best of German ministers. What is the circumstance of that place exposed to the worst of them? In the beggarly circumstances of our princes and generals, it is certain nothing can be greater than the affection of all sorts of people to the king; and nothing can be greater than the contempt and aversion they have to Lichtenstein and Wolfeld, and to the whole Vienna crew. They have spent their whole time in selling places; and all the money in the town so disposed of that way, and so well secured, that Mr Crow, myself,

[1] Brit. Mus. MSS., 2813, f. 91.

and all the friends we could employ in Barcelona could not obtain six thousand pounds to keep our troops from starving, either upon bills for Genoa, Leghorn, Lisbon, Amsterdam, or London. . . . "In a word, I cannot get carriages to transport the baggage of our troops to their garrisons. I cannot get ammunition carried to a fortified town where there is not one barrel of powder; I cannot get provisions put into a place which must expect a siege; I cannot so much as get the breach of Barcelona repaired. The Dutch troops have not one farthing but what I am forced to find for them; the marines were never provided for; the troops that came over to us are naked, starving, and deserting back. I have no money left, I have no credit; I have sent a-begging to Italy, but cannot hope for a fit return. We have no medicines for our sick; we have not wherewithal to constitute and form hospitals; and we shall perish without being able to get to those places which only desire to be in our hands." [1]

The possession of Barcelona gave a mighty impulse to the cause of the Archduke. Among other significant incidents, Peterborough made a triumphal entry into Valencia on the 4th of February 1706. Arising out of this event, we have a sketch of a Court interior, with the new king displaying certain qualities infinitely provoking to one of Peterborough's rank and temper, in the shape of the passive superciliousness expressed in the sublime serenity of the imperial Court where the "King of Spain" had been trained in the usages of royalty.

[1] Memoir of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, &c. (1853), ii. 267-269.

"BARCELONA, *Tuesday, December* 22 (N.S.), 1705.

"The king sent for me about eight o'clock this night, and told me he had discoursed my Lord Peterborough that afternoon about placing a vice-king in Valencia, but that my lord either did not well comprehend him, or did not think fit to give his opinion in the matter."

It was suggested that the appointment of a permanent ruler was premature. The terms of the capitulation of the city of Valencia were yet unknown. "That General Ramos, with the approbation of the people, had chosen the Condé de Cardona to govern in the meantime." He had served the emperor, the king's father, and "was a very politic, prudent man, and in great esteem among the people." He pressed on the king, till the affairs of the kingdom were better settled, to be content with the selection made by General Ramos and "the people's choice." Let the Condé de Cevilliar, who also "has a great knowledge and interest among the people," accompany my Lord Peterborough on his expedition, and then his Majesty "might expect such advices as to enable him to assort better in the choice of a vice-king."

"At which his Majesty answered me, he had little or no choice to make, the Condé de Cesuentes being the only person at present with him proper for that post; but as yet he had not acquainted the said Condé therewith. Upon which I humbly begged his Majesty's leave to make some reflections,—which were, that the said Condé de Cesuentes had been formerly guilty of some commotions in that country which occasioned the death of one of their chief nobility; that the whole family of the Nabotts—to

whom his Majesty, in a great measure, owed the reduction of Valencia — were, to my knowledge, enemies to the Condé, who had affronted them; and that the Catalans were a people that never forgave an injury."

"The king remarking that 'the Condé knew how to govern himself with them,' rung a small bell, and Prince Lichtenstein and the Condé de Cesuentes came in. As soon as the latter approached his Majesty, the king told him he had judged it for his royal service to make him vice-King of Valencia,— for which he gave his Majesty thanks."[1]

The witness of this scene did not let it close without a hint that it might lose for the cause the services of Peterborough. A week later—on the 30th of December — having nursed his wrath to keep it warm, the English lord bursts forth on the "ignorance, pride, and avarice," that stifle him. For all the sacrifices made and the brilliant successes obtained, Godolphin, to whom he pours out his griefs, may depend upon it, "if we were now in Madrid, an English ambassador would find as cold a reception, and would be as far from obtaining any privilege on behalf of our trade or anything else, as at any other time." And now for particulars.

"The character of Prince Lichtenstein is such as would be scarce believed were it not so universally known. But, above all, his weakness is the most surprising and dangerous. His falsehood, his pride, his greediness for money, I shall not so much insist on; but his meddling with everything and understanding nothing must bring us to ruin. One day

[1] Brit. Mus. MSS., ibid., f. 391.

he thinks himself in Madrid, and then puts on all the airs of German insolence and Spanish pride; the next he gives all for gone, and is the most abject dispirited creature in the world,—to the degree of crying like a child, and lamenting to all that come near him, and disheartening all mankind."

"But to our great ill-luck—to add, if possible, to our misfortune—we have come among us the Condé de Cesuentes,—in a word, the Lord Pembrook of Spain—a Spanish bully without any experience in business, having no money, but all the pride of his country. Since his arrival we are none of us consulted in anything. But they have their private meetings; and when they have agreed matters among themselves, they used to closet Mr Crow to persuade me, and me to influence him, to what they desired. But this artifice was soon exploded; and I doubt we are alike in their favour."

"You know, my lord," he continues, "how Mr Crow and myself were charged, by our orders, to secure the Catalans their liberties, and to offer the queen's mediation and guarantee for any new ones that might be reasonable." But their efforts in this direction were in vain; and he describes them as outraged at the denial of a "privilege they call the inseculation of the city officer,—somewhat like our common council of the city of London." And he accuses Lichtenstein of a plot to make money out of the affair. On more specific and intelligible matters, "all the money they lay out—having received above £40,000 sterling—goes to the support of a German regiment of horse and foot which they are raising, and to a Neapolitan regiment which they form of

deserters, and the troops of the country they neglect." For all his solicitations they have not yet done "any the least thing in order to repair any of the places in our possession, nor to put a week's provision into them in case of a siege. My lord, this is inconceivable; but when I add that they have not laid one stone towards repairing the breach at Barcelona, you may believe anything. My lord, 800 men have died by ill usage in Barcelona, by laying them in the open galleries of convents, without allowing them straw, or fire, or any conveniency practised in other countries; and yet this has been endured without the least complaint or mutiny. And the sick and the well lie together upon bare stones, without any support or relief."

Peterborough's proposed distribution of troops was: 1400 to Gerona, 3500 to Lerida, 1500 to Tortosa; himself to march with "the inconsiderable body of 1500 into Valencia." But all to no effect, except to preserve for us the following final climax on the character and suitability of the new viceroy:—

"To take such a resolution without a second advice—to prevent the expectations of a whole nobility, before any solid settlement—to send a beggar, who took six pistoles a-day subsistence-money from the several streets of Tortosa—to send a man of his character who actually, into the bargain, had been concerned in a murder of one of the best quality in Valencia—to make this sort of person a grandee of the first rank and viceroy of a kingdom, before he had bestowed any the least marks of honour or favour on any of the most ancient and noble houses of Catalonia, who had unanimously engaged in his service,

whilst Cesuentes, pretending sickness on the frontiers of Arragon and Valencia, awaited the success of Barcelona, and came not till long after to Court, — of this we shall offer no observation, thinking these sufficient for your lordship's information."[1]

At this point the motions and achievements of Peterborough have a close analogy to those of a clever stage-manager, who is expert at surprises generally, and who can especially, by prompt arrangements and a diversity of uniforms, make fifty actors do duty as an army a thousand strong crossing the stage. Like the manager, too, he had a large body of supernumeraries, in those hordes of ruffians called Miguelites. They were to be thoroughly counted on for plunder, slaughter, and anything that inferred cruelty, rapacity, and treachery. One duty—but one necessary to the complete soldier—could not be obtained from them,—they would not serve under fire; and their deliberate objection to this was announced on all occasions with a simple candour that tended to secure reliance for them in the services they consented to undertake. Peterborough was a soldier entirely after their own heart. He was to them like the mighty hunter who leaves a bloody trail, and carrion for wolves and vultures. It was his policy as an actor to be ever performing the part of a general in hot pursuit of a flying enemy. But being mere acting, it was unreal and unsubstantial. It was the playing off of hoaxes or practical jokes on a great and bloody scale—a thing that may be done once or twice, while

[1] Brit. Mus. MSS., ibid., f. 491-493. This curious document, beginning in the first person singular and ending in the plural, was signed by Crowe as well as Peterborough.

there is surprise, confusion, and ignorance. The impudent fellow who determines to attend an entertainment at some great house he would have no chance of entering by invitation, if he happen to escape humiliating defeat by the lackeys in the lobby, is liable to detection and exposure when he reaches the domestic centre. On the other hand, he may be mistaken for some invited guest, or his presence may even be tolerated by an indulgent landlord, who may give him credit for acting on innocent mistake, or being the victim instead of the inventor of a hoax. But no one makes real progress in life by such tricks, and so Peterborough did not succeed in establishing a dynasty, nor would it have been a desirable precedent in warfare if he had succeeded in anything save furnishing the world with a brilliantly-acted romance. Captain Carleton tells us that "Barcelona being now under King Charles, the towns of Gerona, Tarragona, Tortosa, and Lerida immediately declared for him; to every one of which engineers being ordered, it was my lot to be sent to Tortosa. . . . This town was of great moment to our army, as opening a passage into the kingdom of Valencia on one side and the kingdom of Arragon on the other; and being of itself tolerably defensible in human appearance, might probably repay a little care and charge in its repair and improvement. Upon this employ was I appointed, and thus was I busied until the arrival of the Earl of Peterborough with his little army, in order to march to Valencia, the capital of that province." The relief of Santo Mattheo from a siege was important, as in the hands of an enemy it would cut off communication between Catalonia and Valencia. On

this service Peterborough hired two spies "and despatched them with a letter to Colonel Jones, governor of the place, intimating his readiness as well as ability to relieve him; and above all, exhorting him to have the Miguelets in the town ready, on sight of his troops, to issue out, pursue, and plunder—since that would be all they had to do, and all he would expect at their hands. The spies were despatched accordingly; and, pursuant to instructions, one betrayed and discovered the other, who had the letter in charge to deliver to Colonel Jones,—the earl, to carry on the feint, having in the meantime, by dividing his troops and marching secretly over the mountains, drawn his men together, so as to make their appearance on the height of a neighbouring mountain, little more than cannon-shot from the enemy's camp. The tale of the spies was fully confirmed, and the Condé, though an able general, marched off with some precipitation with his army; and by that means the earl's smaller number of twelve hundred had liberty to march into the town without interruption."[1] Here it was necessary for the consummation of the plot, not only that the enemy should have failed in the duty of a good general to know the strength of his opponent, but that the one spy professing treachery should give an exaggerated account of Peterborough's force, and that the other spy should be caught with his confirmatory letter.

Tortosa—one of the casual acquisitions from the panic created by the capture of Barcelona—soon came back to its old owners after a siege of eighteen days; and we possess Peterborough's own account of the

[1] Carleton, 124-126.

recapture, interesting for little more than the glimpse of the perilous stuff he had to deal with in his allies, and their mingled qualities of treachery and incapacity.

"We had flattered ourselves it might have held out longer; but it seems the works, which had stood still most part of the winter for want of money, had not been finished according to the design. The garrison likewise did not answer expectations, especially the Palatines, about two-thirds of whom deserted, either during the siege or upon their marching out. 'Tis true that the enemy, upon their marching out of the garrison, did most impudently break their faith, and partly by money but more by force, took about one thousand men out of the ranks. This violation of the capitulation, together with the desertion which had been before, reduced the garrison to twelve hundred men, which, by the exactest returns we could get of their strength before the siege, consisted of three thousand six hundred effective-duty men, so that five of the eight battalions may be reckoned as absolutely lost; the three Palatines, that of Blesset, which had been raised here of French deserters, and one battalion commanded by Captain Wishaw."[1]

A short period of inaction clouded by gloomy anxieties gets a touch of light to the readers of the correspondence of the period, in the following mutterings of Peterborough:—

"SAGORVE, 29*th March* 1706, English style.

"I have in Valencia but fourteen hundred foot and twelve hundred horse—most men just put on

[1] Brit. Mus. MSS., 2813, f. 373.

horseback. The Count de las Torres had two thousand four hundred veteran horse, the two best regiments in Spain of a thousand each—the Spanish and Walloon regiments of Guards—almost under the walls of Valencia.

"To add to our happy circumstances, there are two thousand men more coming down against us from Castille. Some of the troops that retired out of Barcelona under the spiritual directions of two bishops, and Major-General Mahon, by advice just going to join them with four hundred horse. In a situation so desperate I was forced to take a resolution which I pretend no otherwise to justify but by success. The country being for us, and the rivers and passes such as gave one hopes of success and a safe retreat, I stole twelve hundred men in the night out of Valencia, and at fourteen leagues' distance they routed the whole body, and brought back to Valencia and Deira six hundred prisoners, rank and file, and fifty officers and gentlemen. But these, my lord, are but reprieves. All depends upon the arrival of the fleet and of our succours.

"I am not transported, my lord, with the flattering prospect I have had, but so mortified with the fatigue and difficulties I have undergone and the follies I have had to struggle with, that I could contentedly retire to any cottage rather than lead the life I do—one moment hoping to save the monarchy of Spain from the French, the other moment having in prospect the most extraordinary and tragical events. All my steady comfort is, I have acted as an honest man. I have a most disinterested love to the public, and I hope the world will except me from the list of

German fools who have brought things to the present pass."

His letter is the happiest mirror of his own condition—gleams of hope flashing through the despondency, where after a deal of less articulate and less intelligible grumbling, we come to "but if I were to go half with those at London that lay wagers, I would venture some money on Madrid being in our hands by the end of June."[1]

The incompatibilities between German imperial serenity on the one side, and the nature, prejudices, and constitutional usages of the Spaniards on the other, was fully as strongly expressed by a person of less passionate nature than Peterborough. From Barcelona on the 26th of May 1706, Paul Methuen writes thus, after referring to some secondary difficulties: "But what is more surprising than all the rest, is the great and general discontent of the nobility and common people of this principality, occasioned by the intolerable haughtiness and unaccountable weakness of Prince Lichtenstein, the effects of which have been that every step the Court has made since

[1] Peterborough was not content with the exhaustion of his native English in vilipending his German and Spanish associates. We find him trying his powers in French, in a letter to the Duke of Savoy:—

"Ma plus grande peine et mon grand embarras vient de nos ministres Allemans. V.A.R. en a une experience sufficante; mais je puis dire avec vérité, que leur orgueil, que leur ignorance, n'a jamais tant eclaté, que dans l'occasion présente—plait à Dieu qu'ils ne perdent pas leur maître. V.A.R. verra une occasion extraordinaire — un Roy qui assiege, un Roy qui defend la place.

"Le Prince de Lichtenstein les plus pauvre même des Allemans, et le Comte de Cesuentes le plus fou des Espagnols, ont fait a croire au Roy qu'il tenoit l'Espagne asseure par leur correspondance." And for all they have not money enough to close the breach at Barcelona, or fortify Monjouich.—Valencia, 30th March 1706; ibid., f. 43.

my departure, and especially while the contest lasted, has been quite wrong. They have taken away from the nobility all the titles and honours granted them by the Duke of Anjou, without making them amends by any new ones; and instead of enlarging their privileges or confirming those which the king's predecessors had allowed them, the Court has used all possible endeavours to clip them as much as they could, though to little purpose; for these people are so resolute in that point, that they would much rather part with their lives than their privileges. So that this folly has had no other effect than showing how much desire there was to do them harm, if the ill-will had been backed by power. These proceedings have so exasperated the Catalans, that Prince Lichtenstein is among them the most detested man living; for they lay it wholly on the prince and other Germans about the king,—whom personally they love and respect, only bewailing their own misfortune that he should be governed by such counsellors, and that they should meet no better requital for that fidelity and zeal they had shown for his service."[1]

Returning to the career of Peterborough, we shall immediately find an example of what the policy of insolent and mendacious aggression may accomplish, in the capture of Nules, "a town fortified with the best walls, regular towers, and in the best repair of any in that kingdom." On the distant rumour that the conqueror was coming, in a panic the regular garrison "left that sensible town, with only one thousand of the townspeople well armed for the defence of it."

[1] Letter, Paul Methuen to his father, 26th May 1706, printed in Letters and Despatches of Marlborough, ii. 572.

Information—accurate or not—was brought to Peterborough that in the neighbourhood the garrison had committed great atrocities; and though it would appear that the perpetrators of these were in full retreat, yet there was a garrison holding the town, and if they were to expect mercy, it must be bought by instant submission. Some priests were sent forth to treat, and were told that only six minutes would be allowed for a surrender; when these expired, "so soon as his artillery came up, he would lay them under the utmost extremities." There seemed no alternative but submission; and the ex-garrison hearing of this prompt victory accelerated their flight, like the wicked fleeing when no man pursued or was capable of pursuing them.

In this town two hundred horses were found. This acquisition seems to have nourished a passion in the commander for a cavalry force; and he proved his capacity for the function of the horse-stealer by picking up other four hundred. He could only mount them with infantry, but this was in complete harmony with his policy of sham. He galloped them through the country, spreading the impression that he had received a formidable accession to his strength; and in fact, his six hundred mounted men exceeded in numerical strength the average of the squadrons in that war.

But this farce, though it was to last for some little time in marvellous vivacity and vigour, had to be played out at last. It was not consistent with the laws of cause and effect, as interpreted by the procession of human events, that the still mighty King Louis should placidly permit the empire he had

plotted for—until the opportunity came for seizing it with a firm grasp—to be snatched from that grasp in the escapades of an inspired lunatic. His commander in Spain—De Tessé—had failed in sagacity for dealing with the startling fantastic tricks played before him; but now there was on the way southwards to replace him the mighty Berwick—the one captain of the day who might be spoken of as the rival of his uncle Marlborough. Meanwhile Barcelona, the centre of the tragic farce, must be retaken. "The king" himself was in Barcelona—he had come to it as the strongest place in his possession, and now from a fortress it was converted into a prison, where he and his great champion were in the custody of an overwhelming host of surrounding enemies. It is fair to the memory of one who has been abundantly censured, that in the not too friendly eye of the English ambassador the royal prisoner acted becomingly throughout his sore trial and peril. When projects were dreamed of for removing him to some place of safety, he said he "was resolved to stand by his capital to the very last;" and "the king showed more concern for the rendering of the town than for his person, and used the utmost diligence to get reinforcements thrown in, to set the inhabitants to work, and encourage them by his own example to make a vigorous resistance." Further, we are told how the spirit of the citizens "was entirely supported by the prudence and example of the king, who frequently showed himself in places of great danger." Meanwhile his champion, whose appetite for fortunate escapades seems to have enlarged with the marvellous gratification it had realised, was pon-

dering on the counter-plot of kidnapping the other king, and, like a tiger in a jungle, was keeping watch for any opportunity of taking a spring on Madrid. But this was impossible at that juncture. True, the opportunity might come, and its expectation was justified soon afterwards by King Philip seeking safety in flight; but in the meantime King Charles was a prisoner in Barcelona. The oscillations of the two aspirants remind us how the deficiency of any national element in the forces of this war, give it a resemblance to a game at chess, where, over the broad theatre of contest, kings and knights are shifted by external hands, and are ever liable to capture.

As matters stood, the hero of the war had ample room for the exercise of his scheming brain in Barcelona, surrounded and pressed though it was by an overwhelming force. By happy accidents and perseverance the garrison was increased so as to number in all two thousand five hundred, but of these only about a third were Englishmen. Peterborough drew on the resources of his naval force for the completion of the garrison, such as it was, bringing to it some seven or eight hundred in boats. The close attack began, according to the precedent Peterborough had set, on the detached Fort of Montjuich, garrisoned by six hundred men. The English ambassador writing home says: "The enemy . . . expected to take it sword in hand, as our forces had done before; but after a sharp repulse they thought fit to proceed by regular approaches, and having raised, on several batteries, about twenty pieces of cannon, took it at last at the expense of twenty-two days and a great number of men. And had not my Lord Donegal

been unfortunately killed, and some troops given way sooner than they ought, it might have held out longer."

"They next began to play their batteries with upwards of eighty cannon against the town; and though their approaches were made with much regularity and caution, they must in two or three days more have made great holes in the rampart, and endangered the town inevitably, the garrison being reduced to less than two thousand men, and they constantly on duty behind or near the trenches."[1]

There remained just one hope—it rested on the chance that the English fleet was not far away and might come to their rescue. Would the fortunate star of Peterborough culminate in this propitious event? He took order that if the favourable chance came it should not be missed by negligence on his part. He got at this point, through Brigadier Stanhope, the chilling information that Admiral Leake was so far on his way for the relief of Barcelona, but was in the meantime hanging off and on until he was joined by the Dutch fleet and a reinforcement from Ireland. Stanhope intimated that if Peterborough at any time received a sheet of paper addressed to him, but otherwise blank, it was to be counted an intimation that the junction had been effected. This inexpressive but momentous paper was received, and prompted Peterborough with his following to march to the nearest seaport and seize all the small vessels there, so that whenever the nearness of the fleet should insure their safety in the

[1] Brit. Mus. MS., 29589, f. 443 *et seq.*

affair, reinforcements should be conveyed in these vessels to the garrison at Barcelona.

One small boat he selected for his own particular service. It was said of him that he never sent a party of a hundred men on the war-track but he commanded them personally; here he took one follower only, and went to sea with him in search of the fleet, finding it some fifteen miles off. He returned immediately and despatched the reinforcements to the garrison, but he again visited the fleet in his open boat, for a thought had struck him—if the French admiral saw how strong the united fleet was, he would at once cut his cables and escape; it was desirable that a portion only of the united fleet should be seen, so that the French fleet might begin a battle that would end in its annihilation. He did not succeed in this, for Admiral Leake in command had otherwise arranged; and indeed the admiral, who was a formalist, was more surprised than pleased to see the flag of supreme command at the mast-head, Peterborough maintaining that his commission rendered him supreme over all the forces in the expedition, whether by land or sea.[1]

The happy conclusion to this act of the drama cannot be better told than in the words of the English ambassador, writing from Barcelona on the 9th of May: "Affairs of such consequence never had so different a prospect, within the compass of so small a time, as has now been seen in those of this

[1] "My lord is very ill with the seamen—especially with Sir John Leake, who highly resents his coming aboard the ship he was in and hoisting the union flag there that morning we arrived here. This had a great air of vanity and affectation."—Paul Methuen to his father, Barcelona, 26th May 1706; Marlborough Despatches, ii. 274.

part of the world. Not above two days ago there scarce appeared one speck of blue to give any hope, not only of the preservation of the town, but even of the king's person, and, consequently, of the whole Spanish monarchy. And yesterday the heavens brought with our fleet and forces life and spirit to the whole affair,—gave us leave to expect, from the utmost despair, the security of all.

"By the oppositions of winds and sometimes of calms, the whole fleet, consisting of fifty sail of line of battle, was obliged to anchor in the Bay of Aldjaros, near Tolosa, on the 6th instant. The next day Mr Stanhope received letters from the King of Spain, dated the 4th, with pressing instances for assistance, —that Fort Montjuich had been taken fourteen days,—that the breach was made in the town and daily expected to be mounted, and that it was impossible for the place to hold out, or his person safe, without an immediate relief. Nothing could be done without a fair wind, which in a very few hours blew to our wishes, and brought us yesterday in the afternoon, to an anchor before this place, the whole fleet and all the forces and recruits from England and Ireland. Never did succour come in so reasonable a juncture, for the enemy had besieged the king here thirty-five days and made two breaches. Their approaches were brought to the covered-way, from which to the breaches they had not one hundred and fifty yards to march and make the assault."

"'Tis impossible to express the satisfaction and joy that the arrival of our fleet and the landing of five thousand good men were viewed with, at a time when we hourly expected an assault. The

enemy still give out they will attempt to storm, which is scarcely believed, and as little feared, they would."[1] The surrounding hills swarmed with Miguelets who, finding the besiegers the weaker party, acted, as it was their nature, against those whom the infallible law of the comparative degree selected as victims, cutting off all they could safely attack. It was of more importance to the issues of the war that they cut the communications to the several posts of the Carlist forces, intercepted provisions, and made it doubtful whether the besiegers could carry off their artillery and other munitions. A postscript of the 12th announces the solution of this doubt:—

"Last night the whole French army having made a breach very practicable, and brought their work and approaches to our palisades, marched off with an unaccountable consternation, for they lost an immense quantity of corn, five thousand barrels of powder, and 'tis said above two hundred pieces of cannon—and very few of them nailed up—ammunition of all sorts in great store, with their sick and wounded in a miserable condition. Their march was overcast this morning with the darkest eclipse of the sun that was almost ever seen, by which the superstitious here portend the eternal setting of the Bourbon sun; but I believe the attendance of the enraged Miguelets from the mountains will prove most fatal in their way to Gironne, whither, we hear, they are fled in great confusion. Marshal de Tessé, in a letter of a very humble and desponding style to my Lord Peterborough, desiring him to protect his

[1] Brit. Mus. MS., 29589, f. 443.

sick and wounded from the fury of the Miguelets, mightily laments the deplorable misfortune he has had."[1]

The celestial phenomenon, though coming at a moment that could be absolutely predestined by the force of an exact science, yet was, as it had been of old, a casual force in the war, for its depressing influence is amply referred to in the correspondence and chronicles of the period.

It may prove of use for a better comprehension of some of the incidents just recorded, as well as something now to come up, to remember that among the protean elements in the character and career of Peterborough, one is that he had gained his first laurels as a sailor. Without knowing this, the following passage betraying a longing for his first love, the ocean, might fall with more than its just share of surprise:—

"I assure you I should with a great deal of satisfaction serve the queen in the capacity of a sailor, and would give all that I could part with, without spite, that I had but six-and-twenty good ships in the Mediterranean. I would have spent this winter with them myself and made it very easy to whatever general was to have commanded next spring ashore. When this is said, my lord, if anybody has the good-nature to find fault, as I heard by letter from Lisbon some had been attempting to do, I shall be as willing to come home not to be engaged longer, to English good-nature and gratitude, and to make way for any other that shall take more pains, or may be attended with better fortunes."[2]

[1] Brit. Mus. MS., 29580, f. 443.

[2] To Godolphin, 6th November 1706; ibid., f. 326.

"I take it for granted that my readiness to serve in all places and upon all occasions, and perhaps under the greatest difficulties, will not do me a prejudice in relation to my sea pretences, though I am not ignorant that there are some who will make it an argument that the great services that may be expected for the next campaign ashore, can afford but little opportunity for my serving at sea. To this my plain answer is, without the command of the fleet and troops I desire to be recalled home and will not serve. I think I have made no ill use of the double trust reposed in me, and I am sure it will prove more necessary this year than the last."[1]

He seems to have felt a desire to throw a chivalrous spirit into the naval branch of our war service —a branch offering far greater temptations to rapacity than the career of the soldier offered to him. The strength of the piratical spirit touched in some measure the honour of the naval service of the period, so as to be thus bitterly characterised in a letter by Peterborough to Godolphin: "God grant the ignorance of seamen and their self-interest never prove our ruin. Our squadron is gone a galleon-hunting. I think in the present exigency I would not have lost a day's sail, to have taken them loaded with silver."[2]

Again: "Our admirals plundering Carthagena, that admitted them with all imaginable civility and gallantry, and making themselves the judges of what ought to be confiscated, and taking it for themselves, is a proceeding as new as scandalous."

"And the main fleet has, in the environs of Alicant, taken to the value of fifty thousand crowns

[1] Memoirs, ii. 270. [2] Ibid., ii. 92.

in wine from friend and foe—under the happy pretext of Gavachos and Butiflenos."[1]

Through all his restlessness we find him enjoying his success in the relief of Barcelona, and he lets his humour for the time be visible and picturesque as is his custom. On the 26th he writes thus to Godolphin:—"Notwithstanding the extraordinary delays which upon all occasions we meet here, I embark on board the fleet to-morrow with three thousand foot, having already marched our horse towards Valencia. I have in a manner forced my way, assisted by sea and land councils of war, urging despatch; and I think the king will follow, though our great Prince of Lichtenstein is somewhat surprised that he is not furnished with a hundred thousand pistoles for the king's equipage, and I think is equally angry with England and Catalonia, with Mr Stanhope and me, though I conceive he has little reason.

"I hope Alicant and Carthagena may soon be in our power, and confirm our interest in Valencia and create a new one in the kingdom of Murcia, unless the new efforts of the French in Catalonia should recall us thither, or our good fortune call us without delay to Madrid. Your lordship may assure yourself that I shall drive things on to the speedy ending of this war, and pursue those vigorous measures which have hitherto been so successful, and which I think so necessary to our present circumstances."[2]

As he must have something to assail, however, in the conduct of his friends, even while he is so successful against the common enemy, he complains of

[1] Life of Peterborough, ii. 280-282. [2] Ibid., 190.

an insufficiency of that commodity which of all others he would have spurned if it had been proffered.

"I think, my lord," he says, "I ought to have more particular instructions in matters of so great consequence; and I have none but from Mr Stanhope, and that in methods not altogether regular, since it is nothing but hearsay—no written orders to me, nor any orders in writing for him to give me."

A suspicion might here naturally arise on an estimate of Peterborough's career and character, that his desire for instructions had some foretaste of the satisfaction of breaking through them. However it be, he seemed to have had, among the motley elements in his character, a liking for great councils of war. A less self-willed commander, the Duke of Wellington, never called a council of war; and why did Peterborough, who had far more self-sufficiency, thus cumber his motions? One explanation of the anomaly might point again to the pleasure he would feel in breaking through any restraints that the votes of the council had laid on him. But another interpretation of the anomaly is possible—that Peterborough believed himself capable of convincing any council of the infallibility of his own projects, and having carried his point at the council board, would go forth invested with higher powers of command than a general destitute of such support would have. However it be, it is among the motley incidents of that fantastic war that the method of giving effect to the object of the council's resolutions was so disastrous, that it was charged with the ruin of the Carlist cause; and not only did Peterborough object to this method, but he vehemently denounced it. The ultimate ob-

ject was to reach Madrid. The disaster came of the way taken thither. Whether he got it passed as a resolution of the council, or reserved it for his own discretion, Peterborough was clear that the march should be by Valencia, but the way taken was by Arragon; and five years afterwards, in an inquiry by the House of Lords into the conduct of the war in Spain, when questioned on this point, Peterborough explained that he knew merely the general fact of the army having gone by the wrong way, but, "that as to the persons who advised the king to go by the way of Arragon and not by Valencia, he knows no further—being at that time absent from his Majesty—but that having extremely opposed it, and having writ to the Secretary of State [of the Archduke] at his first coming to Valencia against it, he received an answer to this purpose: 'That he hoped the Earl of Peterborough would bear the mortification and disappointment with patience, since the king was so resolved.'"[1]

The difference between the two lines of march was chiefly in the element of distance, and the discussions on their respective merits show how material this element may become. Peterborough struggled for his own way on conclusions completely akin to the boldest features of his school of warfare. Perilous or not, it was the shortest way. Taking it, the French King of Spain would be found at Madrid with all the personal machinery of government and the administration of justice. As we shall find, those who marched by the other way found all flown. The affair leads beyond the question of distance to vital

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 950.

antagonistic qualities in two great commanders, for Galway became ultimately the leader of the march. We have already seen that he was a soldier of the French type; and though it may not be said that Peterborough was a soldier of the English, or indeed of any type, he was such a soldier as England only could produce and tolerate. The gravity and supreme importance of the great game of war had by long traditional influences impressed on the French soldier the solemnity of everything, from the grandest efforts of heroism to the smallest pedantries of discipline, while he is on actual duty; and whatever frivolities or eccentricities may live in his character, are dormant there. That Galway was the French soldier cultivated to a high type, made any earnest co-operation between him and Peterborough impossible—it would have been as if in the performance of some solemn religious rite, a bishop of the Church of England, and a ranting Muggletonian, were appointed to co-operate. Both these generals were men of high heroism and generous nature, and where sagacity has been employed in discovering animosities and jealousies between them, the utter unconformity of their natures may suffice to account for the disastrous results. That they acted apart and had separate careers, was more the doing of Galway than of Peterborough. The distinguished French commander acted on the impulses of the respectable man who, seeking a correct and decorous walk through life, finds himself thrown into company and co-operation with that eccentric discarder of conventionalities colloquially described as a "harum-scarum." Anything that distinguished Marlborough from the French com-

manders was in a different shape—that of a vast superiority over them in their own special qualities. This has been emphatically acknowledged by the great Napoleon, not only in the reverence paid to his memory, but the efforts to make Marlborough's military career a lesson to the officers in the imperial service of France.

The march to Valencia and the few incidents following on it, bring us towards the close of Peterborough's career in Spain. The most important of these incidents is the siege and capture of the strong fortified town of Alicant, protected like Barcelona by a separate fortress. The place was commanded by Mahony, an Irishman who had risen to high rank in the service of France.

A story is referred to in the memoirs of the period of an attempt by Peterborough to seduce him to play the traitor, beginning his approaches by a hint that the Irishman was a kinsman, and so connected with the great Mordaunt family; but the story does not harmonise with Peterborough's nature, and is too fugitive and obscure to be briefly told. Peterborough's activity on this occasion was wasted, since he arrived only in time to receive the capitulation of the castle after the town had rendered itself. The commander of the siege was General Gorge, whose own account of it, dated on the 10th of August, follows :—

"On Sunday last was se'night, I marched and invested this place, and after having reconnoitred it, would have given something to have been off of the lay, having found it quite another sort of a place than what it was represented to me to be; but it

was too late to repent, so was resolved to forward the siege with all the heart imaginable; and I began on Monday to land the cannon, and by Tuesday night I had raised two batteries, and began to play them against the town by Wednesday morning, and desired the ships to come right to the town and batter it likewise, which they did to some purpose; and that night I made an attack upon a windmill, which I thought was a good advantageous spot, and took it, but left an officer in it who scandalously quitted it the next day. But I took it again and raised a battery against a convent, which I thought was another advantageous post, and made such a breach in the wall fit for an attack on Saturday night last; but finding the confusion the men were in attacking the mill by night, made me put off the attack till Sunday morning; and just at dawn of day we marched up to the breach and beat them out of it, and took possession of it, which I did not intend to do that day if I had not got that advantage of the consternation we put them into; after which I raised barriers and secured myself in the suburbs, and went on board the fleet, when I saw a very feasible breach which they had made in the wall to the sea; and the admiral put men in boats to attack it, and our people at the same time climbed up the wall, and all entered into the town and took it sword in hand, and drove the enemy up to the castle. And this is a true account of this siege: and M. Mahony, as he said, hoped to be made a lieutenant-general in France for the defence which he made; and I hope I may expect to be made a major-general in England, and especially when I am the oldest brigadier, and have been

the only general officer that has attended this whole expedition—so that if your lordship shall be so kind as to move the queen in it, I hope it may be done. And when I have leave to return home—which I hope will be soon now—but that I have my Lord Peterborough's letters likewise, for he makes great professions of kindness, and you know I always had a world of faith, and therefore believe everything he says."[1]

The latest incident in the war while Peterborough was still in command would hardly be worthy of a place in history were it not that it was a calamity that befell Peterborough himself; and it has a separate element of value, historical and literary, in that it can be offered to the reader in his own lively account of it. "When I came to Huete, I received the comfortable news that all my luggage, consisting of sixteen waggons, besides fifty mules — except eight or nine with me—were taken by the enemy; all my horses and equipage; and the most part of my servants killed,—which I owe to the Spanish general, with the loss of the artillery that was there, which he left, without my knowledge or order, without a guard, when twenty men would have brought it safe to the camp. It is hard that I should suffer so by the folly of others, that never had any the least mischance while affairs were in my hands. The whole country rose with the enemy's horse for this noble project, and nothing could be more fortunate than my escape and coming; for though my particular loss is irrevocable, yet with about sixty horse, I

[1] This, though among the Godolphin Papers (MS. Mus. Brit.), appears to have been addressed to Lord Wharton.

have recovered and frighted the whole country and brought them into subjection. . . .

"I bear all other losses patiently, besides my herbs and my cheese. My Lord Galway and you have your share. I had eight waggons with good eatables and drink, which I told you I would send you; but good management can lose meat and drink, herbs and kingdoms. . . . I have lost all my good wine and drink. I shall make a brave hand of it. I have nothing. I have nothing left but a suit of clothes and six shirts, and have lost about six thousand pounds by others who never lost a mule or the least thing this whole war. . . .

"I might have profited by the loss of my luggage, the towns concerned having offered to raise a great sum rather than expect the effects of my resentment, which they had reason to expect; but I chose to oblige them to bring corn to the army rather than money for me. But this and all other services will meet the same acceptance."[1]

Ere Peterborough's eventful career in Spain had come to its end, it became associated with acrimonious disputes and charges of arrogance and rashness, cast in return for imputations of ingratitude and imbecility. It is thought better to leave the simple record of a curious episode in the great war to be estimated by its picturesqueness, without encumbering it with any commentary on the questions thus raised. Should it be found desirable to discuss them, an ample opportunity may afterwards be found; since the quarrel lasted long enough to be carried, in the full vigour of its original acridness, into the

[1] To Stanhope, 18th August 1706.—Memoir, ii. 287.

House of Lords in the year 1711, adding to the disputes of a critical crisis in home politics. There were proposals for transferring Peterborough's services to the war in Italy; but it befell otherwise, and he sailed homewards from Alicant in September.[1]

After this point, the intervention of Britain in the war within Spain, whether in the council or the field, is so meagre in significance or interest, that it may suffice to account for it in a general statement of the situation as affected by the relative position towards each other of the forces in the several fields of contest, as all came under the observation of the statesmen who concluded the Treaty of Utrecht.

Affairs in the Spanish peninsula were lapsing into a condition mortifying to British pride, and antagonistic to the national desire for fair, open, diplomatic dealing. All chance of a hold on the country such

[1] As his part is finished, and the great actor leaves the stage, let us bid him farewell in the old form of the epilogue, in the following, from Swift's Journal to Stella (24th June 1711), perhaps not so well known now as it used to be. It will be a testimony to the correctness of the story just finished if this shall be acknowledged as in harmony with the brilliant epigrammatic touches:—

"In journies he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast,—

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn,—
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

From Paris—Gazette à la main—
This day arrived, without his train,
Mordanto, in a week, from Spain.

A messenger comes—all a-reek,
Mordanto at Madrid to seek,—
He left the town above a week."

as gave us a substantial power in treaty was gone, and yet we were compelled by the diplomatic conditions of the crisis to demand that an abandonment by France—or rather the French royal family—of all claim to the throne of Spain, was a preliminary and fundamental condition of a final treaty for the disposal of all claims. We have followed the grotesque and gallant career of Peterborough, and seen him established at Barcelona. The possession of this town with its strong fortifications, served not only for providing a sufficient gathering and organising point for the forces of the allies, but it served as a capital for their "King of Spain." That Barcelona belonged to King Charles came on King Philip and his Court at Madrid as a blow, and a reversal of their position from triumph to danger.

We must now turn to the French Huguenot, Lord Galway, as the most prominent figure in the camp of the allies. We have seen how he had lost his right arm by a cannon-shot at Badajos; and it was not yet healed when, in conjunction with the acquisition of Barcelona, he thought it his duty to urge an advance of Portuguese troops on Madrid to co-operate with such force as the Archduke should bring from Barcelona. At Alcantara Galway's force performed a considerable exploit in driving out a garrison placed there by Berwick, who was now, with all the influence of his formidable reputation, the heart of the French cause in Spain. At Alcantara "ten good battalions" of Berwick's force were taken, and sixty pieces of cannon, with a mighty supply of small-arms. Thus within the influence of a triumphal career, it was resolved to march to Madrid, where, no doubt,

Galway's army would meet an army from Badajos, with, if all went as well as it should, "Charles, King of Spain," at the head of it. They were still on their triumphal march, and had reached the bridge of Almanza, when one of the incidents peculiar to Peninsula wars shattered all the complex adjustments of the accomplished general. The Portuguese troops said they were tired of the affair and would go no further.

A general is not entirely at the mercy of troops so disposed—at all events, if they can completely disorganise his army, he can generally defeat any organisation they may attempt either for simple retreat or for an alteration of the object of the march. The one thing they would not do was to march straight on to Madrid, and that was the one thing essential; for, as the mortified general explained, "in all probability we must have arrived there at the same time with the Duke of Anjou's being returned to France; the duchess must have been obliged to escape alone; and the tribunals being still there, it is very likely the war would have been over."[1]

One requires to be familiar with the caprices of this war, to believe that had "the King of Spain" supplied from the royal family of France—the same who, after the war was over, remained King of Spain as Philip V.—been found serene in his capital with the usual organisation, civil and military, appropriate to the Court of a king of Spain, the whole might have been recast, and "King Charles" placed and secured on the throne. It is another unexpected incident, that though the Duke of Anjou—King Philip—was

[1] Parl. Hist., 943.

not in Madrid when news of Galway's marches reached him, he went to Madrid, and like a military commander who dismantles a fort threatened by an overwhelming force, he removed not only the troops, but the Court, the tribunals for the administration of justice—everything that made Madrid the capital of a great and ancient kingdom. Hence, as Galway said, when, after much difficulty, he brought a portion of his army to the desired end, "on our arrival there we found Madrid an open village."

If the opportunity that had been lost when Galway failed in his object of a prompt march to Madrid, had been restored by his gallant and skilful treatment of his difficulties, it was lost by another evader of the duty to be present at Madrid at the propitious moment. The Archduke—"the King of Spain"—should have been there to take possession of his kingdom, but he was not. The world was amused with the old difficulty—the organisation of a train sufficiently august for ushering the King of Spain and the Indies into his capital. Peterborough, with all his restlessness and energy, had returned to Barcelona, but "the king" had the advantage of stolid immobility. It seemed to be more for his own exoneration than in any hope of success, that Peterborough arranged to take a force by Valencia to make an absolutely clear path for the royal train. The serene composure of the immovable king he had undertaken to play upon the board, irritated him out of his steady perseverance in observing the etiquette due to a royal master; and considering whether he can do anything from his own resources, he says the king "shall change his note before I make the experi-

ment, and not use me with such foolish ill-breeding." But an impulse of generosity overtakes him, and he declares, "I am resolved to make one effort more to see if anything can touch a German heart. I have received a good sum of my own,—the king and his troops shall have every farthing of it, and I will send it in gold with all expedition."

These small matters reveal the poverty of the Archduke's Court. It seems not to have been what might be called a negative poverty—a fixed deficiency to be filled up by a stated subsidy from Britain—but a positive poverty, like the meagreness of the dinner-table assailed by the harpies; an active, absorbent poverty such as no reasonable subsidies or other sources of supply could assuage. One thing alone was certain, that unless the train was provided in perfection, the king would not move from Barcelona. Nor had it any effect except adding insult to injury that Peterborough, in an access of blasphemy against etiquette, said to him, "Our William the Third entered London in a hackney with a cloak-bag behind it, and was made king not many weeks after."[1]

We have been drawn into this separate story further than we should have gone in limiting our history to "The British Empire." There is a warning to stop in time that the name of our country be not unjustly compromised. We have seen the liberal issues of money from the Treasury, and that cost to the country in the sacrifice of brave men's lives, not to be spoken of as liberality, because to justify it would require a higher sanction. We now come to

[1] Stanhope—War of Succession, and MSS. quoted there, 194-199.

a point when to count that what follows belongs to British history, would be to load our country with disgrace utterly unmerited. On the 15th of May in the year 1707, was fought the critical battle of Almanza. The generally received estimate of the numbers present is twenty-five thousand on the side of King Philip and nineteen thousand on that of King Charles. We shall see, however, that dubieties about the numbers present became troublesome in Parliament, from the question whether by some few thousands all the troops for whom money was voted by the British Parliament were there. There is reason to believe that the number of British soldiers in the battle, if they exceeded three, did not reach four, thousand. They might have passed unnoticed, but that the stubbornness of their race made them troublesome to the victors when all else in the army of King Charles had been swept from the field. His defeat was a sore trial to the gallant Huguenot Galway. Perhaps his old wound, uncured as it was, may have clouded the absolute lucidity of observation and judgment that must belong to a commander on the battle-field; and he was sorely wounded on the face, so as indeed to be blinded, before all was over.

It would not be easy, perhaps, to bring up another instance where the destinies of so great an empire as that of Spain have been determined by so small an affair. But the battle of Almanza was only the typical drop in the bucket—the last incident that proclaimed the victorious side. Had the battle been gained by the Austrian side, there would have only been some longer lingering of a wretched war, where little was

to be achieved by any of the parties concerned in the ultimate issue, and nothing by us. France had, during the few years of contest, gradually secured the great prize at issue—the attachment of the Spanish people, especially of the potent population of Old Castile. Whether it had been through the all-pervading influence of the priesthood, or some other of the subtle motives that pass unseen among the humbler inhabitants of districts establishing among them hidden motives waiting for their opportunity to start into life; so it was, that the Spanish people—not an active, enterprising, enlightened people, but tenacious of their prepossessions—would at any opportunity have given their adherence to King Philip with a sweeping majority. True, it was within the range of possibilities that this obstinate people might be conquered by the sword and subdued to reason. We may hope that our country would never under any possible conditions have undertaken such a task, but we may feel absolutely certain that even with the most lavish demands on her bravery and her wealth, she would not have succeeded in the task had she undertaken it.

We had in Spain no reserve ground on our side of the fighting districts—no ready base of operations as it is sometimes called. The Netherlands, and even the provinces of the Lower Rhine, when we remember our fleet, are nearer home and more accessible to us than to the French. Hence, in the one war we fought and gained great battles, while in the other we had nothing but a slightly successful and harassing contest with difficulties. Was nothing gained, then, by us in this Peninsular war? Yes; we gained

and retain Gibraltar. It is true that we might as easily have taken that fortress on a rock without marching our troops through the centre of the Spanish territory, but it is possible that we might not have had the excuse and the opportunity that we did find for taking possession. There was another acquisition of the same kind. It was desirable that the British fleet should find a winter retreat near the army in Spain—a place where nature had provided shelter from the elements, and there were fortresses or spots suitable for fortification. Port Mahon, a rocky recess in the island of Minorca, seemed suitable for the supply of this want. The duty of securing this retreat fell to General Stanhope. That this was not to be effected without sacrifice, was all too sadly proved to him by the loss of his brother in the attack. Perhaps at the time there was no object beyond the protection of the fleet for this acquisition, but this was an object so vital that Marlborough wrote the words, "I am so entirely convinced that nothing can be done sufficiently without the fleet, that I conjure you if possible to take Port Mahon." The attacking force was mixed, but there was a significance of ulterior design in the garrison left for subsequent service being purely British. General Stanhope took a title from this rocky haven—a title that has come down to us in genial association to the present day.

The retention of Gibraltar, and now of Port Mahon, were the first-fruits of an important policy. Britain wants no man's land, but it wants protection for its vast commerce and those concerned in it; and to this effect barren rocks with available harbours running into them—worthless comparatively speaking to

other nations — become precious possessions to us. Lord Palmerston called them "sentry-boxes," so divested are they of everything but what is available for an army and a navy force. They might perhaps be more aptly called police stations for the protection of British trade, and when effectual for this they also largely help in protecting the trade of all the world. Under General Stanhope the fortifications of Port Mahon were strengthened. The place was thus immediately treated as a British possession, and it so remained down to the wars immediately preceding the French Revolution, conspicuous by the siege of Gibraltar. It was taken by Spain after a tough siege. Not being so valuable as Gibraltar—being, in fact, superseded by the acquisition of Malta—it was permitted to remain in the hands of Spain,—a result not of frequent occurrence when any place drops into the hands of Britain by the fortune of war.

We have now done with Spain until we come to the distribution of the dominions of the Spanish crown by the Treaty of Utrecht. Before, however, going home to take up a thread of history totally different in its character, the author takes the opportunity of briefly noting the character and claims of a book that has afforded to him valuable instruction on the general character of the war, along with special instruction in its leading events, although the book itself is held by general repute to be a romance by Daniel Defoe. The title of the book stands as follows:—

'The Memoirs of Captain George Carleton, an English Officer who served in the two last Wars against France and Spain, and was present in several

Engagements both in the Fleet and Army; containing an Account of the conduct of the Earl of Peterborough,' &c. London: 1743. Wilson, in his 'Memoirs of Defoe,' iii. 589, says this book "belongs to the same class of writing as the 'Memoirs of a Cavalier;' and it has some passages that bear a strong resemblance to the other works of the same. It is therefore possible that Defoe has the best title to the authorship, and as such it deserves a conspicuous place amongst his other writings." The book has been classed in the 'Bibliographical Manual' of Lowndes, and in the catalogues of the principal public libraries, under Defoe's name.[1]

Lockhart, in his 'Life of Scott,' says: "I believe it is now pretty generally believed that 'Carleton's Memoirs' were among the numberless fabrications of Defoe; but in this case, as in that of his 'Cavalier,' he no doubt had before him the rude journal of some officer who had really served in the campaigns described with such an inimitable air of truth."[2]

This seemed to be conclusive. It was not only the judgment of scholarship and genius, but the opinion of one who had devoted the mature years of his life to services demanding a treasury of critical sagacity. An author less known to fame is more distinct and emphatic. In reference to Dr Johnson's admiration of the Memoirs, he says: "The great reason of this predilection of the great doctor was, that Lord Peterborough deserted republican principles, and took

[1] In the great Catalogue on the round table of the British Museum the question is left open, thus: "Carleton, George, Captain—pseudo? (*i. e.*, Daniel Defoe?)."

[2] Life of Scott, ii. 172.

effective vengeance on the Whigs in his place in Parliament. His career had been partly embodied in one of Defoe's romances, called 'Captain Carleton's Memoirs,' where Galway had been artistically used as a mere foil to set off Peterborough."[1]

Lockhart's note is appropriate to the occurrence of Scott having edited Carleton's book in the year 1808. The great master contradicts, in anticipation, the opinion of his biographer by adding words not to be found on the title-page of the previous edition—"written by himself,"—that is, by the man named on the title-page. It is to be regretted that Scott gives us no more than this simple assertion.

The reasons for Defoe's authorship are a curious instance of illogicality in the conditions. The work is so exactly what a plain intelligent man, who had seen and taken part in all that he narrates, would have made it, that it must be the work of the cleverest of imitators. Dr Johnson was more correct when he "told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he was going to bed when it came, but was so much pleased with it that he sat up till he had read it through, and found in it such an air of truth that he could not doubt of its authenticity."[2]

The author of 'Daniel Defoe, his Life and recently discovered Writings, by William Lee,' says: "It was with great misgivings that I first began to entertain doubts as to its paternity; but in order to remove all possible doubt I read through it carefully and critically several times, until, contrary to my incli-

[1] Henri de Ruvigny, Earl of Galway: a filial Memoir. By the Rev. David C. A. Agnew. 4to: 1864. P. 113.

[2] Boswell, edit. 1835, p. 336.

nation, the conviction was forced upon me that Defoe had nothing whatever to do with any part of the work." [1]

Lord Stanhope came gradually to the conclusion that "Carleton was not, as has sometimes been asserted, an imaginary character worked into a fiction by Defoe." [2] Still there was a certain caution and hesitation in trusting to a full and minute story of a war on internal evidence of genuineness, confirmed as this was in some measure by coincidence with the private papers of Brigadier Stanhope. It was only when the ample statements from the seat of war, stored in the British Museum, became available through the Catalogues of Additional Manuscripts, that the accuracy of Carleton's story could be subjected to a conclusive test. The result is in the first place to clear off even the possibility of Defoe's authorship, because he could not have discovered the fundamental facts of the narrative without access to documents jealously guarded in the private repositories of those who held them as confidential. Hence these papers do a signal and special service in franking to the world the captain's story; and it has been accepted in this history as the statement of an officer and a gentleman endowed with the faculty of accurate and animated narration, and throughout worthy of reliance accordingly.

The book at the same time abounds in passages that would have enabled contemporaries to denounce it as a fiction, or to deny the accuracy of what the author says of himself and others. So at the crisis of the siege of Barcelona—the preparations in the

[1] Three vols., 1869, i. 439. [2] Reign of Queen Anne, 195.

evening for the storming at dawn—we find the captain intrusted with a delicate and dangerous duty. Three batteries had been erected to cover the storming-party, but a fourth was desirable, in a hollow with precipitous banks. "However, when I came to the place, and had carefully taken a view of it, though I was sensible enough of the difficulty, I made my main objection as to the time for accomplishing it; for it was then between nine and ten, and the guns were to be mounted by daylight. Neither could I at present see any other way to answer their expectations, than by casting the cannon down the precipice, at all hazards, to the place below where that fourth battery was erected." The arrangements being completed, "Major Collier, who commanded the train, came to me, and perceiving the difficulties to the undertaking, in a fret told me I was imposed upon, and vowed he would go and find out Brigadier Petit, and let him know the impossibility, as well as the unreasonableness, of the task I was put upon. He had scarce uttered those words, and turned himself to perform his promise, when an unlucky shot with a musket-ball wounded him through the shoulder; upon which he was carried off, and I saw him not till some considerable time after." In the end he got "the guns, by the help of fascines and other lesser preparations below, safely let down and mounted; so that that fourth battery began to play upon the town before break of day, and with all the success that was proposed." [1]

Presently on the march, turning a garrison at Villena, we are again in personalities that might have

[1] Edit. 1743, pp. 112-114.

been contradicted. "I had all along made it my observation that Captain Matthews, who commanded those dragoons I marched with, was a person of much more courage than conduct; and he used as little precaution here, though just marching under the eye of the enemy, as he had done at other times." Carleton shows him where an ambuscade is posted, and over and over remonstrates; but Matthews will onwards, and is rescued by a shred of the good luck that attended the marches of Peterborough. The forces in ambuscade "stood their ground till we were advanced within two hundred yards of them, and then in confusion retired into the town. They were obliged to pass over a small bridge—too small to admit of such a company in so much haste—their crowding upon which obstructed their retreat, and left all that could not get over to the mercy of our swords, which spared none." Thus they passed in triumph the fortifications of Villena. The commander then sent an apologetic message after Captain Matthews, complaining of the poltroonery of his Spanish followers who had spoilt a hopeful passage at arms. He was an Irishman named O'Roorke, who "was next year killed at Aikay, being much lamented; for he was esteemed, both for his courage and conduct, one of the best of the Irish officers in the Spanish service. I was likewise informed that he was descended from one of the ancient kings of Ireland."[1]

Carleton is wounded and becomes a prisoner of war on the capture of Denia, but he has still a world of gossip, such as would trip him up continually if

[1] Edit. 1743, pp. 191-193.

it were drawn out of a fertile imagination. Thus he hears of some incidents at the springing of a mine at Alicant, garrisoned by a portion of Peterborough's army. A mine was to be sprung. It was known to the garrison. The country people crowded together on a hill to see the explosion, but a certain Colonel Syburg with some others maintained that the preparations were a pretence; and in token of incredulity they would drink the queen's health on the doomed bastion. "Upon this my relator, Syburg's gentleman, said he was sent to fetch the stipulated two bottles; returning with which, Captain Daniel Weaver, within thirty or forty yards of the battery ran by him, vowing he was resolved to drink the queen's health with them; but his feet were scarce on the battery when the mine was sprung, which took him away with the rest of the company, while Major Harding, now a justice in Westminster, coming that very moment off duty, exchanged fates."[1] That is to say, as the hilarious party stepped on the bastion Major Harding, his duty then at an end, stepped off it. Then follows some thoughts on predestination, fatalism, and other cognate matters, much akin to Defoe's ruminations in his serious moments, but also of a kind common to many people of the day, Captain Carleton included.

It would be difficult to find other passages in the book, where Carleton individualises himself. This deserves notice, because Defoe, probably to make his story more emphatic and life-like, generally saturates

[1] Edit. 1743, p. 241.

his fictions with egotism. This was a logical necessity in the conception of Robinson Crusoe, who, through the most critical part of his story had nobody else to speak about. But Captain Singleton, the Cavalier who is generally in crowded action, ever brings himself to the front.

CHAPTER XI.

The Sacheverell Commotions.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND—HENRY SACHEVERELL—HIS FAMILY AND EDUCATION—HIS CHARACTER—HIS "GUNPOWDER TREASON SERMON"—THE ASSIZE SERMON—AGGRAVATIONS IN THEIR PUBLICATION—RISING EXCITEMENT IN THE COUNTRY—GREAT QUESTIONS OPENED—THE QUEEN'S TITLE—TOUCHING FOR THE EVIL—THE DEFENCE OF THE SUCCESSION IN THE HOUSE OF HANOVER—THE CHALLENGE TO THOSE WHO WOULD TAKE THE RISK OF QUESTIONING IT—INQUEST FOR DISCOVERY OF JACOBITISM — DISCUSSION OF GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTIONS—THE BISHOPS—SACHEVERELL'S PLEADINGS.

At this point we are drawn into the undignified but exciting episode beginning in Sacheverell's "Gunpowder Treason Sermon." The liturgical calendar of the Church of England had begun the commemoration of events more closely associated with fresh historic memorial than the translation days of ancient and often questionable saints in the *Breviarium Romanum* were apt to be. There were two of these commemorations in the reign of Charles I., much valued and cherished in the egotistic heart of his father. The one was the 5th of August, the day of his escape from the conspiracy in Gowrie House; the other, the 5th of November, was the commemoration of the renowned Gunpowder Plot.

After the Restoration, the Gowrie commemoration was dropped; but two others of great significance came on the calendar, and were graced with appropriate special services: the 30th of January, "being the day of the martyrdom of the blessed King Charles the First;" and the 29th of May, the day of the Restoration, and also the birthday, of his son. Among a people such as the English, it naturally befell that exercises in abstract piety were not the sole or even the principal result of commemorations capable of stirring to their furthest depths the partisanships and animosities of the day, both political and polemical. Accordingly, as each commemoration-day approached, the services of some redoubted pulpit orator were sought for the improvement of the occasion; and in conspicuous places, where the tone of the address would have a corresponding influence, there was often a struggle between parties, each demanding a champion attached to its own banner. When each affair was over, the words of the orator were subjected to critical and passionate comment; and if his oration had been conspicuously bold or sarcastic its influence was not limited to a district, but it became the news of the day all over England. It was the fortune of Sacheverell, on the 5th of November in the year 1709, to preach from the pulpit of St Paul's, the most illustrious rostrum in the land; for it was not only the cathedral church of London, but it succeeded to the traditionary influences of "Paul's Cross," famed as the source of momentous announcements from the inauguration of Richard III. downwards.

On this occasion there was not much in the his-

tory and character of the selected orator to presage a storm. Henry Sacheverell belonged to a worshipful family boasting a good pedigree, and possessing estates for the heir and church livings for the cadets of the house. In one of these Henry began a career that promised to be tranquil as that of the great bulk of his class. He was an eloquent preacher, however, and his fame as a pulpit orator drew him to the metropolitan flock of St Saviour's, in Southwark. He left no testimony to his capacity as an author save sermons printed after delivery, and casual pamphlets. These are far above the level of the contemporary literature of that class, both in their good English composition and their good taste.[1] They

[1] The earliest specimens of Sacheverell's literature that I can find carry us back to the year 1702. One is "A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford on the 10th day of June 1702, being the Fast appointed for imploring a Blessing on her Majesty and Allies engaged in the present War."—Adv. Lib., No. 753, pp. 4, 5. There is nothing here to prepare us for the thunder of the High Church enthusiast converted into the demagogue. The country is exhorted to a confidence founded on the goodness of the cause and merited favour from above. And all is adorned with a decorous and subdued eloquence, as, "How many fleets have been dissipated with a mist, and blown up with a spark of fire! So that the final sentence of a whole kingdom has oftentimes been pronounced in a few syllables of a verbal mistake, and a mere gust of wind has blasted the fortunes of an empire. . . . This unaccountable conduct in human affairs, which the blind world has miscalled by the name of fortune, is the unsearchable guidance of an all-wise Providence, baffling and counter-plotting the shallow projections of reason, and overruling and directing them not only beyond but beside their own powers and tendencies. This is that which, like a sudden flash of lightning from heaven, has often blasted the laurels on the hero's head, changed his crown and sceptre into chains and fetters, his throne into a dungeon, and his victory and triumph into conquest and captivity."—Pp. 16, 17.

I have at hand a pamphlet of the same year, called "The Political Union; a Discourse showing the Dependence of Government on Religion in general, and of the English Monarchy on the Church of Eng-

are strewed with references to the Latin classics with a profuseness that would be counted pedantic in the present day. In his time, however, the flowers of classic genius were still, in a great measure, fresh and new to the common world of readers; and the apophthegm or antithesis, now worn to flatness by incessant and often inappropriate citation, was then fresh and pungent. We may count it a testimony both to his social worth and his scholarly attain-

land in particular." By Henry Sacheverell, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxon.: Oxford, 1702. The text of this discourse is—"By Me kings reign, and princes decree justice." This text is applied, with generalities, to the necessity of religion as the safety and support of a State; and if anything in the history or politics of England was in the author's eye when he wrote what follows, it must certainly have been the reign of Charles II.:—

"When once a warlike nation, that has been raised by hardship and danger, by fatigue and toil, by industry and parsimony, by discipline and policy, is unfortunately cast into the hands of a lavish, idle, and extravagant successor, who makes his pleasure the end of government, the grandeur of his predecessors shall only lead the way to his misery; and 'tis generally seen that such an one shall pull down and destroy, in the small compass of one reign, what has been the work and labour of many ages to raise."—P. 42.

When, emerging from the vague declamation so abundant in the literature of this class, the author touches on the practical affairs of the day, he reveals to us that he was among the first to proclaim the enmity to "Occasional Conformity," destined, a few months later, to be so conspicuous and troublesome. The "occasionals" are described by him as "those crafty, faithless, and insidious persons who can creep to our altars and partake of our sacraments, that they may be qualified, more secretly and powerfully, to undermine us." But still more hotly does he castigate those "false brethren" of the Church who welcome the "occasional;" and he hopes to see the day when every "true son of the Church" shall learn how to treat those who would have taken down its fence and removed its landmark to make way for all men of a free and unbounded persuasion to enter to debauch its doctrines, overrun its discipline, and to subvert the very being of that constitution which is at present the only support of the Protestant religion in the world. . . . These shuffling treacherous latitudinarians ought to be stigmatised and treated equally as dangerous enemies to the Government as well as the Church."—P. 49.

ments that, in 1694, Addison dedicated to him, as "dearest Henry," the poem called "An Account of the Greatest English Poets."

In such characteristics as these we have nothing to prepare us for the advance upon the stage of the virulent unscrupulous charlatan who, to accomplish his own ends, was to sway the rough mob of London, and gain the hearts of orthodox aldermen and high sheriffs. Hence the earliest authors who took up the affair, not merely as retailers of news but as historians of events in their natural sequence, seem to have felt themselves bound to account for the phenomenon of his meteoric career in the character and endowments that, springing up in early youth, had come to maturity for the great occasion. Accordingly, after the fashion of the Newgate Calendar school of literature, which tells how the victim of Tyburn tree developed a precocious propensity for cheating at play and haunting the ale-house, so the youth of Sacheverell was marked by the insubordinate restlessness, the spirit of defiance, and the haughty temper, that matured themselves in the accomplished and successful demagogue.[1]

But in fact his career was none of his own making;

[1] For instance: "Dr Henry Sacheverell was a man of a large and strong make, with a good symmetry of parts, of a livid rather than a ruddy complexion, and an insolent overbearing front, with large staring eyes, but no life in them,—a manifest indication of an envious, ill-natured, proud, sullen, and ambitious temper. . . . Having made some tolerable improvement in classical learning, he was sent by Mr Hearst to the University of Oxford, and admitted into Magdalen College, where he had not been long before he discovered his turbulent, audacious, and imperious temper, by his disrespectful behaviour to his superiors, his insolence to his equals, and his imperious and tyrannical usage of his inferiors, especially the college servants, on whom, after he was fellow, he usurped such an absolute authority as rendered him

it was a creation of imperious political forces. Accident brought him within the sweep of these powers, and a certain personal quality, not of an exalted kind, made him master of the situation when he

intolerable."—Paul Chamberlen, History of the Life and Reign of Queen Anne, 331.

"Dr Sacheverell was a bold, insolent man, with a very small share of religion, virtue, or good sense."—Tindal, iii. 149, 150.

He "was bred at the public school in Marlborough, at the charge of one Edward Hearst, an apothecary, whose wife surviving him, continued his charity to Sacheverell, and sent him to Oxford. . . . He had not been long at Oxford before she discovered his turbulent, violent, and imperious temper,—the more ill-becoming in him, because he subsisted by charity. He was remarkable for his disrespectful behaviour to his superiors and his insolence to his equals. The very make and look of him were an index to his character. . . . Having a small benefice given him in Staffordshire, he gave great scandal to the sober and religious people in his neighbourhood by his immoralities, which are set forth in a treatise entitled 'Peril of being zealously, but not well-affected,' written by a minister of the Church of England, one of the brotherhood of St Katharine's. While he was at his parish, or Oxford, he fell in with the most furious of the Jacobite party, made scurrilous reflections on the death of King William and the Hanover succession; and when the queen appeared against the High-Church memorial, he had the impudence to call her a 'waxen queen,' 'whereby,' says the annalist, 'he alluded to or gave the hint of the tacit jest that was put upon her at Oxford, by those who put her motto of *semper eadem* on the vane of a weather-cock."—Oldmixon, Hist., ii. 429.

To satisfy the cravings of those who dived into the primary causes of so exceptional a phenomenon as Sacheverell's career, his ancestry was sought out; and it was found that he had come of a turbulent race of ecclesiastical trouble-worlds, while it gave zest to the revelation that these all assailed the Church of England from the Puritan side. "His grandfather, Mr John Sacheverell, on the very day of King Charles the Second's coronation, preached on this text: 'But if ye shall do wickedly, ye shall be consumed, both you and your king.' The observation he chiefly insisted upon was, that wicked men, continuing in their wicked actions, are the greatest traitors to the king and State wherein they live. Several of his auditory went out of the church in the midst of sermon, and the rabble got together, and in the market-place, at Wincaunton, impanelled a jury from amongst themselves, and represented a formal trial of the preacher; after which they drew him in effigy, with a book in his hand, which they called his catechism, upon a hurdle to the top of a hill, where a great bonfire was prepared, and the effigy

found himself in it. That quality was vanity. In him this passion was absorbing and supreme, insomuch that the plaudits of a mob, however base, brutal, and barbarously ignorant it might be, was to him, scholar and gentleman though he might call himself, more charming than divine philosophy.

There was, indeed, throughout the political elements of the day, an apparatus of hostility hidden and deep-rooted that must break forth at some early opportunity. There was a depressing feeling that the Revolution Settlement was, with its corollary the Hanover succession, in imminent danger; and its supporters had an uneasy desire to work out a final answer to the question—Who is for us, and who is against us? The question must be fought out in Parliament,—and it must be fought, not upon some general principle of the right of resistance against tyranny, or on some question as to the validity of existing conditions, such as the validity of the queen's right to the throne; but upon the great question of implicit approval of all that was done by the promoters of the Revolution, and by those who followed it up by excluding the house of Stewart and selecting the house of Hanover as the line of succession. It was difficult to find a battle-ground where these great questions could be fought out—a parliamentary issue that would drive men to commit themselves to one

of this pious man was stuck upon a pole and placed in the middle of the flames, where it was consumed. Henry Sacheverell's uncle Timothy, being driven by persecution from his house and flock at Tarrant-Hinton, removed to Winterbourn, in the same county of Dorset; where, upon the Indulgence in 1672, he fitted up an outhouse for a place of worship, and the rabble set it on fire, to prevent its being put to that good use." —Oldmixon, ii. 429.

side or the other. The first opportunity that offered itself was accordingly seized. Like other openings of political flood-gates, it brought many results unwelcome to those who had opened them. But the most conspicuous or showy article that is carried off on the surface of a flooded river has no more influence on the forces that carry it onwards, than Sacheverell had on the influences that led him on to glory. Given the political influences at work, his rapacious vanity, and the opportunity afforded by his sermon, and we have enough in the temper of the times to account for his career.

It remains to say a word about the nature of that renowned sermon. Our great popular preachers are apt to leave a fuller testimony to their powers than our great public orators. The words of the minister of the Gospel must be well weighed, or must at least come forth in such deliberate fashion as if they were so. They are not influenced by the turn of a debate or by the cheers or derision of a mob. They are generally written out before delivery, and thus are given forth in print precisely as they were delivered. Yet even such distinct testimony to what was said can only impart to us a portion of the power of the preacher over those who have heard him. We need not, however, make much allowance for what is thus unknown and incapable of appreciation, in deciding that Sacheverell's sermon on this occasion was the work of a great artist. There is nothing in it of the vulgar ranter. It has a thoroughly scholarly tone, offering critical contest on interpretations of weighty passages in the original sources of the accepted Bible. It is argumentative where argument is wanted, and

occasionally rises into fine climaxes of eloquence. At the outset the preacher adroitly fortified himself at a weak point by expressions that forbade any of his audience to interpret anything favouring or countenancing Popery—anything but the sternest hostility to that cause so far as it might come in question in the pursuit of his main object. The day to be commemorated—the 5th of November—gave him his opportunity, and he seized it thus :—

"Among all the most dreadful plots that ever threatened this Church and kingdom, the dismal tragedy contrived at this day to be executed on both, may justly claim the horrible precedence, and, consequently, the highest expression of our gratitude for so astonishing and miraculous a deliverance from it. For whether we consider the black depth of its subtle contrivance, the destructive extent and sanguinary consequences of it, or its surprising and unaccountable discovery, we must confess that nothing but the all-powerful and gracious hand of God, interposing against the utter subversion of our nation and religion, could have prevented such a fatal conspiracy; a conspiracy so full of the most unheard-of malice, most insatiable cruelty, most diabolical revenge, as only could be hatched in the cabinet council of hell, and brought forth in a conclave of Romish Jesuits."

The orator's blows are not levelled against Dissenters or revolutionists unless by inference. The great current of his vehemence is against those fellow-Churchmen who nourish and encourage Dissenters, who prate about a comprehension, and pander to "Occasional Conformity." The text is taken from

St Paul's climax of his sufferings for the great cause: "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren." "In this theoretical abridgment of the sufferings and dangers of his life, there is a very observable gradation; the apostle still rises in his calamities, and puts the last as the highest perfection of his misery, as that which made the deepest impression upon his passions, and what he bore with the greatest resentment and difficulty. The many severe pains and tortures inflicted on his body were nothing to this—nay, the good-nature and mercy of highwaymen and pagans, and even the devouring bosom of the deep, were to be preferred before—and sooner, it seems, to be trusted to—than the more certainly destructive and fallacious bosom of a treacherous, false brother."

And when warming into righteous indignation, he exposed the machinations of these false brethren, it was in a tone well fitted to rouse a kindred spirit among the true brethren of the High Church party who listened to his words: "Is this the spirit and doctrine of our holy mother? to assert separation from her communion to be no schism; or if it was, that schism is no damnable sin; that occasional conformity is no hypocrisy, but rather for the benefit of the Church; that any one may be an occasional conformist with schismatics and yet not guilty of schism; that a Christian may serve God in any way or congregation of worship as well by extemporary prayers as by a prescribed form and liturgy; that conformity

to the Church and ecclesiastical authority are no parts of morality and a good life, which are only necessary to salvation; that the orders and ceremonies of the Church are only carnal arbitrary obediences, to be dispensed with as men please both by clergy and laity; that the censures and excommunications of the Church are mere *bruta fulmina;* canonical obedience and absolution, spiritual tyranny and usurpation; —and, in a word, that the whole body of the worship and discipline of the Church of England is nothing else but priest-craft and Popery in masquerade."

Again—

"Now let us, I beseech you, in the name of God, fairly consider what must be the consequence of this scandalous fluctuation and trimming betwixt the Church and Dissenters, both in conscience and prudence. Does not this innovating, in giving up or receding from any one point or article in our faith, violate and affect the whole frame and body of it? Can we either add to or diminish from the least jot of our religion? Are we to take it as our Saviour and His apostles delivered it down to us? Or have we authority to curtail, mangle or alter it, to suit it to the pride, humours, caprice, and qualm-sick stomachs of obstinate moody, wayward, and self-conceited hypocrites and enthusiasts? Will not such a base and time-serving compliance give the enemies of our Church an occasion of blaspheming her as weak and inconsistent? Will it not argue the illegality of her ordinances and laws, or that they were too rigid and wanted an abatement? Will not this harden, encourage, nay, justify the Dissenters in their opinion of their separation, when they see such large allowances and concessions made in

its favour? What dishonourable and unworthy opinions must they entertain of the priests of that Church who can sacrifice their most solemn declarations and oaths to compliance and preferment? What would be the end of all this but to establish heresy and Erastianism upon the ruins of our faith and discipline? Would not this spiritual legerdemain—this fallacious tricking and double-dealing—eradicate all the principles of truth and honesty, or piety, out of men's minds? make them unconcerned whether there is any or no religion? run them into a universal scepticism and infidelity, and make them all atheists or papists?"

He found it within the scope of his exhortation to lift his testimony against a prominent feature in the literature of the age—the books composed by men of learning and genius devoted to the propagation of scepticism, and even of positive infidelity. This was the inevitable result of the effacing of the boundary between truth and falsehood—between the Church and schism. Though the Nonconformists would have abjured the logic that found such a cause for it, they mourned the indisputable result at least with as much sincerity as Sacheverell and his followers.

It was not to be expected that while Churchmen who were tolerant and sympathetic towards Dissenters were chastised, the Dissenters themselves should escape the lash. But it was difficult to say what he felt against them, lest he might come under the charge of attacking the Legislature; for by the Act of King William's reign, commonly called the Toleration Act, certain privileges were secured to Dissenters. True, an effort had been made to restrain

these privileges by the Bill against Occasional Conformity, but that had not yet passed into an Act. In that age the Acts of Parliament were more sacred from criticism outside than they are at the present day. The political convulsions from the meeting of the Long Parliament to the Revolution had associated the questioning and criticising of the Acts of the Supreme Legislature as the premonitory symptoms of some great political convulsion. A sensitiveness of this kind is a key to the whole tone and tenor of the Sacheverell prosecution, since it was maintained that, under a pleading for absolute obedience to the supreme power, he attacked what the supreme power had accomplished in the Revolution.

His tactic for letting the bitterness of his hatred towards the Dissenters be felt without disputing the law which tolerated them, was adroit. He railed at them for deeds of the past—deeds which no one could defend. He anticipated a future of political horrors if they continued to be indulged as they had been. And then, in a manner almost sarcastic, he reserved a special concurrence in that Act of the Legislature which was the one substantial testimony to the connivance that called up all his wrath.

"A man must be very weak, or something worse, that thinks or pretends that Dissenters are to be gained or won over by any other grants and indulgences than giving up our whole constitution; and he that recedes the least tittle from it to satisfy or ingratiate with these clamorous, insatiate, and Church-devouring malignants, knows not what spirit they are of." "Queen Elizabeth in her wisdom saw through it all. It would endanger the monarchy, as well as the

hierarchy; and, like a queen of true resolution and pious zeal for both, pronounced that such were the restless spirits of that factious people, that no quiet was to be expected from them till they were utterly suppressed, which, like a prudent princess, she did by wholesome severities, that the crown for many years sat easy and flourishing upon her head.[1] And had her successor, King James, but followed her wise politics, his son had never fallen a martyr to their fury, nor any of his unhappy offspring suffered those disastrous calamities which made the royal family one continued sacrifice to their malice. And what better could have been expected from miscreants begot in rebellion, born in sedition, and nursed up in faction? I would not here be misunderstood, as if I intended to cast the least invidious reflection upon that indulgence the Government has condescended to give them —which I am sure all those who wish well to our Church are very ready to grant to consciences truly scrupulous—let them enjoy it in the full limits the law has prescribed. But let them also move within their proper sphere, and not grow eccentric, and, like comets that burst their orb, threaten the ruin and downfall of our Church and State. Indeed they tell us they have relinquished the principles as well as the sins of their forefathers; if so, why do they not renounce their schism, and come sincerely into our Church?" [2]

[1] "What those wholesome severities were, your lordships have been told. They were hanging, burning, abjuration, confiscation, imprisonment, loss of estate, liberty, and life. I say no more of them: but I believe there is not one person here, but if these severities were inflicted on him, would be far from thinking them wholesome, and desire to be excused from them."—Speech of Sir Peter King, St. Tr., xv. 429.

[2] St. Tr., xv. 97, 98.

The preacher thought fit to tread on other ground, which he made dangerous to himself by an imprudent personality. He assailed those who, not zealous either as Low Churchmen or Nonconformists, encouraged comprehension and toleration in the spirit of political expediency. Persons in high places were pointed out as the object of this or that casual expression. For instance, in citing the passage in the Psalms, with the climax of reproach against his companion, his guide, his own familiar friend, he said, "In what moving and lively colour does the holy Psalmist point out the crafty insidiousness of such wily volpones!"[1]

Whether or not the example was set by Ben Jonson in his play of "Volpone," the term had come into social use, in its Italian sense, as the equivalent of our own "old fox." It was said to have been thus applied to Godolphin before the sermon was preached, and to have been repeated by the preacher, because it had been so applied. If the minister and his friends remained in ignorance of the distinction conferred on him by the popular preacher, it was not through the neglect of the lampooners. The English common people have ever loved a well-aimed nickname, and this specimen of the art was widely scattered among them in bitter prose and doggerel.[2]

It would leave the scope of Sacheverell's offences incomplete if reference were not here made to a pal-

[1] The sermon will be found printed at length in the State Trials, xv. 71-94.

[2] For instance:—

"Now Britons mourn
Your liberty torne;
Now Jersey, the trickster, grave sorners has won,
To assist a great Duchess
Some believe that a witch is

pable opportunity of doing loyal service to the Revolution Settlement, put prominently before him, but silently evaded. The Fifth of November was not solely commemorated as the day of deliverance from the Popish plot for destroying the Parliament. By a coincidence, held by many people of that day not to be fortuitous, it recalled the most emphatic act in the progress of the Revolution—the landing of King William at Torbay. Hence the commemoration in the Book of Common Prayer was titled,—"A form of prayer with thanksgiving, to be used yearly upon the fifth day of November, for the happy deliverance of King James I. and the Three Estates of England from the most traitorous and bloody-intended massacre by gunpowder; and also for the happy arrival of his Majesty King William on this day, for the deliverance of our Church and nation."

The preacher did not leave this coincidence entirely

To govern three realms, with arms and advices,
Of Volpone, Volpone, Churchill, and Ormond,
Loudon, Halifax, Wharton, and
Volpone, Volpone, &c.

Tho' by the Queen she was raised
Of honour, though once but a maid,
Yet she basely her mistress and Church has betrayed;
For which I dost fear
To see her hoist in th' air
With a curse in her mouth instead of a prayer.
Oh Volpone, Volpone, &c.

Canterbury, his Grace,
With dull writ on his face,
Must certainly have amongst them a place,
Or low-flying Church
Will be left in the lurch
By such damned protectors of Puritan race
As Volpone, Volpone, &c."

—A Collection of Poems, &c., for and against Dr Sacheverell (1710). In the second part, p. 13, the names have been filled in by inference, only the initial and final letters of each being printed in the lampoon.

unnoticed. The omission might perhaps have been less offensive than what he did, for it might have been thought that the deliverance from the gunpowder suggested enough for one sermon,—the other commemoration might be dealt with on another occasion. But it so happened that there was a casual and almost contemptuous allusion to the second deliverance in that most offensive passage of the sermon which denied that there was opposition to the sovereign power in the Revolution. "Our adversaries think they effectually stop our mouths, and have us sure and unanswerable on this point, when they urge the Revolution of this day in their defence. But certainly they are the greatest enemies of that, and of his late Majesty, and the most ungrateful for the deliverance, who endeavour to cast such black and odious colours upon both."

As the storm began to gather, the conduct of Sacheverell was that of one who would rather court and face it, than flee before it or seek shelter. Both the sermons were published as cheap pamphlets, each with an introductory dedication concentrating and aggravating its special offences. It might be supposed that the author, deeming the pulpit not the proper sphere of utterance for his heaviest vituperation, reserved that for the medium of the public press; but the whole affair seemed rather to bespeak a growing spirit of defiance, and he took care to proclaim full freedom of political speech in the pulpit, by saying in the dedication of the 'Perils of False Brethren,' "We are told by these men who would fain shut both our ears and our mouths, in order the more effectually to undermine and destroy us, that

the pulpit is not a place for politics; and that it is the business of a clergyman to preach peace and not sound the trumpet in Sion,—so expressly contrary to the command of God to 'cry aloud and spare not.'"

The dedication to the Lord Mayor opened a subsidiary question. It begins: "By your lordship's command this discourse ventures to appear in public, in contempt of all those scandalous misrepresentations the malicious adversaries of our Church have traduced it with, and that impartial sentence it had the honour to receive from some of those acute and wise judges who condemned it without sight or hearing; and it is set before the world, and especially the affluent citizens of London, that they may not be flattered into ruin, but seeing the fatal consequences of these damnable false doctrines which some seditious impostors have laboured to poison them with, may forsake and detest them." They are recommended to come forth to the contest with "the same open undaunted resolution" that distinguishes the Lord Mayor himself. Yet it was asserted that Sacheverell had no right to say that the publication was by "command" of the Lord Mayor. It was said that the other members of the corporation were dead against the publication. Sir Samuel Gerard, the Lord Mayor, had personally given zealous support to the preacher, and had taken him in solemn parade to dine at the Mansion House when the day's service was concluded; but whether or not he expressed a personal desire to expand the influence of the brilliant and orthodox exhortation to which he had listened, he had no right to order its publication as head of the corporation of London. But it was at the same time whispered

that there was a desire not to press any part of this question to a distinct issue, because it would have been necessary, had the order of publication been brought personally home to Sir Samuel as a member of Parliament, to expel him from the House of Commons, where he had many private friends.

The dedication of the other sermon was a still more emphatic act. It was addressed to its author's kinsman, "To the Right Worshipful George Sacheverell, Esq., High Sheriff of the County of Derby, and to the Honourable Gentlemen of the Grand Jury." It is observable that while the sermon on 'The Perils of False Brethren' was "read" in the House and printed in the journals along with its dedication,—of this other sermon on 'The Communication of Sin,' the dedication only was read and printed, that being accounted all-sufficient.

In fact, one might read the sermon to its end without seeing in it any reference to politics or polemics. It sounds like a denunciation of the vices and profligacy so conspicuous at the time, and of those who give encouragement to vice and profligacy by seductive literature. If persons were pointed to as possibly assailed by it, they would be such as Wharton, Bolingbroke, Durfey, and Mrs Manley. But if people were led astray in that direction, the dedication showed them where to find the real sinners. "Now when the principles and interests of our Church and Constitution are so shamefully betrayed and run down, it can be no little comfort to all those who wish their welfare and security, to see that, notwithstanding the secret malice and open violence they are persecuted with, there are still to be found

such worthy patrons of both who dare own and defend them, as well against the rude and presumptuous insult of the one side, as the base undermining treachery of the other; and who scorn to sit silently by and partake in the sins of these associated malignants."

Standing alone, the sermon was like a threatening and scolding letter with no address upon it. The dedication supplied the defect, pointing to the Dissenters as the sinners, and the Whigs and Low Churchmen who gave the Dissenters countenance and support, as the communicators and propagators of sin. In the following passages there is just enough in the indication that the author addresses himself to clergymen, and in the use of the word "schismatical," to harmonise the dedication with the substance of the sermon :—

"When the directors of men's consciences turn impostors, and betray and mislead them into those sins they should teach them to avoid, such pernicious infidelity to their sacred office ought justly to entitle them to all those repeated woes denounced by God and Christ against those false prophets and pharisaical doctors who perverted the divine law, and made even the blessed Word of God the sad instrument of damnation to mankind."

"In commending, approving, or defending any crime, we appropriate it to ourselves, transgress at second hand, become the guardians of iniquity, and commence the devil's champions to fight his battles and maintain his cause, and represent him in the most detestable quality of his nature—a delight in the dishonour of God and the misery and ruin of mankind.

In giving offence by our actions we use our liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, and make what would be otherwise innocent culpable. By a scandalous life and example we derive a reproach upon our holy profession, and must answer for those who are seduced by its baleful and infectious influence. By instilling or propagating heterodox, schismatical, atheistical, factious, or immoral principles into others, we turn mere antichrists and emissaries of hell, and must answer for all the souls that perish through our treachery, guilt, or delusion."[1]

On the 13th of December 1709, the Commons passed the first resolution on the great Sacheverell case, on the motion of John Dolben, member for Liskard, seconded by Spencer Cowper, member for Bodmin in Cornwall. Two printed papers were laid before the House: the one, the sermon preached at St Paul's; the other, the dedication of a sermon preached at the Assizes held at Derby "on the 15th of August 1709." The object of bringing up the dedication appears to have been, like the previous convictions cited against an ordinary criminal, to show that the great sermon was no single unpremeditated outburst, but that its author, in a distant province, when he addressed his own relations and personal friends, scattered around him the same perilous matter.

The author and the printer of the two pieces were brought before the House, where the author was selected as the guilty party. It was resolved that he should be impeached before the House of Lords of high crimes and misdemeanours. A committee was appointed to prepare articles of impeachment. The

[1] The Communication of Sin, &c., p. 14.

duty of this committee—the policy of its appointment—was to draw off the tenor of the debate from the special matter of the doctor's declamations to the great question of the stability of the Revolution Settlement and the Hanover succession. Accordingly, while the articles set forth how the culprit had falsely charged the rulers of the land with treachery towards the institutions of the country, had falsely stated that the Church was in danger, and had malignantly assailed the laws tolerating Dissent and other established elements in the constitution, the real issues on which it was desired that there should be a great parliamentary debate were thus condensed in the preamble to the articles:—

"Whereas his late Majesty King William the Third, then Prince of Orange, did with an armed force undertake a glorious enterprise for delivering this kingdom from Popery and arbitrary power; and divers subjects of this realm, well affected to their country, joined with and assisted his Majesty in the said enterprise; and it having pleased Almighty God to crown the same with success, the late happy Revolution did take effect and was established: and whereas the said glorious enterprise was approved by several Acts of Parliament, and among others by an Act, &c.: and whereas the happy and blessed consequences of the said Revolution are the enjoyment of the light of God's true religion established among us, and of the laws and liberties of the kingdom; the uniting her Majesty's Protestant subjects in interest and affection by legal indulgence or toleration granted to Dissenters; the preservation of her Majesty's sacred person; the many and continual benefits arising from her Majesty's

wise and glorious administration; and the prospect of happiness for future ages by the settlement of the succession of the crown in the Protestant line, and the union of the two kingdoms."

On this text, as on the theses tacked to university gates, there was to be a mighty debate, that it might be seen whether any member of the two Houses would stand up in his place and venture to attack the principles that carried the Revolution, or venture a hint against that portion of the great settlement that had yet to be fulfilled in the peaceable accession of the house of Hanover. When it was asked, Why, in such a case, seek the cumbrous, costly, protracted method of impeachment? If the man had committed an offence against the law such as treason or sedition, the courts of law were available—why not bring him to trial in the ordinary manner? If there was no answer to such a proposal, there was yet a strong reason against it. The punishment of Sacheverell was not so earnestly desired as the great debate. The impeachment would not only call on all conspicuous members of the Commons to declare themselves, but it would carry the debate into the House of Lords. In all the pomp and solemnity of the most august of tribunals would the free principles of the British Constitution be discussed before all Europe.

The ardent friends of the Hanover succession would thus know who were for and who against them. Under-currents of political feeling had recently alarmed them, and they desired to know the worst.

The peculiar position of the Crown left opportunity for much loyalty, and for many expressions of a well-

affected tenor, which yet could not be mustered in support of that completed settlement of which Queen Anne was fulfilling a part. Her descent as a daughter of King James was remembered by those who would have nothing to say for her parliamentary title. There were those who could not see much difference between the title of a son and of a daughter, who could yet see how vast lay the gap between the royal house of Stewart and a German house, owning some dubious title inferior to sovereignty, whose connection with the house of Stewart was only to be realised by a troublesome effort of memory. Middle-aged people remembered the time when the two sisters, Mary and Anne, were the heirs of the throne, and it was a thing familiar to their expectations, to see it occupied by the one and then by the other. Even in the short interval between them the occupier was a nephew of King Charles and King James. On people who inclined to the hereditary principle, without driving it to its absolute conclusions as an exact science, such considerations had a strong hold.

It was suggested by some confident spirits that the queen's title should be tested by affording to her the opportunity of proving whether she inherited the one miraculous gift peculiar to the legitimate occupant of the English throne—it had been bestowed on the holy saint Edward the Confessor, and was intrusted to his successors as a testimony that God sanctioned the right of inheritance claimed by them. Would her Majesty condescend to touch for the king's evil? It was done accordingly. From a crowd of applicants for the distinction of being handled by royalty, a selection by skilled physicians

was made of those hapless beings who, beyond the aid of physical remedies, were the proper objects of the miraculous intervention of the sovereign.[1] Of these Samuel Johnson was one, and he remembered the ceremony. The touch was found to be successful. The announcement that it was so gladdened many a loyal subject and ardent Churchman, rejoicing with trembling in mysterious awe at the wonderful ways of Providence. This was no technical confirmation of a parliamentary title—it was God's doing, and wonderful in their sight.

The uneasy suspicions excited by such significant trifles were enhanced by the position at this period of the queen's nearest relation. He had now come to man's estate. If he had heretofore been seduced into the fallacies of Popery, he could now think and act for himself, and it was not unreasonable to suppose that he might become a sound Protestant and a standing rebuke to the restless spirits that had disturbed the serene rule of hereditary succession. In those oppressed by such lingering doubts, uneasy associations were suggested by an impeachment—especially the impeachment of a clergyman. It was too like the opening of the great troubles of the last century, which, beginning with hesitation in the imperfect attack on Bishop Wren, fell with accumulating power on Strafford and Laud, and at last in the fierce wantonness of its career destroyed king and constitution.

[1] "*Bath, October 6th.*—A great number of persons coming to this place to be touched by the Queen's Majesty for the evil, her Majesty commanded Dr Thomas Gardiner, her chief surgeon, to examine them all particularly, which accordingly was done by him, of whom but thirty appeared to have the evil, which he certified by tickets as is usual, and these thirty were all touched that day."—Oldmixon, 302.

But the spirit of the champions of the Revolution was of a different order. None desired to see again the anarchy that called in the potent spirit of Cromwell to enact the policeman. There was a great fund of steady loyalty alive in the country—but throughout the overruling majority it was a loyalty to the Protestant line and could tolerate no other.

The discussion taking far wider scope than the statutes and precedents that make a boundary round litigations in the courts of law, wandered forth into the mighty wilderness of polemical rhetoric and disputation. Sometimes the impeachers, sometimes the defenders, sometimes both, appeared to be lost in distant thickets or labyrinths, when the marvellous lucidity ever directing the tactics of Parliament brought the parties to distinct issues—where propositions asserted on the one hand, were as distinctly denied on the other. This strictness of assertion and denial—of the application of the contradictory formula, as it has been termed by logicians—not only ruled the pleadings, but was brought with wonderful success to the ranging and estimating of the authorities. As an instance, we find Sacheverell's counsel triumphant in quotation from Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity.' Clerk reads:—

"That subjection which we owe to lawful powers, doth not only import that we should be under them by order of our State, but that we show all submission towards them both by honour and obedience. He that resisteth them resisteth God. And resisted they be, if either the authority itself which they exercise be denied — as by Anabaptists all secular jurisdictions—or if resistance be made, but only so

far forth as doth touch their persons, which are invested with power."

A proposal on the other side to quote also from Hooker, was met by the plea, "We submit to your lordships whether it is proper to break into our defence? or whether the gentlemen of the House of Commons will read what they think proper when they come to reply?" But for the Commons it was successfully pleaded, that as the defence made a witness of Hooker, that witness might be cross-questioned from his own printed words. Accordingly passages were cited, of which this is a specimen :—

"If God in His revealed Word hath appointed such power to be, although Himself extraordinarily bestow it not, but leave the appointment of persons to men; yet albeit God do neither appoint nor assign the person—nevertheless when men have assigned, and established both, who doth doubt but that sundry duties and affairs depending thereupon, are prescribed by the Word of God, and consequently, by that very 'right to be exerted? For example' sake, the power which Roman emperors had over foreign provinces, was not a thing which the law of God did ever institute, neither was Tiberius Cæsar by especial commission from heaven therewith invested; and yet payment of tribute unto Cæsar, being now made emperor, is the plain law of Jesus—unto kings by human right, honour by very divine right is due. Man's ordinances are many times proposed as grounds in the statutes of God. And therefore, of what kind soever the means be whereby governors are lawfully advanced to their states, as we by the laws of God stand bound meekly to ac-

knowledge them as God's lieutenants, and do profess their power His; so by the same law they are both authorised and required to use that power, as far as it may be in any state available, to His honour."

"That which we speak of kings shall be in respect of the state and according to the nature of this kingdom, where the people are in no subjection, but such as willingly themselves have condescended unto for their own most behoof and security. In kingdoms, therefore, of this quality, the highest governor hath indeed universal dominion, but with dependency over that whole entire body over the several parts whereof he hath dominion; so that it standeth for an axiom in that case—the king is '*major singulis, universis minor.*' The king's dependency we do not construe as some have done; we are of opinion that no man's birth can make him a king; but every particular person advanced to such authority hath, at his entrance into his reign, the same bestowed on him as an estate, on condition, by the voluntary deed of the people, with whom it doth lie to put by any one, and to prefer some other before him better liked of or judged fitter for the place; and that the party so rejected hath no injury done to him,—no, although the same be done in a place where the crown doth go δια γηνος—by succession, and to a person which is capital, and hath apparently, if blood be respect, the nearest right. They plainly affirm, in all well-appointed kingdoms, the custom evermore hath been and is, that children succeed not to their parents, until the people, after a sort, have created them anew; neither that they grow to their fathers as natural and proper heirs, but are then to

be reckoned for kings, when at the hands of such as represent the king's majesty they have, by sceptre and a diadem, received, as it were, the investiture of a kingly power. Their very words are, 'that where such power is settled into a family or kindred, the stock itself is thereby chosen, but not the twig that springeth of it. The next of the stock unto him that reigneth are not through nearness of blood made kings; but rather set forth to stand for the kingdom. Where regal dominion is hereditary, it is, notwithstanding (if we look to the persons who have it), altogether elective.' To this purpose are selected heaps of scriptures concerning the solemn coronation or inauguration of Saul, David, of Solomon, and others, by the nobles, ancients, and people of the commonwealth of Israel."[1]

To the parliamentary champions of the Hanover succession it was worth all that they suffered from the harassing process and the manifestations of the London mob, that they should proclaim such doctrines trumpet-tongued to the world, and that they should be uttered by one claimed as a high authority, in justification of their advocacy. These and some other opinions by men whose eminence is the only authority in support of them, are followed by "the judgment and decree of the University of Oxford, passed in their convocation, July 31, 1683, against certain pernicious books and damnable doctrines destructive to the sacred persons of princes, their state and government, and of all human society," solemnly presented by the university to King Charles II. It was offered in Sacheverell's defence because

[1] St. Tr., xv. 249-251.

he had been educated at that university. But whatever testimony it might afford to his docility as a pupil, and whatever apology it might offer for the doctrines promulgated by him, it may be questioned if it furthered the cause of his friends, since, in promulgating the condemnation, they had also to promulgate, in the very words in which they were uttered, the opinions condemned, with the names of those who had uttered them. It thus befell, that the public were desired not only to dissent from but repudiate with horror the well-weighed opinions of men so illustrious as Buchanan, Milton, John Knox, Miller, Hobbes, Baxter, Goodwin, and Goodman.

But another selection of choice passages from literature of a more recent date, was felt to be still more offensive. One of the charges against the age—one of the sources of the Church's danger—was the quantity of scurrilous, impious, and blasphemous literature read by the people. Flowers of rhetoric from this garden were selected and read in Westminster Hall. All the world knows that what evil there may be in such things is by their utterance and circulation, and once they have passed into the intellect there is no remedy: it is futile to say that they are published with a good motive,—to let people see their danger—to excite abhorrence and condemnation. The managers suggested a doubt "whether such impious and blasphemous passages as the council were ashamed to repeat, shall be republished in so solemn a manner by reading them in evidence before your lordships." The managers did not press this as part of their case; and the counsel for the accused said, "We must own there are a mul-

titude of sentences never to be repeated if it were not necessary for our defence." But it was necessary.[1] The prisoner's passages were immediately devoured by the large community who took interest in the impeachment. We shall see how the Commons afterwards dealt with this affair.

The accused pleaded, with the confidence of a man who knows that he has ample authority for what he has done, the precedent of the Homilies. He had followed the doctrine there laid down with strict precision. Now the Homilies were adopted in the Thirty-nine Articles as containing "goodly and wholesome doctrine," and were ordered "to be read in churches by the ministers, diligently and distinctly;" and the Articles where these injunctions were to be found, were part of the law of the land. But this seemed to have no other influence than to nurse a spirit to repudiate anything in the Homilies, or elsewhere, assuming on the part of the Church doctrines inimical to the Revolution Settlement.

The arguments on this point were thus condensed in a pamphlet of the period :—

"We must, then, consider the Homilies as so many sermons wrote by the clergy in Edward VI.'s time, when few of them were of tolerable learning or abilities. Does it appear that they had our constitution under consideration? Does it not appear that they understood nothing of it? The resistance that was made against Richard III. was then fresh in their memory—who, bad as he was, even such an anointed was not to be touched by their rules, if stretched to an unlimited sense. . . . A convo-

[1] St. Tr., xv. 332.

cation of the clergy confirm a doctrine utterly inconsistent with the constitution of the State, and therefore 'tis an high presumption in the laity against the authority of the Church to refuse to be bound down by it. Some modern doctors misapply and misconstrue those doctrines, and then it is irreligion or atheism to examine or inquire into their mistakes. May we not be permitted to oppose the sentiments and practices of those convocations against the opinions and comments of the expositors of their doctrine?"[1] Then follow references to occasions when the convocation scarcely observed the passive submission inculcated in the Homilies.

That there had been no resistance at the Revolution —that King William and his supporters denounced the doctrine of resistance—involved a principle that might reconcile people of high prerogative tendencies to the Revolution. But it also involved a concession by the champions of the Revolution Settlement of such a nature, that, lying in ambush as an amiable compromise, it might, under certain possible political conditions, come forth for their destruction. The situation stood thus. The throne was vacant—the king was gone. His daughter, who was believed to be his heir, took the abdicated royal functions in hand, assisted by her husband, the king's nephew. The conditions were much the same when Queen Anne began to govern. Her father was dead, and her brother was absent. The accidental deficiencies, arising through the absence of the sovereign by divine right, were remedied by the slightest possible departure

[1] 'The Managers *pro* and *con*; or, an Account of what is said at Child's and Tom's Coffee-houses, for and against Dr Sacheverell,' 10, 11.

from that ruling principle, and when the true heir returned to his own, it could scarcely be said that history had been distorted by a deviation from the divine law of succession.

The ruling majority in Parliament saw the significance of this, and were determined to drive the principle of resistance to its clearest and hardest conclusions. In the multitudinous documents and speeches loading the case with countless digressional assertions, arguments, and declamations, the determination to bring out this predominant assertion carries through the whole a logical sequence, which finally asserts its dominion over all the collateral questions connected with the great prosecution.

Sir Joseph Jekyll, in the reply for the managers, reiterated the principal charge in its condensed form. "The doctor is charged with suggesting and maintaining, — first, that the necessary means used to bring about the Revolution were odious and unjustifiable; second, that his late Majesty in his declaration disclaimed the least imputation of resistance; and, thirdly, that to impute resistance to the Revolution is to cast black and odious colours on his late Majesty and the Revolution." This summary, though it contains expressions used by Sacheverell, is not to be counted as his own statement. It is the inference drawn from many things said by him. Here follows the justification of the inference :—

"My lords—the first proof of this branch was the general assertion of the utter illegality of resistance, upon any pretence whatsoever. It hath been said in answer to this, that this is spoken of the supreme

power, which is the legislative power, and then there ought to be no exception whatsoever.

"But, my lords, that the doctor did not mean the supreme legislative power, but the supreme executive power, is evident—

"First, from the account he presently gives of those who oppose his principle of non-resistance, which runs all along upon the person of the prince only, as cancelling their allegiance, calling their sovereign to account, dethroning and murdering him;

"Secondly and principally, from his bringing in the case of the Revolution, as urged by those who are adversaries to his principle of non-resistance. Now the Revolution is not—cannot be—urged as an instance of the lawfulness of anything but of resisting the supreme executive power acting in opposition to the laws."[1]

Had the accused spoken against resistance to the supreme Legislature, consisting of King, Lords, and Commons, he would not have been disturbed. He does not say as much in words, but there is abundant circumstantial evidence that he finds resistance criminal only when it is against the sovereign as the supreme executive; and this was treason to the Revolution Settlement, which involved resistance to the sovereign because he had violated the constitution and the laws.

These passages touch a quality that renders the Sacheverell impeachment exceptional — and, it has been often thought, revoltingly exceptional—in the records of criminal prosecutions. The prosecutors bear hard on the accused. The Crown lawyer, or

[1] St. Tr., xv. 382, 383.

other professional man who becomes a public servant, in undertaking a criminal prosecution, rarely subjects the conduct of the accused to the very logical test that, in the hands of an able rhetorician, may be pointed at guilt. It is becoming in such a person to let the case against the prisoner at the bar bear its own weight, and do no more than put the facts in a clear consecutive shape. It is the sole privilege of counsel for the defence to be in earnest—to throw his whole powers, professional and rhetorical, into the one object of saving his client.

For dealing with Sacheverell after another fashion there was a solid reason, whether or not it be accepted as a justification. In the first place, there was no intention to subject him to any very afflictive punishment—indeed both friends and opponents knew that he mightily enjoyed his conspicuous position. A political victory, gained through the skilful and judicious use of the opportunity he had given, was all that his bitterest enemies desired. He was pretty near the truth when he said of himself,—"It has been owned by some of the managers for the honourable House of Commons, that though I am the person impeached, yet my condemnation is not the thing principally aimed at. I am, it seems, an insignificant tool of a party, not worth regarding; the avowed design of my impeachment is, by the means of it to procure an eternal and indelible brand of infamy to be fixed in a parliamentary way on all those who maintain the doctrine of non-resistance, and have the clergy directed what doctrines they are to preach and what not. And therefore, as insignificant as I am in myself, yet the consequences of my trial—if rightly

represented to your lordships by some of these gentlemen—are of the highest moment and importance."[1]

It was believed that men were concealing their thoughts—that possibly the nation, contented and almost unanimous in devotion to the Hanover succession, might be reposing on the crust of a volcano. A rash man uttering the thoughts that others suppressed was a coveted acquisition. Had any person in high position spoken out more rashly and foolishly than Sacheverell spoke from the pulpit of St Paul's, he would have been a still more valuable acquisition. But the ruling party must be content to make the most of what they had got. To this end the expressions of a rash enthusiast are pushed to their utmost and most offensive conclusions, that an abundance of skill, legal and rhetorical, can reach. If he has not said quite enough for the purpose of his accusers, it is evident that he is evasive, and his suppressed conclusions must be extracted by skilful inference, and exposed to fitting scorn. Those who listened to the sermons of Sacheverell as they were preached, or read them without a comment, must have felt astonishment at their own obtuseness, when they beheld the mighty mass of treason to the British constitution that was gradually accumulating in Westminster Hall.

If the accomplishment of some object nobler than the humiliation and punishment of the man at the bar was necessary to vindicate the tone of some of the passages already cited, it will probably be considered that some apology is still more rigidly demanded for such pleadings as the following: "It was said

[1] St. Tr., xv. 364.

by one of the doctor's counsel that the non-resistance the doctor preaches up, is the utter illegality of resisting the supreme power in all things lawful—for these words, 'in all things lawful,' make part of that sentence. My lords, I admit they do; but those words are relative to his assertion concerning active obedience and not passive, as will appear by reading the whole sentence. 'The grand security of our Government, and the very pillar upon which it stands, is founded upon the steady belief of the subject's obligation to an absolute and unconditional obedience to the supreme power in all things lawful, and the utter illegality of resistance on any pretence whatsoever.' The one dividing member of the sentence is the obligation to obedience in all things lawful — the other, the illegality of resistance on any pretence whatsoever; the one is restrained, the other unlimited. It must be taken, therefore—notwithstanding these objections—that the doctor asserts the utter illegality of resistance to the supreme executive power, though acting not in conformity but in contradiction to the laws."[1]

It must not be supposed that the bulk of the oratory delivered on the great occasion was such as this. The preliminary feats of technical and logical fencing were the clearing off, as it were, of the impediments that choked the way towards the arena, where there was room for the great constitutional battle which the predominant party were determined to fight. Once that arena is reached, we bid adieu to technical pedantry and harassing criticisms for the extraction of guilty meanings. Whoever has patience

[1] St. Tr., xv. 383.

to read the more than five hundred of the substantial columns of the 'State Trials,' which contain in a condensed shape "The Trial of Henry Sacheverell, D.D., upon an Impeachment before the House of Lords, for High Crimes and Misdemeanours," will, if he be a student of constitutional history, have reaped for himself a rich harvest of constitutional and historical lore. It is such a contribution to this great school of knowledge as no one man, however gifted, could have contributed. It is of an infinite variety. The great orator and statesman gives forth his announcement and vindication of the ancient liberties of England in brilliant and impassioned oratory, and the great sage of precedent extracts pregnant matter out of the depths of his learning and wisdom. Various as were the qualities of the speakers, so also were the forms of homage paid by nearly all of them to the British constitution—to its deep-rooted strength, its freedom without anarchy, its pliability for all the justifiable and beneficent purposes, as well of a paternal despotism as of a democratic republic. All passed before an audience far too fastidious to tolerate either turgid declamation or solemn pottering in trifles. Though thus made up of many and various parts, there is a completeness of harmony throughout that disqualifies our isolated passages from duly expressing the spirit of the whole.

The issues brought up before that august tribunal for ratification or repudiation, were the Revolution, the Toleration Act, the Settlement of the Crown, the Union with Scotland, and the triumphant war with France. Among those who were to revise these momentous acts after the experience of twenty

years, were many who had taken a practical and emphatic share in the events themselves—men who could say these things were their doing, and who were demanding of the country to pronounce whether what had been done was well done. Though made up of many and diverse parts, the record of the impeachment has a grand harmony throughout that would disqualify incidental passages, in any of its parts, from affording a fair idea of the influence of the whole. It may, however, in some measure reconcile some passages already cited to the general tone of the discussion, to note that the expounder of the conclusions, drawn with so much subtle pedantry, about resistance and non-resistance, pursues his pleading in the more genial and expansive tenor of the passage following :—

"What a representative is here of that glorious transaction, the late happy Revolution! The part the subject has in it is represented as contradicting the express command of God in Scripture, and destructive of all governments. His late Majesty is represented as encouraging this pernicious wickedness, and disowning it at the same time. Give me leave, therefore, on behalf of the nation and the memory of his late Majesty, its deliverer, to state this affair shortly, and in another light, to your lordships.

"The subjects resisted. The late king joined his army with the arms of resistance; and if the nation at that time had not had recourse to that remedy, how abject and how miserable must they have been? If we look into the histories of other countries, have not the best and happiest nations been most tenacious

of their liberties? And while they have continued so, and withstood absolute power, they have been prosperous at home and considerable abroad. But when they have fallen from this zeal and industry which is the foundation of their prosperity at home, and magnanimity which makes them considerable abroad has deserted them, they have sunk into sloth and effeminacy. Can any one, therefore, with any colour say that resistance in cases of extreme necessity has worse consequences than unlimited subjection?

"Let us now turn our eyes a little on the part our late king had taken in the Revolution. Did he not undertake a most hazardous enterprise to procure us happiness at home, and to give us that weight abroad which this nation had long enjoyed, but at that time was deprived of? And with what care and anxiety, even to the last moment of his life, did he labour to secure these blessings to us?

"Let us look beyond his time—and since—for the sense of the nation upon this point. What satisfaction did the nation take in the assistance his renowned predecessor, Queen Elizabeth, gave to the oppressed Provinces, our then good neighbours and our now potent allies? How zealously did the nation promote the assistance King James I. gave to the injured Prince Palatine against the emperor and his superior lord? And what resolution and tender concern for the persecuted Rochellers did King Charles I. show and express? And has not her Majesty assisted the Spaniards against a prince [un-] acknowledged by them and seated on the throne? Nor did her goodness, which is as extensive as her power, overlook the poor estate of the people in the

Cevennes, or neglect to give them all possible assistance against their king, exercising a cruel dominion over them. These, and many other instances which might be fetched from other countries, are so many authorities against the doctrine of unlimited non-resistance."[1]

The debates were dragging themselves towards the end of the third month, when new life was given to them by events close at hand—events that it is convenient to reserve for separate notice. There had been an exposition of the miseries caused abroad by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and curious criticism on the question how far Archbishop Grindal had favoured the Dissenters or schismatic, and whether his humiliation was for so doing, and if so, whether it was deserved? From such distant subtleties, a loud voice in the streets of London recalled the great question—Did the man at the bar charge the Government of the day with a sinful toleration of Dissenters and schismatics, and maintain that in such toleration they acted the part of false brethren or traitors, and should be smitten accordingly? It was denied that the denounced sermons admitted of such an interpretation. But, behold! while the members of that august tribunal are yet dallying with the question, the mob of London has reached the right conclusion, and expressed it in emphatic action. The point was thus put by Sergeant Parker:—

"Let the doctor describe false brethren in general as betrayers and destroyers of the Church, and the proper objects of the rage and fury of the people, and then expose as false brethren those in the administra-

[1] St. Tr., xv. 388, 389.

tion—persons of characters and stations, from the chief to the least—the people will quickly make the application.

"If any one should inflame the mob to such a degree of mistaken zeal as to forget the spirit of the Gospel, and believe it their duty to serve God by breaking the public peace, and to support his Church by pulling down all meeting-houses and rifling the houses of all Dissenters, he needs afterwards only tell them, 'this is a meeting-house—here liveth a Dissenter;' they are not so dull as to fail of making the conclusion,—therefore this house is to be pulled down—therefore this man is to be plundered,—and of putting it immediately in execution where they dare."

"My lords, the burning a meeting-house, the burning all the meeting-houses, the laying this metropolis in ashes by the enemies of our constitution, is nothing to the inflaming the nation, and rendering the queen and the administration odious to the people.

"Shall it then be an excuse for the doctor here, when he has laid down the premises, to say that he has not in words expressed the conclusion?

"Shall the meanest of the people clearly and rightly collect this as Dr Sacheverell's doctrine? and shall not we in accusing, and your lordships in judging, be allowed to collect it when we are endeavouring to preserve the queen and constitution and all that is dear to us?"[1]

"It was very plain that the speech was made for him by others, for the style was more correct and far

[1] St. Tr., xv. 450, 451.

different from his own," is the brief assurance by Burnet, as given in the ordinary editions of his 'History of his Own Time.' In the Oxford edition there is this note: "It is commonly attributed to Bishop Atterbury, and is finely written. And although the eminent Tory leader, Mr Bromley, used to say that he had seen a copy of this speech in Sacheverell's handwriting, and corrected by him, yet this account is by no means satisfactory, or proves that Sacheverell was its real author."[1] But why should the presumption in such cases be reversed, and no proof be required to the assertion that he was not the author of his own paper?

Tindal, in a rather slovenly way, repeats, without quoting, the words taken above from the ordinary editions of Burnet, and adds,—"It was thought to be the joint work of Dr Atterbury, Dr Smalridge, and Dr Friend, supervised and corrected by Sir Simon Harcourt and Mr Phipps."[2]

The following tirade, by Arthur Mainwaring, takes for granted that the speech was none of Sacheverell's. It is a fair specimen, too, of a mental epidemic of the period, having, in medical phraseology, its diagnosis in the impossibility of any one, who spoke of Sacheverell, keeping his temper, unless when under the powerful pressure of parliamentary etiquette; and even that, as we have seen, did not always suffice for restraint.

"What could enter the heads of those penmen of the speech, to make the poor wretch swear that he never suggested that the Church was in danger? With what indignation must every one hear such

[1] Vol. v. p. 444. [2] Tindal, iv. 155.

solemn appeals made to heaven, for the truth of a fact which the whole assembly knew to be directly contrary? What excuse shall we find out for this most hardened sinner? Will it acquit him to say that he did not compose his speech, and only performed his part like an actor? Indeed it may be said to resemble a play in one respect, because it was a farce very well wrought, and had a wonderful effect upon the weak part of his audience."

"Good God! and is this the man for whom the people have made an insurrection? Is this the man for whom their zeal has flamed out in all manner of appearance? Is this the man whose effigies are sold about curiously done in mezzotinto? whose health is drank before the queen's, and next in the same glass with that of the Church? What can he have to do with any Church who is a shame to Christianity itself? And is this the man for whom tears were shed, when, by his insolent behaviour, he had made that comparison ridiculous which would otherwise have been due to one in his circumstances? How offensive was his assurance, how nauseous his presumption, and how atheistical was his purpose, in wickedly perverting divers texts of Scripture, instead of preaching the truths!"[1]

Whatever suspicion there might have been, about the entire loyalty to the queen and the Hanover succession of Sacheverell and his friends, it found no voice. It was among things not to get utterance,—as, for instance, when in a highway robbery some one thought he had traced a known face behind the pistol at the carriage-window, masked as that face was.

[1] The Remains of Arthur Mainwaring, p. 139.

Such things were too terrible for gossip—the utmost acknowledgment of suspicion would be the shrug of the shoulders or the shake of the head. It was somewhat the same with any suspicion that the Tory and High Churchman was also a Jacobite; it meant the gallows to the humble man, the Tower and the block to the man of rank. Accordingly, throughout the long debate, the references to the Pretender were rare, and when they occurred they were fugitive and inferential. The following are perhaps as emphatic as any: "Hath not this principle of unlimited non-resistance been revived by the professed and undisguised friends of the Pretender? Hath it not been prosecuted with an unusual warmth since his attempt upon her Majesty's crown? Can the Pretender have any hopes but from the keeping alive such notions? or can the queen's title receive any advantage from them? Or can it be reasonable to preach this doctrine in the reign of the best of princes, which can be of no use to any but the worst?"[1]

Again—

"Has he made that use of passive obedience, as to press submission to the queen from it? Has he not let the Nonjurors escape, though his text led him to speak against them, and advanced a wrong notion of false brotherhood, merely to fall foul upon those that justify the resistance in the Revolution, and cut off thereby every colour of title to the Pretender?"[2]

If the question of the Pretender's claim were to be timorously handled, and not to be rashly disturbed

[1] Sir Joseph Jekyll, St. Tr., xv. 96, 97.
[2] Mr Sergeant Parker, St. Tr., xv. 461.

in its proper category of a negative, there was on the opposite side a positive that was to be affirmed, and that in the most emphatic manner, whenever an occasion offered—the Protestant succession in the house of Hanover. The record of the trial leads to the belief that Sacheverell's friends recommended absolute and conspicuous compliance on this point. At all events, whether by the advice of his friends or the dictates of his own prudence, he gave his testimony on the question with a full explicitness that sufficed—so far as an afterthought could—to sweep away all suspicion of equivocation or hesitation. He was bound, no doubt, in the ordinary way of all Established clergymen, to the Hanover succession. He was no Nonjuror, but had taken the oaths both affirmative and negative. But there was an old traditional lubricity in the interpretation of such oaths, tolerating a wide interpretation of their tenor. The obligations to an existing power might cease when the power itself ceased to exist, and the jurant might in his secret heart even desire that it should cease to exist, and that another power should supersede it.

The apologetic tone of Sacheverell's eloquent defender, Sir Simon Harcourt, seemed rather to foster than extinguish such dubieties. "It is a hard fate attends this unhappy gentleman, if he must inevitably be under the imputation of being thought an enemy to the Revolution, and to our present happy establishment on that foundation. What evidence will your lordships expect he should produce to clear himself? He has shown his submission to the Revolution from the first moment his years made him capable of doing

so. He has given all the public testimonies to his fidelity and affection to the last reign, as well as the present, which the Government has at any time required from the most suspected persons. He has taken the oath of allegiance, signed the association, and took the abjuration. It is a miserable case any man is in, if, after he has taken the abjuration, the utmost which is required, he shall still be told he hath indeed abjured the Pretender, but hath not yet forgot him."[1]

One can believe the speaker of this concurring in the view that it would be well if a person elevated upon so lofty a pinnacle, when he stood obscured by a certain atmosphere of suspicion, should lift up a testimony to his loyalty; and that, a testimony having no uncertain sound. It was given more than once in the course of the trial, but we may take it as finally revised and adjusted from the paper read by Sacheverell, after the pleadings for the prosecution and defence, on the motion by his counsel. "We have only one petition to make, that your lordships would be pleased to hear the doctor speak for himself. There are some things more proper for him to give an account of than for his counsel." This paper contains the passage following:—

"As to the Protestant succession by law established, though the doctrine which I preached tends to the security of it—as I heartily desire everything by me spoken should tend—yet having no occasion in either of my sermons to take notice of it, I do nowhere in those sermons mention it, nor say anything that can be interpreted to have any view towards it. Therefore, though I cannot with my

[1] St. Tr., xv. 198.

best application comprehend how it comes to be said in the preamble to my impeachment that I had designed to undermine and subvert it, yet I shall gladly take this opportunity of declaring myself before your lordships on that subject.

"It is my sincere and hearty prayer that God would prolong the life of her most sacred Majesty, whose exemplary goodness and piety give us the best hopes that we have of averting that vengeance which is due to the wickedness of the age we live in; that He would bless her councils at home and her arms abroad, and make her reign exceed that of her renowned predecessor Queen Elizabeth, in length as well as glory. But when the inheretrix of the blessed martyrs' crown and piety — when she, the desire of our eyes and the breath of our nostrils— shall, full of years and honour, be gathered to her fathers, and exchange a temporal for an immortal crown (since we are deprived of this prince, her royal offspring, whose loss no true lover of his country and of the royal family can reflect upon without a bleeding heart, and whom God in His anger took from us because we were unworthy of so inestimable a blessing), I earnestly beseech God, in defect of future issue from her Majesty, to perpetuate the succession to the crown as it is established in the illustrious house of Hanover, which I look upon as, next to His providence, the best guard we have against Popery and arbitrary power,—the best security of our Church, and of the constitution of our government, which is the glory and happiness of our own nation, and the envy of all others." [1]

[1] St. Tr., xv. 375.

This long climax, even in the opinion of those who would refuse it the praise due to good taste or high art, will be admitted to show consummate skill. The speaker has nothing to retract, conceal, or extenuate. There is no demand on him to repeat his loyalty to the Hanover succession, but it is a small matter to gratify his accusers with an assurance if they want it. The long protracted exordium neutralises the impression that there is an abrupt unwilling compliance with stern pressure. He does not conceal that there had been a future in view such as he would have loved better than the Hanover succession—but now that being irretrievably gone, he accepted the Hanover succession as the only possible alternative.

But casual and spontaneous as this admission appeared to be, it was a great political victory; and though somehow a succession of curious contingencies rendered it hardly a triumph to one party, it was a heavy blow to another. Whatever Sacheverell was by rank, talent, or character, fate had placed him in such a position that the tenor of his trial and his own conduct on the occasion, could influence momentous results. His declaration was an announcement that, among the Tories and High Churchmen, if there were any who had adopted, there were none who dared to avow, Jacobitism. It was not merely that it would be unsafe for them to show a lingering sympathy with the cause of the Stewarts, but that all possibility of the suspicion of such a sympathy must be met by a positive abjuration of it. It damaged, and threatened to annihilate, as we shall see, the party by which the impeachment was promoted and pursued with bitterness to the end. But it satisfied those who

could read the signs of the times, that there was no place in the country for a formidable restoration party.

This testimony had an ephemeral but alarming influence, such as those who exacted it could scarcely have anticipated. It served their victim in achieving the loud applause and *aves* vehement which were the delight of his soul, and without it we might not have had the renowned High Church riots. It cleansed his applauders as well as himself from that taint of Jacobitism, which, attaching itself to the testimony in its first shape, threatened to cling to him. England was full of zealous Churchmen, who were as zealous for the succession in the Protestant line as for the Church itself. They knew, indeed, that in the parliamentary settlement the safety of their beloved Establishment had its only security. It was a mighty satisfaction that respectable High Churchism could stand forth and do its duty in broad daylight, without any depressing terrors lest it might find its disreputable and dangerous casual acquaintance shuffling to its side.

At a calm distance one can see this in the general development of the political forces of the period. We may question if the hero of the day himself saw it. The egotism of his own absorbing vanity supplied him with an efficient force for all effects, however great. And so the exulting and abounding current of his self-applause was sufficient to bear itself through the whole of his wild career, receiving into its bosom every tributary stream of laudation, however paltry or polluted.

At the end of the pleadings there was an oppor-

tunity for discussion among the lords. The only lay lord who made a speech that can now be read in full, was Lord Haversham. He was one of those of whom it seems a law of nature that each considerable assembly shall possess one at least. He was sure to take an original view of the question, and a course in which he would be permitted to walk alone. Though he was one of the Convention Parliament, he could not adopt the view now taken by his comrades. A revolution had come over the Revolution party. They were careful to avoid the display of resistance, even if they would, under any pressure, acknowledge that there had been resistance, and now they were flaring the fact of resistance before the world and boastfully vindicating it. 'On the assertion that Queen Anne's best title to the crown was the parliamentary title, he said,—"I must take the liberty to affirm the quite contrary; and that in my opinion the best title her Majesty has is her hereditary title; though I deny not that the Act of Parliament is a strengthening and confirmation of that title: but I deny a parliamentary title to be the only or the best title that the queen has to the crown she wears. And in saying this, I do not fear the malicious reflections of having a squinting regard to the title of any person on the other side of the water; for in affirming as I now do to your lordships, that her Majesty is my rightful and lawful queen, by right of inheritance, and as she is daughter of James II., I do in so many words affirm also that there is no other person the rightful and lawful heir to King James but herself. And if the present impeachment of Dr Sacheverell shall have this effect—as I hope it will—to convince

the nation of the undoubted truth of her Majesty's right of inheritance to the crown (a matter now so industriously opposed), the security this will bring to her Majesty's person and crown, and to the succession in the Protestant line, and the illustrious house of Hanover afterwards, shall prevail with me easily to pardon any warm and unguarded expressions he may here and there have dropped and made use of in any of his discourses."[1]

Lord Haversham's is the only speech by a lay lord preserved in the best report of the impeachment, that in the 'State Trials.' In the more imperfect report in the 'Parliamentary History,' the Dukes of Argyle, Shrewsbury, Devonshire, and Buckingham, and the Lords Wharton, Ferrers, Guernsey, Halifax, North, Grey, Anglesey, Sunderland, Mar, and Somers, with the Chancellor, are entered as speaking, but briefly, and apparently to points of practice and order.[2] It is stated that "the Duke of Leeds made a very long speech," but it occupies but thirteen lines in the report; and the only portion of it given in full may be considered the curious admission that "he had a great share in the late Revolution, but said he never thought that things would have gone so far as to settle the crown on the Prince of Orange, whom he had often heard say that he had no such thoughts himself." And he held that, "had it not succeeded it had certainly been rebellion."[3]

Four bishops spoke, seeming to think it right that as all the discussion had been held by secular politicians and lawyers, there should be some expression from the bench of bishops on such an occasion. All

[1] St. Tr., xv. 480. [2] Parl. Hist., vi. 805 *et seq.* [3] St. Tr., xv. 487.

four spoke against Sacheverell, but in the tone of mild rebuke that became their position as ecclesiastical patriarchs, professing moderation in religious matters. They neither girded themselves to fight over the battle of Low Church with High, nor did they, like the lawyers and politicians, drive the equivocal expressions of the popular orator to the guiltiest political conclusions.

Some of the theological tenets on which the accused founded his bitter attacks were corrected and rebuked with a mild and grave authority becoming to men who needed neither denunciatory rhetoric nor dogmatic assertion to give influence to their words. The inferences from the Homilies were neutralised by a reference to those special dangers of the times against which the warnings in them had been directed. The inference of absolute doctrines of obedience to political superiors from the fifth commandment, enjoining reverence to parents, was contradicted. It is one of the weaknesses of theological disputants to be least tolerant of doubt in others when their own reasons for belief are weakest, and Sacheverell vouched his complex inference by the petulant remark that he was not aware that the fifth commandment had been abrogated. Wake of Lincoln was somewhat bitterer than his brethren when, in giving an account of his own share in the effort to make peace with the less vehement among the Dissenters by a "comprehension," he cited and denounced as "applicable to that proposal, "the worst adversaries of our Church," who, says he, "were to be let into her bowels under the holy umbrage of sons, who neither believed her faith, owned her mission, submitted to her discipline, or

complied with her liturgy. "For the admission of this Trojan horse, big with arms and ruin, into our holy city, the strait gate was to be laid quite open, her walls and enclosures to be pulled down, and a high-road made in upon her communion."[1]

Among the qualities that went to secure to Queen Anne the occupancy of the throne, it would be omitting what is the chief of all if no reference were made to her resolute Protestantism, and to the special quality of that Protestantism, as being of the type of the Church of England. The apostasy of those nearest in kin to her had only made this quality the more conspicuous; for had she not endured much harassment from her Popish father, standing true to her creed under domestic persecution, and preserving it in its simple purity before the licentious and thoughtless Court of that uncle who was only not earnest and honest enough to avow himself also a convert to the Church of Rome?[2] There were conditions rendering the Church of England party at that time supreme over others. The English Dissenters were scattered and isolated, and the favour they had met with from the indulgences of the Popish king excited against them the prejudices not only of the orthodox, but of those whose political creed was more practically influential than their religion. There was in

[1] St. Tr., xv. 507.

[2] Writing to her sister on 13th March 1685, she had said: "Things are come to that pass now, that if they go on so much longer, I believe, in a little while, no Protestant will be able to live here. The king has never said a word to me about religion ever since the time I told you of; but I expect every minute, and am resolved to undergo anything, rather than change my religion. Nay, if it should come to such extremities, I will choose to live on alms rather than change."—Dalrymple Memoirs, iii. 299, Appx.

Ireland a large body of Roman Catholics, but these were counted as nothing in the estimate of available political forces. In Scotland, the Presbyterians of the Establishment were firmly rooted in their own method of Church government; and as it was of little moment to them that Englishmen lived under a different dispensation, so they had no fear that it would again invade them with a half-Popish service-book and the abjured order of bishops. There was among the Presbyterians a fierce and stern party—the remnant of the Remonstrants of old; but these were not within the practical estimate of political forces, for they had no avowed policy, and no leadership. They had no voice except for protesting against everything. In King William they had been subjected to the rule of an uncovenanted monarch, and nothing more accursed could befall them. Nay, if a government were to arise more offensive than his to the moderate Erastian establishment, there would be a better chance for the good old cause which had borne the Covenant in triumph over the three kingdoms. The Episcopalian party had been overthrown, and were undergoing a mild persecution, and a sovereign zealous for the Episcopacy of the Church of England might find opportunity to befriend them. The bulk of them were no doubt Jacobites in politics, but this was an element of disturbance lying dormant while there was a Stewart on the throne. Meanwhile the common nomenclature, "Episcopalian," entitled the friends of the Church of England to count them as coadjutors.

In the House of Lords there were bishops who might have spoken on the side of the accused, had that been prudent and desirable; for among those

who voted him not guilty were Compton of London, Dawes of Chester, Hooper of Bath and Wells, Sprat of Rochester, and Crew of Durham. Only one of them, however—Hooper—is briefly reported as having "endeavoured to excuse Dr Sacheverell."[1] Burnet came nearer to the political issues than his brethren, and there were certain tokens of individuality in what he said, such as Burnet never failed to display when he had the opportunity—references to himself, to the services he had done, and the State secrets he had been acquainted with. He honestly avowed that the Revolution was an act of resistance, and that he had taken such part in the resistance as a clergyman could, and his conscience was at ease in having done so. "I served in the Revolution and promoted it all I could. I served as chaplain to the late king. I had no command, and carried no arms, but I was so far engaged in it, that I could see that if I had gone out of the way in that—and the many ups and downs we have gone through since, has given occasion to reflect on that transaction—I should hold myself unworthy to appear longer either in this habit or in this great assembly, but should think myself bound to pass away the rest of my life in retirement or sorrow."[2]

Sacheverell, besides being heard by counsel, had an opportunity of reading two papers in his own defence. This was a privilege natural to such a form of trial as impeachment, where so many could take part—where every member of either House could speak his mind on the whole affair. Then, it was admitted that the weight of the charges against him

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 846.

[2] St. Tr., xv. 481.

was not so much in specific acts or even words, but in the inferences drawn from what he had said; and just as in the course of conversation a false inference may be hastily drawn, the tenor of further explanations may mitigate or neutralise it. As he himself pretty justly said: "To aggravate my guilt, I have been accused not only for what I am supposed to have said, but what I am allowed not to have said; not only for what I have taken notice of in my sermons, but for what I have passed by unobserved. I have been charged with negative crimes, as if what I had omitted to say had been omitted with design, and my silence itself were criminal."[1]

As efforts in rhetorical literature appropriate to the occasion, both these papers are in thoroughly good taste. They are deferential and grave, as befits the august audience he is addressing. They are moderate and apologetic, without anything that could be interpreted as servility, timidity, or a shrinking from the banner of his principles. Naturally they touch as little as possible on political ground, appealing to his judges rather as a priest who has taken a certain conscientious understanding of his duties, and is constrained to give utterance accordingly. From qualities appealing so expressively to respectful consideration, it has been conjectured that these papers were not of his own composition. I do not see the necessity of such an inference. They are of a tone different from the tone of his sermons; but these, as well as the papers in question, are works of ability—of so much ability, that one can quite understand his suiting different tones of

[1] St. Tr., xv. 300.

thought and language to different conditions. Then there was a mighty difference between the audiences in St Paul's and at the assizes at Derby; and both differed widely from the audience in Westminster Hall.[1]

It is probable, however, that he received much advice on the fashion in which he ought to conduct himself, and on one particular point it is likely that he was very earnestly counselled. There was a person on the other side of the Channel, concerning whom there was much thinking but little speaking — the poor prince known as the Pretender. There was a general tremulous suspicion that there was Jacobitism in the land, but to accuse any one person of Jacobitism, was to do a desperate thing. The difference between that and the charge of Toryism or High Churchism may be exemplified from the grade of certain offences in private life. One who has succeeded to wealth and an honourable name has taken to gambling and the turf, and other evil ways destructive to his fortune and his health. These things are openly and lightly spoken of. But suppose a suspicion to creep into his circle that he has swindled, or forged, or cheated at cards? In that day it might naturally enough be a suspicion of highway robbery.

[1] St. Tr., xv. 300.

CHAPTER XII.

The Sacheverell Commotions.

(Continued.)

PREPARATION OF WESTMINSTER HALL FOR THE TRIAL—PROCESSIONS—THE QUEEN'S INTEREST IN THE CASE—SYMPTOMS OF POPULAR RESTLESSNESS — THE DOCTOR'S STATE PROGRESSES — DESIGNS AGAINST DISSENTERS' MEETING-HOUSES—DR BURGESS—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE DISSENTING CLERGY —THE WRECKING OF BURGESS'S CHURCH, AND OTHER MISCHIEF—CONCLUSION IN WESTMINSTER HALL—PARTING BLOW FROM THE COMMONS — BENJAMIN HOADLEY — BLACKALL — CALAMY — PAMPHLETEERING — SACHEVERELL'S SCHOLARSHIP—PERSONALITIES — SATURNALIA — THE POETIC ANTHOLOGY OF THE OCCASION — SACHEVERELL'S CONSPICUOUS PLACE IN HISTORY AS UNCHAMPIONED.

THE present generation has seen nothing of the trial by impeachment, and has not enjoyed the opportunity of feeling the peculiar sensations of hearing, sometimes day after day, sometimes at long intervals, of the progress of the great cause. We have materials enough, however, to know that those who were so favoured could hand down traditions about ceremonies and formalities, august and protracted when compared and measured with common parliamentary proceedings or actions in the ordinary courts of law; and the trial of Sacheverell was august and pro-

tracted, even among impeachments. A special court for the trial was fitted up within Westminster Hall. It was scrupulously partitioned, so as to separate from each other all the component parts of what would otherwise have been a mixed assembly. The business was not all transacted in the great hall; for whenever a question of law, or any other question on which the Lords, as judges in the case, required to have a discussion or take legal advice, arose, they marched away in solemn procession, according to their several ranks, to their own House, and when the matter was adjusted they marched in like solemnity back again.

Long precedent had established the order of the procession. In the following enumeration of its several parts we see how it began, according to the usual practice of State processions, in persons of small moment, and expanded in representation of dignity and power as it passed on :—

"First, the assistant to the clerk of the Parliament.

"Then, the clerk of the Crown in Chancery and clerk of the Parliament; after them, the masters in Chancery, two and two, and the [queen's] attorney-general, alone.

"Then, the judges of all the courts in Westminster Hall, by two and two.

"Next to them, the noblemen's eldest sons.

"After them, four sergeants-at-arms, bearing their maces.

"Next, the gentleman usher of the black rod.

"Then, all the noblemen, according to their respective degrees, the juniors first — viz., barons, viscounts, earls.

"Great officer — viz., lord chamberlain of the household.

"Marquises, dukes.

"Great officers—lord privy seal, lord president of the council.

"Then, four more sergeants-at-arms, bearing their maces.

"After them, the gentleman carrying the great seal.

"Then, one of [her] Majesty's gentlemen ushers, daily waiters carrying the white wand, garter principal king-at-arms going at his right hand.

"Then the lord high steward, having his train borne." Latest and most august in this order would have been princes of the blood, had there been any; and after due consideration in setting a new precedent, it is likely that here would have been the place for Prince George of Denmark, had he been alive.[1]

As the queen took a deep interest in the trial, and desired to be present when she thought fit, a cabinet was placed within the hall, to which she could resort unseen. If any reflections crossed her mind about that dark period of England's history when her grandfather sat in such a conclave, and heard his policy and conduct denounced as crimes deserving death, her own was a very different lot. It was far from the proverbial fate of the listener. There were many bitter things said of others, but about the queen all was duty, attached loyalty, and personal laudation. Of these—some of them very skilfully applied—take the following as specimens :—

[1] The above is taken from the minute particulars of the established practice given in the report of the impeachment of "The Popish Lords" in 1680.—St. Tr., vii. 1296.

Is it true that the Church is in danger? After all the influences protecting it are described comes the climax. "But above all, when it is under the protection and government of a supreme head—a true and constant defender of its faith and discipline, who, having already exposed her royal person to hardships and dangers to rescue it in time of its utmost peril, does continue daily to manifest the same devotion, piety, and tender concern for it,—under this powerful alliance for its support, can aught but malice and envy at its prosperity, can any one but an incendiary and disguised enemy insinuate, that the Church of England is not fenced and fortified with an impregnable barrier against all danger from open attacks or violations?"[1]

Here is a comparison of Queen Anne with Queen Elizabeth. "I would not be thought in anything to reflect on the memory of that glorious queen who was so eminent an instrument of God to deliver this kingdom from Popery, from the power of Spain, and to settle the Protestant religion among us. But it must be confessed that there were these spots and blemishes in her reign permitted by God's providence [in allusion to the 'wholesome severities']. And this should raise our gratitude to almighty God and our thanks to her present Majesty, whose reign hath exceeded her predecessor, Queen Elizabeth, without being checkered with any of those spots or stains. And as Queen Elizabeth preserved this kingdom from the monarchy of Spain, so her Majesty has preserved us from the united power of France and Spain, been the terror of her enemies abroad, while,

[1] Mr Dolben's Speech.—St. Tr., xv. 168.

at the same time, she has, with universal clemency and justice, cherished and protected all her subjects at home."[1]

Much curiosity was awakened on the question of the queen's thoughts on the whole affair. That she took an interest in it was apparent from her attendance in Westminster Hall; but the matter there at issue was of a kind to make every one take a side,—and to which did her interest incline? There was more in this than the common curiosity to know the inner secrets of the royal mind. It was in the decrees of fate that there was to be a great revolution at Court; and the knowledge sought might answer the question how far that revolution had already made secret progress. But there was little to satisfy the curiosity of the day, and nothing to help us now to a conclusion but some faint hints by Burnet, tinged with his prevailing propensity to figure as one specially admitted to Court secrets. While Sacheverell was at the bar "many of the queen's chaplains stood about him, encouraging and magnifying him; and it was given out that the queen herself favoured him—though, upon my first coming to town, which was after the impeachment was brought up to the lords, she said to me that it was a bad sermon, and that he deserved well to be punished for it."[2]

As these solemn processions and ceremonials within the walls of St Stephen's were drawing near to

[1] Speech of Sir Peter King.—St. Tr., xv. 429.

[2] Oxford edition, vol. v. p. 445. There is here a note on those who stood at the bar: "The respectable names of Smalridge, Stanhope, Atterbury, and Moss, are mentioned on this occasion.—See Life and Reign of Queen Anne, published in 1738, p. 520." I have been unable to verify this reference.

their long-protracted fulfilment, other processions of a more lively character, in the open streets of London, were from restlessness expanding into turbulence; and at last developed a violence and ferocity, sufficient to send gloom and apprehension to the hearts of the orderly citizens. Sacheverell, who lived in the Temple, passed through the Strand, on the days when he had to attend at the bar, in a coach in which he was easily seen through large glass windows. A sort of body-guard of friends and well-wishers attended him, and this body was gradually swollen by contributions from the miscellaneous public of London, who were curious to behold a man who was making for himself so large a place in history. They became at last a mob, and like all mobs insolent, domineering, and dangerous. In the words of a contemporary observer, "He had the unparalleled presumption to pass through the streets in state like an ambassador making his entry, rather than like a criminal conducted to his trial. What shouts and huzzas were made all round about by the servants, hirelings, and dependants of the party! what indignities and affronts were offered to men of the first quality, to bishops, to the managers, and to other members of both Houses! What execrations were uttered against all that would not declare for 'The High Church and Sacheverell,' and what blows were distributed among such stiff-necked persons, as refused pulling off their hats to this senseless idol! Yet the doctor, good and pious soul, professes in his speech to abhor all such disorders." [1]

While his egregious vanity feasted itself on the

[1] The Life and Posthumous Works of Arthur Maynwaring, 109.

procession of ardent champions who daily attended his progress to Westminster, he could not but see that their threats and violence served his accusers with a practical confirmation of their worst interpretations of his conduct and objects. Hence, in a decorous and skilful reference to his afflictions, "I reckon it not the least of my sufferings, that I have been so long time debarred from taking heed to that flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made me an overseer. For ever since I have had my liberty, by the favour of your lordships admitting me to bail, I have purposely avoided doing any part of the duty of my function, or even appearing in public, lest it should occasion any tumult or disturbance, as my necessary attendance on your lordships from time to time has since been thought unhappily to have done, without any fault of mine, or the least degree of encouragement given by me, which I profess in the presence of God to abhor." But this was contradicted by facts too notorious, and the best that can be said for its sincerity is, that it was the offspring of a self-approving sophistry, inspired by vanity.[1]

[1] "Does not the whole town know this to be false in fact? Did not he go to his trial in parade and state through the streets, in a chariot with large glasses, that his mob might see and adore him? Did they not tumultuously follow him the very first day, insult people in the street, and attempt Mr Burgess's meeting-house the next night? Had the doctor been so careful to avoid tumult or disturbance? Was it below his quality to go in a close coach, or in the worst hackney in town, without that parade and retinue? Better men than he in every respect would have gone by water, as he might easily have done from the Temple, and landed at Westminster stairs to avoid tumults."

"He continued to go in the same flaunting parade to the House during the whole time of his trial, and even in the height of the mobs, after they had broke out in open rebellion, attacked the members of both Houses in the streets, threatened the houses and lives of the chief

From mere turbulence and parade, the mob was noticed as preparing itself for dangerous ferocity. Burnet tells of his own experience, — "The word upon which all shouted was, 'The Church and Sacheverell;' and such as joined not in the shout were insulted and knocked down. Before my own door, one with a spade cleft the skull of another who would not shout as they did."

After a term of aimless restlessness, the destructive spirit of the mob finally settled down in a project for wrecking the chapels or meeting-houses of the Nonconformists. They selected as their first victim the renowned Daniel Burgess. He was the most powerful and popular among their ministers; and he was remarkable as the leader of a revival, not in the doctrines of his sect, but in the method of promulgating them. Throughout all who owned Puritanical principles, there had prevailed a solemn gloom of life and conversation. It was partly a creed as the becoming tenor of life for a Christian, partly it arose naturally in the convulsions and tragedies in which Puritanism held so large a share; and it was certainly hardened by the licence and ribaldry filling the country on the reaction of the Reformation. Goodwin, the mighty ecclesiastical statesman of the Assembly of Divines, was the last conspicuous representative of the gloomy school, and was described by one of his own brotherhood as "an enemy to mirth and cheer-

ministers of state, and burnt down the Dissenters' places of worship. Yet every one knows the doctor continued his procession of state till the train-bands at Charing Cross scattered the mob that followed his coach; after which the doctor humbled himself so far as to go to the House in a chair."—Dr Sacheverell's Speech, &c., with Reflections thereupon, Paragraph by Paragraph, 1710.

fulness, and a severe exacter of pensive looks and solemn faces."[1]

A generation half-way between that and the present time was familar with the class, as rendered to the life by the pen of Addison. "Sombreness is one of those sons of sorrow; he thinks himself obliged in duty to be sad and disconsolate. He looks on a sudden fit of laughter as a breach of his baptismal vow. An innocent jest startles him like blasphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a title of honour —he lifts up his hands and eyes. Describe a public ceremony—he shakes his head. Show him a gay equipage—he blesses himself. All the little ornaments of life are pomps and vanities. Mirth is wanton, and wit profane. He is scandalised at youth for being lively, and at childhood for being playful. He sits at a christening or at a marriage-feast as at a funeral, sighs at the conclusion of a merry story, and grows devout when the rest of the company grows pleasant."[2]

[1] Wilson, iii. 419.

[2] Spectator, No. 494.—The following sketch, with more individuality to enliven it, is supposed to have been taken from an involuntary sitting by Goodwin himself. A "young adventurer in the republic of letters" goes to pay his respects to the head of the college he is about to enter. "He was received at the door by a servant who was one of the gloomy generation who were then in fashion. He conducted him with great silence and seriousness to a long gallery, which was darkened at noon-day, and had only a single candle burning in it. After a short stay in this melancholy apartment, he was led into a chamber hung with black, where he entertained himself for some time by the glimmering of a taper, till at length the head of the college came out to him from an inner room, with half-a-dozen night-caps upon his head and religious horror in his countenance. The young man trembled; but his fears increased when, instead of being asked what progress he had made in learning, he was examined how he abounded in grace. His Latin and Greek stood him in little stead. He was to give an

If we are to condemn these dismal demonstrations as alien to the spirit of Christianity, we may well palliate them by recalling the long succession of tragedies witnessed by the elder divines who saw the accession of Queen Anne. In her reign there came a violent reaction, in a certain spirit of drollery taking possession of some of the gifted among the Nonconformist clergymen. It was deemed less congenial to the nature of such men than the gloom they had discarded, and it fell on the times as something still more motley and odious than the kind of merriment of clergymen that disturbed the nerves of Dr Johnson. But there was something deeper in the reaction than mere animal spirits or hilarity, or even the ambition to acquire a reputation for worldly wit. It was a genuine and earnest effort of priestcraft. The object was, by amusing sallies to draw audiences, that sinners might have an opportunity of being reclaimed. "A word in season —how good it is!" and where there was an assemblage of idlers, such a word might drop among them so as to bring it about that they who came to scoff remained to pray. Fleeting anecdotes of grotesqueness and profanity form the bulk of this fantastic crew. Of the most renowned among them, Daniel Burgess, we have more distinct impressions, and we can believe that motley as the best things said by him now appear, they are above the taste prevalent in his class.

account only of the state of his soul; whether he was of the number of the elect; what was the occasion of his conversion; upon what day of the month and hour of the day it happened; how it was carried on, and when completed. The whole examination was summed up with one short question—namely, whether he was prepared for death."

His church was at one time in Russell Court beside Drury Lane, and we are told that, "It being situated near the playhouse, and the neighbourhood a loose sort of people, many persons who were scoffers at religion, especially at the Dissenters, would frequently come to hear Mr Burgess for their diversion and sport. And as he was a man of ready parts and a great deal of spirit, he would often address his discourse to them personally in the most lively and striking images. And God so blessed his endeavours that he was an instrument of converting many who came with no other view than to deride and scoff at him."[1] Here is an instance in point.

"A certain lady of quality and abundance of wit, having heard a great many bantering stories of him, according to the world's custom of treating that gentleman, resolved to 'borrow Sunday,' as she called it, to make herself merry, and she would go and hear Dr B——s, and invited the company to come the next day to hear her. Accordingly they came, and the relater hereof with the rest, when, contrary to all expectation, the lady, full of concern and touched with the folly of her proposal, told them she was far from thinking him a man to be bantered—that

[1] Wilson—History and Antiquities of Dissenting Churches and Meeting-houses in London, iii. 497, 498. Here are specimens of his manner: "Preaching to his people, and telling them to secure their everlasting welfare, he tells them, if they wanted a suit for a year, they might go to Mr D'Oyley'; if for life, into Chancery; but if they would have one to last for ever, they should go to Jesus Christ and get the robe of His righteousness to clothe them. In the reign of King William he assigned a curious reason why the people of God who descended from Jacob were called *Israelites*. It was because God 'did not choose that His people should be called Jacobites.'"

she would not for a thousand pounds but have heard him preach that sermon. That she heard what convinced her that she had been a fool all her days, and she hoped he had taught her to be wiser."[1]

We may condemn all this as bad taste, but still it deserves to be estimated as something of a higher nature than the desecration of the pulpit by buffoonery, committed for its own sake as a degraded enjoyment, or for the paltry applause that buffoonery merits.

The practice of attracting people to places of worship by entertaining them—of "setting traps to catch souls," as it was sometimes called, not without suspicion of a latent pun—was not limited to the Puritanical Nonconformists. The most egregious indulger in it was John Henley, who went so far in the opposite direction as he could get within the bounds of Protestantism. He was what would be now called an extreme Ritualist—so extreme that he had to go outside of the Church to indulge his tastes. He had a liturgy of his own known to critical inquirers concerning primitive models, and it was used in a church built for himself called "The Oratory." He got the name, rather in derision than laudation, of "Orator" Henley. The students of Hogarth's engravings are familiar with his aspect—perhaps slightly exaggerated. Among the floating anecdotes of the time is one that he had engaged to preach a sermon at which every shoemaker in London who could leave his bed would be present. The town was placarded with an announcement

[1] Defoe's Review, i. 312.

that in the pulpit he would show how a pair of shoes could be made in five minutes. Tradition says there was a mighty assemblage of shoemakers. No doubt he preached to them an impressive sermon. Whether he entrapped any souls on the occasion is not on record, but he kept his word by cutting down a pair of boots. We may count Henley among the poets of Queen Anne's reign by reason of 'Esther, Queen of Persia,' an historical poem in four books, by John Henley, B.A., of St John's College, Cambridge, 1714.

To return to the Nonconformists: it was natural that their enemies should not seek out any critical palliation of their incongruities, but heap upon them all the scorn, opprobrium, and derision that their imprudence exposed them to. The chief priests among the Dissenters were extremely powerful within their own body, but this made them all the more odious to their enemies. Hence it followed that when there was excitement and contention, the rabble of London, ever on the alert for an occasion of doing mischief, set upon the Dissenters as a dog bites the shabby stranger whom he sees disowned and scorned by worshipful people.

On the 1st of March, the mob, after they had as usual made Sacheverell's body-guard along the Strand, turned eastward to New Court, near Drury Lane, where stood the meeting-house of Dr Burgess. They wrecked it thoroughly, carrying with them the timber and other inflammable materials, and making a bonfire of them in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The effective manner in which this work was completed, raised many conjectures and suspicions about

leadership and organisation. Some said it was all done by the republican Puritans, others that it was by the Papists, and others that it was by the High Church Jacobites. Some casual words left by Burnet prolonged the search after some deeply hidden plot. He says: "During the trial the multitudes that followed him all the way as he came and as he went back, showed a great concern for him, pressing about him and striving to kiss his hand. Money was thrown among them, and they were animated to such a pitch of fury that they went to pull down some meeting-houses, which they executed on five of them as far as burning all the pews in them. This was directed by some of better fashion, who followed the mob in hackney-coaches, and were seen sending messages to them." And after the affair is at an end—outrage, inquiry, trial, and all—he quits it with the remark: "There was a secret management in the matter that amazed all people; for though the queen, upon an address made to her by the House of Commons, set out a proclamation in which the riot was, with severe words, laid upon Papists and Nonjurors, who were certainly the chief promoters of it, yet the proceedings afterwards did not answer the threatenings of the proclamation."

Another onlooker, Calamy the great Nonconformist minister, concludes his account with, "Perhaps the time may come when it may be generally better known by whose influence and encouragement this open rebellion was raised in defiance of the queen and Parliament."[1]

Calamy was naturally suspicious. What Burnet

[1] Abridgment of Baxter, i. 721.

says deserves full attention, in consideration of his opportunities; for his curiosity about the conduct of the mob was sharpened by the imminent risk that at any moment he might be their next victim; and he knew almost everything that was known to the statesmen still in power. And yet he probably comes nearer the efficient causes of the outbreak when he tells us that there was much suffering and despondency among the common people from depression of trade, and that they were affected with a strange excitement by the mysterious inroad of the fugitive Palatinates.

As to what he says about the people of better fashion following the mob in coaches and sending messages to them, we may count that, however some eccentric or excited persons may have done things that could be so described, the thorough investigation in the effort to bring the offenders to justice, shows that there was no deep plot managed by preconcerted organisation.

In this, as in many other instances, we must be content to believe that in mobs there is a certain gregarious physiology or natural instinct combining them in harmonious combination to the accomplishment of their ends. It will be observed that these are of a limited kind, being only mischief and cruelty—both simple affairs—accomplished by rough and ready manipulation. Then they naturally keep their secret; and it is not difficult to do so, when we remember that they drop one by one from the adjacent houses into the accumulating mob, and that when the work is done they skulk separately homewards by the most obscure ways they can find.

Having finished the most conspicuous part of their work in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the mob visited other churches near at hand,—Earle's in Hanover Street, Long Acre; Bradbury's in New Street, Shoe Lane; Taylor's in Leather Lane; Wright's in Blackfriars; and Hamilton's in Clerkenwell,—doing mischief to all of them. Had the mob been under cunning guidance, they would not have indulged themselves in a bonfire. They might enjoy the fright given to the sober citizens dwelling near Temple Bar. But they proclaimed the news of what they were about to the Court, and there the alarm stimulated activity. There was an anxious consultation at the Old Cockpit at Whitehall. The trained-bands at the disposal of the association were the proper available force for the occasion; but they had ceased to be a smart corps that could be promptly embodied. They at that time consisted chiefly of paid substitutes, and, belonging to the idle restless class who seek such means of living, their dwellings or hiding-places could not be immediately found. It was believed that the place where the largest number of them could have been found at once was in the mob itself. The readiest available force was the Life Guards, but these could not be sent on such a duty without the special interposition of the sovereign. The author from whose account of this short crisis all others seem to have been taken, says: "Upon the first notice of these disorders, the Earl of Sunderland, principal Secretary of State, made his report to the queen, who commanded his lordship forthwith to send her horse and foot guards to disperse the mob; and the earl, representing the danger of leaving her

Majesty's sacred person unguarded at that time—it being between ten and eleven o'clock at night—her Majesty courageously answered, '*God would be her guard.*' The earl being returned to his office at the Cockpit, where were also the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Newcastle, and some other noblemen, his lordship sent for Captain Horsey, an exempt, who then commanded the Guard, and ordered him to mount immediately and go and disperse the mob. The captain, making some scruple to obey the order unless he was relieved, alleging he was the queen's body-guard, and must be answerable for any accident that might happen, he was told it was the queen's express command; and both the earl and the Lord Chancellor representing to him the danger of delays, he acquiesced upon a promise that the Secretary should give him his orders in writing. The captain only asked whether he was to preach or fight the mob. If the first, he desired some better speaker might be sent along with him. To this the earl replied: he must use his judgment and discretion, and forbear violent means except in case of necessity. And as the captain was going out, my Lord Sunderland whispered him, and bid him send a party to the bank."[1]

The Guards found the mob employed in making a second bonfire in Drury Lane with the material acquired in gutting Mr Earle's meeting-house. They were easily dispersed. Marching eastwards to the city, the Guards found a detachment of the mob at work on Mr Wright's meeting-house in Blackfriars; and here, we are told, "having cut and slashed some of

[1] Boyer, 416, 417.

the most daring, and secured others, the rest were soon scattered."[1] Though this sounds tragically, the whole affair was remarkable, among formidable tumults, for its bloodless character. One death only is on record—"a young man, apprentice to a linen-draper, and heir to a good estate, who was at the pulling down of Mr Burgess's meeting-house, was overtaken by divine justice in the very act, and killed by the fall of a casement."[2]

We shall presently see how meagre was the harvest of punishment reaped by the Crown after mighty efforts to discover and convict the perpetrators of these outrages. Any one who, with some practical acquaintance with criminal inquiries, reads the abundant documents making up the trials for high treason on the occasion, sees at once that the failure to reach the leaders was not caused by the deep policy of their organisation, but by the absence of all organisation, and the ephemeral wayward nature of the motions of an unorganised mob.

One rumour, exciting hope of brilliant results, was that the mob was led by a man in military uniform bearing a banner. But instead of an officer of rank, or even a person masquerading in that capacity, the uniform, on investigation, degenerating into the rather showy livery of a certain Francis Willis, the footman of a lady residing in Hatton Garden, who, seeing the bright blaze of the fires, had sent him to find out for her satisfaction the place and cause of the conflagration. As to the banner, it also degenerated into a fragment of a curtain—probably belonging to the wrecked meeting-house. It would have made a great

[1] Boyer, 417. [2] Ibid.

point if, nevertheless, it had been proved that Willis employed it as a banner for marshalling his followers, since it was one of the most ancient and effective of the overt acts, frequently charged when there was no truth in it, that the person indicted for high treason —and to such a charge Francis Willis had the honour of answering—that the accused had committed his treason of war against the king "with banner displayed." But the history of the curtain was indistinct. At all events it was not proved that Francis Willis handled it as a warlike badge; and indeed the faults of the man destined to so curious a renown, seemed to have gone little beyond the consumption of a pot of beer with a companion, and loitering with the mob to gratify his own curiosity, instead of returning to gratify that of his mistress.[1]

Let us now return to Westminster Hall, where the great trial came to an end while yet the affair of the riot was under investigation. The form of impeachment gave the last word or final pleading to the accusers, and then judgment was demanded in a powerful short summary of the essence of the charge by Sergeant Parker. The reader will probably not regret that he finds it without a search through the 'State Trials.'

"My lords,—The just veneration we owe to the divine Majesty—for the doctor's behaviour has made that now part of the case—the honour of Christianity,

[1] It happened that in the more tragic affair of the Porteous Mob, the only person who could be so far identified as to be brought to trial was a footman, whose presence was found to have been involuntary. The coincidence is not purely fortuitous, for in both instances the brilliancy of the party-coloured garments distinguished their wearers from the dingy mob.

the Church and its holy orders, the security of the present Establishment and the Protestant succession, the safety of her Majesty's person, the quiet of her Government, the duty we owe to her as our sovereign, the gratitude for her most gracious administration, the honour of our prelates, the obligations we are under to prevent seditions and tumults, to undeceive the people, to quiet the minds of the Protestant Dissenters and convince them the toleration allowed them by law is not to be taken away from them, to secure at present and transmit to our posterity, as far as in us lies, our religion and liberties, and to vindicate the Revolution, which is the foundation on which they stand, and the glory of our late royal deliverer, to whom, under God, we owed it, and to banish sedition from the pulpit, which is and ever ought to be sacred to divine purposes—require the Commons to demand your lordships' judgment on this offender."[1]

On the 20th of October the vote was taken according to ancient practice in the inverse order of precedence, the Lord Chancellor saying to the baron of latest creation,—"Lord Pelham, what is your lordship's opinion? is Dr Henry Sacheverell guilty of high crimes and misdemeanours, charged on him by impeachment of the House of Commons?" The answer was, "Guilty." In all, there voted 121—69 finding "guilty," and 52 "not guilty." The ceremonies and processions were not yet at an end. There were questions on which the lords had still to march to their own House for consultation with the judges, and other purposes. At length they sent a

[1] St. Tr., xv. 465.

formal intimation that they were ready "to give judgment, if the Commons, with their Speaker, will come and demand the same;" and the Commons made answer that they should immediately do so. In their way to the House of Lords they interrupted contests of etiquette between the Speaker with his mace and "Black Rod" with his rod,—one of the affairs about interpretation of precedents, the significance of which it is hard for any but those deeply versed in parliamentary precedent, and largely conscious of the importance of every particle of it, to comprehend.[1]

The judgment enjoined the culprit "not to preach during the term of three years next ensuing;" and further, that his two sermons giving cause for the impeachment be burned at the Royal Exchange "by the hands of the common hangman, in the presence of the Lord Mayor of the city of London and the sheriffs of London and Middlesex."

The Lords took the opportunity of adjudging that

[1] The commencement of the narrative of this affair by the profoundest authority on parliamentary precedent may perhaps suffice: "When the Speaker (Sir Richard Onslow) went up to the House to demand judgment against Dr Sacheverell, as the man was going into the House of Lords before the Speaker, the Black Rod endeavoured to hinder it by putting his black rod across the door; on which the Speaker said, 'If he did not immediately take away the black rod he would return to the Commons.' The Black Rod desired him to stay a little, and he would acquaint the Lords. The door was shut, and Mr Speaker and the House stayed without. After a little time the door was opened, and Mr Speaker, with the mace, went in. As Mr Speaker was going to the bar the Black Rod attempted to interpose himself between the Speaker and the mace; upon which the Speaker said aloud, 'My lords, if you do not immediately order your Black Rod to go away, I will immediately return to the House of Commons.' After some further contest, the Commons reached the bar and demanded judgment."—Hatsell's Precedents, iv. 292, 293.

another document, holding a far more important place among public testimonies than the two sermons, should be burnt at the same time with them, condemned under the same auspices. This was the celebrated judgment and decree passed in convention by the University of Oxford in 1683.[1] It was, as we have seen, cited in vindication of the doctrines expressed in the sermons, and therefore was treated as the work of accomplices in the offence of their author. At the head of the array of doctrines condemned by men so high in dignity as the heads of the chief British university, but restored to acceptance in the reversal of that condemnation by a more august tribunal, stand the following :—

The First Proposition.—"All civil authority is derived originally from the people."

The Second.—"There is a mutual contract, tacit or express, between a prince and his subjects, and that if he perform not this duty they are discharged from theirs."

The Third.—"That if lawful governors become tyrants, or govern otherwise than by the laws of God and man they ought to do, they forfeit the right they had unto their government."

The Fourth.—"The sovereignty of England is in the three estates—viz., King, Lords, and Commons. The king has but a co-ordinate power, and may be overruled by the other two."

The Fifth.—"Birthright and proximity of blood give no title to rule or government; and it is lawful to preclude the next heir from his right and succession to the throne."

The Sixth.—"It is lawful for subjects, without the consent and against the command of the supreme magistrate, to enter into leagues, covenants, and associations, for defence of themselves and their religion."

[1] Published in the Gazette, 26th July 1683; reprinted, St. Tr., xv. 255 *et seq.*

Such were among the weighty political maxims condemned by the University of Oxford, by a sentence pronounced in 1683, and reversed by the House of Lords in 1710. This is not to be taken as equivalent to a primary assertion of these specific maxims by the House of Lords. They were, in the first place, maxims attributed to certain persons held as political and religious enemies by the University; and being in some measure matter of inference, they might be exaggerated. The sixth was taken from the Solemn League and Covenant, and suggested by a project to revive that bond. But although the Lords might not have given undue prominence to such maxims by positively asserting them, yet their public denunciation by another body was held as an offence in the opposite direction deserving ignominious condemnation. If, then, the maxims received undesirable publicity and prominence, this was due to the conduct of the University of Oxford in its public condemnation, and of Sacheverell's defenders in founding on the condemnation as his vindication.

The majority, small on the question of guilty, dwindled on that of punishment. The suspension from preaching had a majority of only six. A motion that during that period Sacheverell should be incapable of acquiring any dignity or preferment in the Church was lost by a majority of one against it.[1] It is often said that the slightness of the punishment inflicted, and the reluctance to authorise it, such as it was, were matter of mortification and alarm to the Government. I have noticed no stronger symptom of this than a slight growl from Godolphin. "So all

[1] Coxe's Marlborough, ii. 156.

this bustle and fatigue ends in no more but a suspension of three years from the pulpit, and burning his sermon at the old Exchange!"[1] But the severity of the punishment was a trifle beside other questions. It was said by Sergeant Parker, at the conclusion of the reply for the impeachers: "He observes, so far rightly, that his punishment is not all we aim at. No, my lords. What we expect from your lordships' justice is the supporting our Establishment, the preventing all attempts to sap its foundation, and answering those other great purposes I have mentioned; and I hope the clergy will be instructed not to preach the doctrine of submission in such manner as to prepare the way for rebellion."[2]

The gain to the friends of the Revolution and the Settlement lay in the tenor of the long succession of mixed debates. Through and through these the principle was repeated that a sovereign breaking through the constitutional rights of the Crown might be and ought to be removed from the throne, along with his lineal successors, if that were necessary, and the succession be opened to a collateral dynasty in whom the nation might feel confidence, however far they had to go to find it. Contradictions to these, uttered on authority however high, were condemned; and throughout the whole, no one—not even the defenders of the accused—ventured to hint a contradiction to them. Since that great discussion it has been unnecessary to support the principle of possible resistance in Parliament; and statesmen and constitutional sages have been reluctant to give an opening to such questions,

[1] Coxe's Marlborough, ii. 156.
[2] St. Tr., xv. 465, 466.

as apt to stir up discontents and vain projects. Thus, in an age when popular power is greater than it was in Queen Anne's reign, the leaders of opinion shrink from the bold assertions of the right of resistance so often repeated in both Houses. The reason for this was all too sufficient. The time was approaching when the Elector of Hanover would come over the sea to occupy the mighty throne assigned to him. Would he be permitted peacefully to take possession? The signs of the times rendered it desirable to have that point settled by redebating and revoting the settlement of the throne. The settlement passed untouched through this perilous test. That the majority against Sacheverell diminished had no analogy with the usual indications of the diminution of the majority against a party in opposition. Even those who did not vote the accused guilty of high crimes and misdemeanour neither did nor said aught to justify the supposition that they doubted the absoluteness of the settlement of the crown.[1]

[1] A contemporary sending his views for the information of Scotland, says: "To declare openly for the Pretender would have been too rash a step at first, and would have brought their able heads into worse perils than are consistent with their profession of nothing but Church chivalry. Nor was it advisable to speak directly and plainly against the Revolution and the Protestant succession. Therefore they bethought themselves of a safer method to attack the two last mentioned, by condemning all resistance and crying up hereditary right; and to carry on the work of the Pretender by ordering their inferior clergy particularly to cultivate the doctrine of non-resistance — since none even of their own dull hearers could miss finding out the secret, or want light to discover that condemning such resistance as dethroned the father, could have no other meaning but restitution to the son. Besides, to do the doctor right, he spoke it plainly out in his 'Fast' Sermon; for there he says, 'Where the public right is violated, public restitution is to be required; which, if denied, leaves it in the power of the injured to seek justice in the destruction of their enemies.'"—Four

The Commons were not yet done with Sacheverell. They struck him a parting blow damaging to his reputation and to his sensitiveness, if he had any. It must be admitted, however, that it was provoked by an indiscreet challenge from his friends in the House. To give some support to his charges about the blasphemies and scurrilities of the age, a motion was made for an address to the queen "to appoint a day of public fasting and humiliation to deprecate the divine vengeance which we have just reason to fear on account of those horrid blasphemies which have been vented, published, and printed in this kingdom." In the adjustment of the exact tenor of the final resolution, an amendment was proposed by Walpole, of such a nature as to call up all the powers of resistance of Sacheverell's friends. It was "many of which blasphemies have again, in a most irregular, extraordinary, and insolent manner, been printed, published, and dispersed throughout the kingdom, to the scandal of all good Christians, by Dr Henry Sacheverell during the course of his late trial." If symptoms of growing weakness in the Government suggested to the friends of Sacheverell their tactics in putting the original motion, and pressing the

Letters to a friend in North Britain upon the publishing of the Trial of Dr Henry Sacherevell.

This is not a controversy of reason against reason, but of downright impudence against all the sense and reason of mankind.—Archbishop Tillotson.

"Protect us, mighty Providence;
What would these madmen have?
First they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common-sense,
And without power enslave."

—Earl of Dorset.

London: printed in the year 1710. Price 3d., p. 4.

amendment to a division, they found that the House was not disposed to inaugurate a new policy by countenancing Sacheverell. The vote stood 144 for the amendment to 79 against it.[1] The House at the same time took the opportunity to add this mass of feculent matter to the abundant literature burned in solemn parade by the hangman. Giving utterance in resolutions of the House to the opinion entertained by them about the conduct of eminent public men, was an established and frequent practice of the Commons early in the eighteenth century. They were, however, at the period we are now dealing with, in a very denunciatory humour. There were commendations and thanks for one great victory after another; but a complimentary vote of meritorious achievements in literature or other services of peaceful men, was a rare occurrence. Accordingly, when a vote of approval and thanks was passed on the eminent clergyman Benjamin Hoadley, it stands alone, and invites inquiry into the reason for an act so unusual. Perhaps we may find that reason.

There are floating suggestions that those who desired to attack some one or other of the High Church propagators of passive obedience, at first looked to the Bishop of Exeter, Offspring Blackall.[2] His name

[1] Votes, 24th March.

[2] The gossiping historian of the Covenanters, Wodrow, says: "His (Sacheverell's) sermon, preached at Saint Paul's, and printed, as he says, by desire of the Lord Mayor, could not escape the House of Commons; yet it is said they aimed higher,—the Bishop of Exeter, who preached much the same doctrine in the chapel royal, but unhappily for the doctor, his sermon [the bishop's] was printed by the queen's desire. And so the bishop is let go, and the doctor taken, and the indictment framed, and the trial comes on with great solemnity, and the doctor in very great pomp comes up to the bar, and in his going home is huzza'd;

shows that, like Sacheverell, he was of Puritanic descent. For the name bestowed on him in infant baptism a man is no more responsible than he is for coming into the world, and yet it is apt to be associated with him as partaking of his nature. Such association, indeed, is part of the vitality of fictitious literature, and the selection of a characteristic name for the hero or the villain is an element of success. There was thus for some years after the end of the seventeenth century a motley mixture of Puritanic associations with the habits of the reaction; and many a swashbuckler in his lace, feathers, and abundant curls, had to bear a name intended for a pious, prick-eared Roundhead, and had to swear all the louder and drink all the deeper, to prove that there was nothing in a name. Offspring Blackall repudiated the ancestral Puritanism in his own way by writing for High Church, passive obedience, and the divine right of lineal descent. The sermon preached by Blackall before the queen, was the affirmative converse of the negatives proclaimed in "The judgment and decree of the University of Oxford."[1] Certain opinions, uttered by Puritans and republicans —or authors whose hostility to divine right was believed to lead to republicanism as a legitimate conclusion—were specifically condemned, and expunged from the belief of all righteously thinking men. The blanks thus left in the political confession of faith

and the second day it increases, and the mob turns very insolent, and pull down six or seven meeting-houses, and curse the Whig bishops and lords, and swear they will not have a meeting-house in England, and stop not till the Guards fall on them." — Wodrow Analecta, i. 256.

[1] See p. 258.

were filled up with the corresponding orthodox doctrines by Blackall.[1]

Blackall, though now forgotten, was a man of great renown in his day, and his private life seems to have secured to him respect among all men. His sermons were collected and published after his death, and in commending their author to the world, Sir William Dawes, the Archbishop of York, piles up a climax of such eloquent laudation as scarcely any of the classical panegyrists or the authors of the French academic *éloges* have excelled. It begins: "I, who had the happiness of a long and intimate friendship with him, do sincerely declare that in my whole conversation I never met with a more perfect pattern of a true Christian life in all its parts than in him. So much primitive simplicity and integrity; such constant evenness of mind and uniform conduct of behaviour; such unaffected and yet most ardent piety towards God; such orthodox and steadfast faith in Christ; such disinterested and fervent charity to all mankind;" and so forth, piling up a greater heap of

[1] "The Divine Institution of Magistracy, and the Gracious Design of its Institution. A sermon preached before the queen at St James's, on Tuesday, March 8, 1708, being the anniversary of her Majesty's happy accession to the throne. Rom. xiii. 4, 'He is the minister of God to thee for good.' By Offspring, Lord Bishop of Exeter. Published by her Majesty's special command: 1709." To be interpreted along with this, as it would seem, a sermon preached some years before by Blackall was reprinted in 1709: "The Subject's Duty. A sermon preached in the Parish Church of St Dunstan's in the West, on the same anniversary in the year 1705." The author of "The Considerations" afterwards cited, says,—"The sermon preached by your lordship on the 8th of March 1708 is the occasion of this trouble, which, compared with that preached at St Dunstan's in the West on March 8, 1704, gives us such an account of your lordship's judgment concerning the duty of subjects, and the original authority of governors, as seems to me to give just grounds for such an examination of it as I at this time design."

virtues than any possible code of human conduct could find room for, without the supposition that the same quality is described in several different ways.

Blackall found an opponent in a man destined to a far wider influence and celebrity than his own—the great Benjamin Hoadley, afterwards Bishop of Bangor. He was a man of pure life, endowed with an amiable and gentle nature. He was a controversialist, no doubt, but his own part of every controversy was uttered with peculiar moderation and courtesy. Yet in his quiet manner he had opened up disputes, cutting so deep into such questions as both in politics and religion rouse the fiercest passions of the age, that in his calmness he was like some magician who, protecting himself in quiet safety within his own magic circle, can raise outside its circumference mighty elements of wrath, strife, and danger. Scarce any of the mighty statesmen and warriors of the country who filled the ear of fame have left so deep a mark as he has left on the constitution of the country; for he put an end to the Convocation—an end to that mixed hierarchical and representative legislation of the clergy, which was to be to them what the Houses of Lords and Commons were to the laity. By a placid sermon on the text "My kingdom is not of this world," he raised among the clergy, who carried it into Convocation, the great Bangorian controversy. It raged so furiously that the Government closed the Convocation, and that assembly has never been permitted, since it was so closed, to hold a free sitting. The policy of the Government was that of the policeman who, dealing with a riot in a disorderly house

and finding that he cannot appease it, is content to drive the rioters out and lock the door.

Such were the two men who were to have a separate single combat while the Sacheverell affair was engrossing Parliament. The importance attributed by the resolutions of the Commons to this separate contest, raises the rank of the fugitive pamphlets containing it to the rank of State papers, and they demand attention accordingly.

Fortunately for the historian, a controversy so long dead and buried does not require elaborate and exhaustive handling. He will not be expected to make a complete summary of the arguments on either side, and then pass judgment on the respective merits of the disputants. It may suffice to give a few traces of the external character of the contest, that it may be seen what it was that absorbed so much vital interest in its day. And even the unreasoning and passionate character of that interest, helps of itself to display the more prominent features of the dispute, since it roused a spirit of violence and hatred which can only appear irrational and grotesque to an age having little interest in the claims and merits of either side.

Between Blackall and Hoadley, however, the dispute was decorous, and a few short specimens will show its nature. The argument on the foundation of power in the people, is treated by Blackall with a logicality almost too complete and delicate for the rough dialectic uses of political debate:—

"This indeed might possibly have been true in case this multitude had sprung together out of the earth, or if they had been all created by God at one

and the same time. But it can't be true, upon the supposition that they all descended from the same first parents Adam and Eve; for it being so, no man, except only the first man of all, ever came into the world but he was naturally, at the very instant of his birth, in a state of subjection to some other. No man, since the first, was ever, properly speaking, free-born. For in his natural capacity he was born a subject to his own parents; and in his political capacity, to the king or other chief governor of that kingdom or state of which, at his birth, he became a member. The people could not, therefore, give to any man the authority over either themselves or others which they themselves never had. They could not give to another what was not their own to give. They could not give to one man what another man was then in the lawful possession of. Thus, I hope, it appears that government is a divine institution, and that the authority of those who are placed in government is from God; both which I suppose were meant by the apostle in these words, 'He is the minister of God.'"

Hoadley takes up his parable on the final conclusion, and slipping through the subtle reasoning about giving what the giver did not possess, says: "I might here put your lordship in mind, that St Paul hath guarded his own expression very cautiously and judiciously; that he tells subjects not barely that the magistrate is the minister of God, but that he is 'the minister of good to them for God,' and this opens an argument that the divine commission does not protect him in doing evil. The magistrate's receiving a commission for one particular work immediately from God, ought not to be an argument;" "that there

is none upon earth who can question, censure, or punish him," if he goes beyond his commission.

But there is some harder hitting than this. What was the glorous revolution—the revolution that placed her present Majesty on the throne—the revolution she took an active and meritorious part in? "Nor do we account any part of our excellent queen's behaviour more truly great, more lovely, or more beneficial, than the part she bore in this transaction." "And now, my lord, how must it surprise all who can think, to hear it affirmed that it would have been good for the nation not to have invited over arms and to have joined themselves to them? and for their temporal advantage to have missed that opportunity, and to have sat down contented with their ruin, unless regular forms prevented it? And how must it concern all good subjects, to hear a man of your lordship's character and authority assuring the world that her Majesty's title is only that of a successful usurpation; that submission to her government is indeed lawful, now it is settled, but that the foundation of that settlement was laid in a damnable sin; to find that on a day set apart to celebrate the nation's happiness in her Majesty's accession to the throne, a sentence of condemnation must be raised against that resistance, without which she had never enjoyed either the crown or perhaps her life?"

Although his chastisement of Blackall may have been the service that excited the gratitude of the Commons, a sermon preached by Hoadley on "St Paul's behaviour towards the civil magistrate," had a wider reputation and more popular influence.[1] It

[1] "St Paul's behaviour towards the Civil Magistrate. A sermon

was curiously plain and practical both in reasoning and setting forth examples. It satisfied the English taste for escaping from general principles and alighting on the satisfactory standing-ground of a case in point. No man had more respect for the established institutions than the apostle had. No man was more anxious to avoid the heavy responsibility of resisting the magistrate, when the magistrate exceeded his constitutional power.

"His Christianity did not make him forget that he was a Roman, and as a Roman he judged that he had the privileges of a Roman; and these his Christianity did not oblige him to give up to any mortal as long as he could with honour keep them. The possibility of his being mistaken in this, in which he acted not as an apostle, was no argument to him against this right; nor did the weakness of other men's judgments prevail with him not to set them an example of judging in the like circumstances. What confusion—what disorder, say some—must ensue if subjects be allowed to judge concerning the invasion of their own rights and privileges? But let them believe St Paul for once, that much more misery must ensue upon human society, if it be a settled point that the executive powers may absolutely and without control determine what they please concerning the inferior part of the world. If any one ask when he saith this, I answer, his behaviour speaks

preached at the Assizes at Hertford, July the 26th 1708, by Benjamin Hoadley, M.A., Rector of St Peter's Poor. Published at the request of the High Sheriff and Grand Jury, 1708. Acts xxii. 25, 'And as they bound him with thongs, Paul said unto the centurion that stood by, Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?'"

it aloud; for he never would have acted the part which he did could he have thought it more for public good that subjects should give up all their judgments to the determination of their magistrates, than that they should judge concerning the violation of their common rights after the best manner they could."

"He could bear and pass by injuries as well as any man; and had they been private persons who had offered him the same indignities, I doubt not he would have borne them without any return but that of forgiveness. But when the civil privileges of that society to which he belonged were invaded by those whose duty and profession it was to maintain them, he thought it a just occasion to show his sense of so great an evil, though it immediately touched only himself. The consideration of the character and office of those who offered the injuries, was so far from determining him to pass them over with silence —according to some men's way of arguing—that it was this very thing that made him look upon them not as private injuries, but with resentment due to injuries of a public and universal concern."

That Hoadley had written this tract, and a few others having reference more or less to the same great question, probably helped the House of Commons out of a dilemma.[1] As the reason for commending their favourite to the notice of the queen, it was well to have something more to appeal to in his favour than his castigation of a bishop who had

[1] That one of his many tracts to which most influence was attributed, is said to have been, "The Measure of Submission to the Civil Magistrate, considered in a sermon on Romans xiii. 1," printed in 1706.

preached before her Majesty a sermon afterwards printed by her Majesty's command. Yet people on both sides were entitled to their own opinions on the reason that influenced the Commons. Those who chose so might believe Hoadley's merit to lie in the castigation that could not be decorously administered by the Commons because the queen was in a measure a participator in the offence demanding it, when they resolved, "That the Reverend Mr Benjamin Hoadley, Rector of St Peter's Poor, London, for having often strenuously justified the principles on which her Majesty and the nation proceeded in the late happy revolution, hath justly merited the favour and recommendation of this House," and therefore they send a humble address to the queen that she would graciously bestow on him "some dignity in the Church."[1] The answer reported to the House was, "Her Majesty will take a proper opportunity to comply with your desire."[2] Had the affair occurred a few months later the answer might not have been so gracious. As it befell, Hoadley had to wait for his reward till the coming of George of Hanover, in whose cause he had so heartily worked. There were not wanting earlier opportunities for promotion. Within the years 1712 and 1713, the sees of St David's, Hereford, London, and Rochester, became vacant.

When we step out of Westminster Hall to see how the long contest there was taken by the outside world, we naturally make acquaintance with Blackall and Hoadley as those most closely connected with the impeachment and its causes. But the literary

[1] Journals, Dec. 14, 1709. [2] Ibid., Dec. 20.

storm spread far away and stirred up countless pens. The age was prolific in pamphlets. They were the rapidly increasing growth of fugitive receptacles for controversy and contemporary history, that was by degrees to be systematised in the periodical press. It would be difficult to find a period when pamphleteers were both so many and so brilliant. With more or less to say of the Sacheverell affair, we have Swift, Defoe, Atterbury, Davenant, Mainwaring, Charles Leslie, Tom Brown, and William King. That Addison is not found among them is a negative testimony to the fine taste that prompted him to deal with lofty topics or to inculcate sound good sense and social decorum.

The personal bitterness of some of Sacheverell's assailants has almost a sublimity of ferocity in it, and so effectively proves the frantic rage of his enemies as to throw on what they say the sort of discredit we apply to the infamous taunts of the enraged participators in a street brawl. Some of the charges against him are paltry gossip about family affairs. He was of Puritan parentage, and had deserted the faith of his parents for base lucre; he was ungrateful to the connections who had assisted him; and to others who in poverty and obscurity sought countenance from him in his grandeur he was haughty and selfish. The personal testimony of those who so suffered was brought to support the charges, and yet so that one could hardly say whether they are fictitious or real. Then he was grossly ignorant, wrong in his classicalities, and so lame even in English grammar and idiom, that he was unable to give accurate titles to the sermons

that made him famous. This charge was opportunely supported by idiomatic peculiarities, partaking of eccentricity at least, if not of some deeper literary sin: "The very titles of his two sermons are false grammar. There is a *communication of sinners*, and there is a *contagion of sin*, but as the doctor has put it, 'tis contrary at least to the common way of speaking. So 'The Perils of False Brethren in Church and State' is properly the perils to which those false brethren are exposed, and not the perils arising from them. His text—if he could have kept to it—had it much more correctly, 'perils among false brethren.' This was observed by a noble peer even in his plea for him; though he was for sparing the *man*, he condemned the *sermons*, and openly declared there was nonsense in the title-page of both."[1]

He is represented as a blockhead whose Latinity is signally defective. And here it has been demonstrated that he was incapable of framing a logical title-page in his native tongue. Yet under the head of "lying, forgery, and fraud," he is by the same accuser charged with uttering a very smart antithesis in Latin, in such form as to make it appear not his own invention as it was, but a genuine gem from the classics. In that day, and frequently in later times, almost down to the present, the discovery of a classical quotation, apt to the matter in hand, was a far greater merit than any original utterance of the author, however brilliant and appropriate. The one was sterling gold, the other was—nobody could say exactly what, until it became sanctified by age or discarded as worthless. To utter his own empty words, therefore, in such

[1] The Modern Fanatick, 16.

form as to make them pass current for the genuine article, was certainly one of the minor immoralities called mystifications or hoaxes. But it was a strange charge to bring against a blockhead,—it was like taunting one as so uneducated that he could not write, and then charging him with a very clever forgery.[1]

A revolting feature of these attacks takes the shape of charges of personal immorality. If we are to believe them, the popular idol was an ample participator in all the vices, stopping short of crime and the lash of the penal law.[2]

[1] "Under this head of lying I shall add a gross forgery; I cannot call it a *pious*, but I may a seditious, fraud. That he might represent the greater dangers of the Church from the resolution of the two Houses and the declaration of the queen, he cited this sentence as from a Latin historian, '*Nunquam magis periclitata est respublica Romana, quam cum nemo eam periclitari ausus sit asserrere.*' Many of the scholars were so pleased with this pointed Latin sentence, that they asked him from what authority he had borrowed it. He would at first have upbraided their ignorance without betraying his own k—ry [knavery]; but when they had searched the classics and found no such thing, they brought him to a silent confession that he had no authority for it but his own pretty invention."—The Modern Fanatick, 31, 32.

[2] Some of the charges are put in language unfit for publicity in the present day. Here are some of the less offensive. The patroness of a vacant family chaplainship looking for an incumbent, receives the hint, "I wonder you do not tender it to Mr S——" "O fie!" says the lady, "pray do not name him—he's a sorry wretch. He'll go into the kitchen among the servants and banter the torments of hell-fire before them."—Ibid., 26.

"The sixth charge I shall make against him is of most unchristian imputations, which are a mixture of both the forms rage and profaneness, and therefore not strictly reducible to either." "He was once railing in his usual rancour against the Dissenters, and one asked what he would have done with them as the case now stands, there being such a number of them in the nation. His answer was, 'Do with them? Damn them.' Nay, during his very trial—when one would think the awful providence he was under should have restrained him, how strong soever his habits were—when anything displeased him, it was 'the Devil take 'em.'"—Ibid., 26, 27.

"The ninth accusation of drunkenness, will scarce be denied by the

Conspicuous among these was a clergyman of ability and good repute—William Bisset. Whatever may be said about his discretion or his taste, he was one of the few among the bitter assailants of each other in that wordy war who put his name and his place in the Church on the title-page of what he printed.[1] We know little about him except what

most zealous of his friends—if by himself. They own that he lives freely, and 'tis well known what the real sense of that expression is. He loves his Church (*Dic quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo*), his friend, and his bottle; the last, I am afraid, at another guise rate than he did his mistress, and 'tis not a small matter will part 'em. I was assured by one that he sat to it at an inn upon the road from nine at night till ten next morning; and all the town rings of his being Low Church at Sir J. W——r's in Oxfordshire—that is, laid flat under the table, which gave occasion for that sarcasm, 'there lies the pillar of our Church;' or, as the Hempman at Warwick, 'the stay of the nation.'" —Ibid., 29.

The following seems to refer to some saturnalia in exultation of the leniency of the sentence in the impeachment. "The 75th Canon forbids all ministers going to taverns other than for their honest necessities, and the playing of dice, cards, or tables; and how well these are obeyed, I appeal to our zealous Southwark Canonist himself whether the usual adjournment on evenings has not been from Ch——d's Coffee-house to the Queen's Arms Tavern at the west end of Paul's, where the thanksgiving supper for his deliverance was celebrated, with about twelve of his brethren, with plenty of wine and a concert of music?" —Ibid., 50.

Another vice attributed to him—gambling—took an aggravating shape. "One assured an intimate friend of mine that he had played at cards with him often on a Sunday, and once as he was in the midst of his game, the clerk came to remind him of the service he was upon, and asked him if it were not time to get ready, for the people would be quickly coming to church. 'Why, you fool,' said he, 'my sermon is already cut and dry'd.'"—Ibid., 30.

[1] The passages in the preceding note are taken from "The Modern Fanatick, with a Large and True Account of the Life, Actions, Endowments, &c., of the famous Dr Sa[cheverel]l. 'Veritas magna est, et prevalebit.' By William Bisset, Eldest Brother of the Collegiate Church of St Katherine, and Rector of Whiston in Northamptonshire. London, 1710." "The Modern Fanatick, Part II., containing what is necessary to clear all the Matters of Fact in the First Part, and to confute what has been printed in the pretended Vindication of Dr

his pamphlets reveal of him as a man of wayward character and eccentric habits, occasionally making the world acquainted, in a very candid way, with "a bit of his mind." He was a great champion of the societies for the reformation of manners. This alone indicated a leaning to Low Church and Puritanism, since the societies were severely lashed by Sacheverell and other High Churchmen.[1] It is

Sacheverell relating to Myself; being the first Book that ever was answered before it was made, with a Postscript on that Account." By the Same. 1710.

A fellow-Oxonian was so polite as to draw up a syllabus of the accusations against Sacheverell, and to send it to him through the public press, with certain comments—

"I. Of being rude to your uncle, and disowning him for a relation; and ungrateful to your benefactors, especially to the family which bred you up from an orphan.

"II. With affection to Popery, with pride, vainglory, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness to your mother.

"III. With ignorance and impudence, in being guilty of false grammar in the very title of your two celebrated sermons, and pretending to more Latin than the bishop who ordained you.

"IV. With enmity to the Revolution and the Hanover succession.

"V. With profaneness.

"VI. With unchristian imprecations.

"VII. With very foul dealing.

"VIII. With great immodesty.

"IX. With drunkenness.

"X. With gaming, and that, too, on Sunday.

"XI. With great and inexcusable unfaithfulness in the execution of your office.

"XII. With notorious falsehoods, both in doctrine and fact, as also with forgery."

The abrupt conclusion, with its weighty accusations, looks like a desire not to show disrespect to the number twelve.

[1] Bisset's most popular effort was, "Plain English: A Sermon preached at St Mary-le-Bow, on Monday, March 27, 1704, for the Societies for Reformation of Manners." This passed through several editions. The English of it is sometimes so plain that in the present day it would be called foul; and yet the book is not a good exposition of the vices and frailties of the day. It exhausts itself in the vague denunciation that is apt to possess clergymen when they deal with the sins of the age,—and

to be regretted that we know so little about Bisset, since his works, though entirely controversial, give us curious and often clever sketches of the manners of the age. He was one of the large class of men who, after a noisy existence and a large share of popular notoriety, drop out of the records of fame and are forgotten.[1]

In this country, at the present day, it would be said that one charged so broadly with scandalous misconduct as Sacheverell was, should have appealed

we would like to know what these sins were. The sermon brings us to a text whence we might expect to find him passing into detail. Such is the following, which leads to nothing :—

"There are two strong citadels that still hold out against you,—I mean those two famous academies of hell—those nurseries of all vice, those incorrigible brothels—the two play-houses, where Satan's seat is, where he keeps his headquarters."—P. 19.

[1] There are some scanty notices of Bisset in Nichol's 'Literary Anecdotes.' The name does not occur in any edition of the Bibliotheca of Lowndes. It is discreditable to our works of biographical reference that, with many others of a like character, Bisset's name does not appear in the usual English biographical dictionaries until it was picked up by the French. See the Supplement to the 'Biographie Universelle' and the 'Nouvelle Biographie Générale.' Bisset, in his 'Modern Fanatick,' affords us some autobiographical glimpses; but they bear too closely on the occasion prompting him to lift his testimony and participate in its excitements. "I have lived as in a seat of war or an enemy's country—nay, among generous and honourable enemies, I doubt not, to have met with much fairer quarter. Besides the danger my person, family, and goods were in during the late rebellion, which were plentifully threatened, I have since that been mobbed,—that is, insulted in the open streets with the foulest language by mere strangers, —for cavils of acquaintance I do not take into account,—times without number. The same day that the news of taking Douay came to the town—for any success of the allies constantly enrages them—I was insulted four times between my home and the Exchange. Once a couple of blustering blades bade the people again and again despatch me by throwing me into the Thames. And I have been informed that three armed ruffians have been inquiring for me, and hovering about to waylay me. . . . I matter all I have in the world, and my life too, no more than the paring of my nails in the cause of insulted religion, truth, and British liberty—all which are directly struck at—and

to a court of law for redress and the vindication of his character. If he failed to do so, it would be said that he dared not let his life be investigated and laid before twelve honest men for their judgment. But in that age it was different. The parties to the contest seem to have partaken of the nature of those who would rather accept a torrent of vituperation and repay it with interest, than court the intervention and protection of the official preservers of the peace. Foremost among the champions of Sacheverell comes Dr William King, a man who, in an age less intellectually prolific, would have held a high place as a scholar and as a wit. He came straight up to the attack, and dealt his blows right in the enemy's face. He was an intellectual warrior, fierce and skilful; and through him the words of the defenders of Sacheverell were stronger than the words of his assailants. The vices are retorted with a comprehensive brevity.[1] The unkindness to poor relations

could suffer the last extremity as acceptably, I doubt not, to God, and as comfortably to myself, under High Church tyranny as under Nero or Diocletian; for their malignity is not less and their hypocrisy greater."—P. 5.

Bisset shows the same predilection for martyrdom in his "Plain English":—

"Come! God will not be mocked, and truth must be spoken where it is concerned—for as to State matters I ne'er trouble my head—and shall be spoken while I have a tongue, though all the devils in hell and incarnate conspire to stifle it,—nay, though I were sure to be cudgelled or Coventried, or have my throat cut the next hour. I'll go one step further"—and so he goes to France and King Louis, in a confused parenthesis resolving itself into his consent—"to be broken upon the wheel; and who knows how soon I may fall into his hands? For there are many amongst us who would sell their prince, their country, their Church, their souls—these they'd sell for sixpence, for they don't believe they have any—to bring his iron yoke upon our necks."—P. 55.

[1] "His conversation is impudent, reviling, unhandsomely reproving,

is retaliated in Bisset's harsh usage of a virtuous but impoverished sister; and an exquisite touch of bitterness is given to the retaliation by the addition that she provoked his wrath by reproving his profligacy. Then, in his tracts, Bisset is found to have let loose on the world some eccentricities that might indicate unsteadiness of intellect; and the application of a touch of high colouring makes them indicate an idiot and a madman combined.[1]

The two antagonists were very unequally matched. King was not only the stronger of the two, but he had the volatile powers of the light horseman who can evade the adversary's blow and select the moment for inflicting his own upon his grave and earnest adversary, who complains of having insufficient data for ascertaining "when he is in jest and when in earnest; what he would have to pass for romance, and what for reality." King was an habitual mystifier, and his efforts in that school of literature ought

The poison of asps is under his tongue, and he shoots out his arrows, even bitter words, which he learned from the sailors at St Katherine's. In his morals he is lewd, sensual, devilish, even to assaulting women at noonday and in his gown."—A Vindication of the Rev. Dr Henry Sacheverell from the False, Scandalous, and Malicious Aspersions cast upon him in a late infamous Pamphlet entitled 'The Modern Fanatick.' —P. 6.

[1] "'An Account of Dr Sacheverell's Life, &c., wrote by the Poor Madman B[isse]t of St Katherine's.' The character of the man is so contemptible that I wonder your party should choose such a miscreant for their champion. It is a certain sign you are sinking when you catch at such broken reeds for help and support. I know the abilities of the man to be so despicably weak; his incapacities, even in his most lucid intervals, are so known and open that nothing but infatuation could have driven you to that choice. The impeachment and this are the first-rate party stupidities of your faction; for every porter has you in ridicule, and answers the whole book with this decisive, 'It is done by poor Bisset, the Plain English madman."—Ibid., 3.

to derive an interest from the very fact that overshadowed him and left him in obscurity—the rise of Swift as a greater master in the same class of art. King was four years the elder of the two, and his 'Journey to London' was published in 1698, before Swift had begun to perplex and astonish the world. It must not be said that Swift was his imitator, but in schools of intellectual exertion we can often point to some steps upwards taken by others before the top is reached by him for whom it is reserved. His life was more restless and wayward than Swift's, and his conduct less moral. His Toryism and High Church ecclesiastical politics were vehement but not very earnest.[1]

King was one of those whose souls abhor all kinds of steady work, but he was a popular good fellow

[1] He says of himself: "I love to read what the Tories write, and to hear what they speak; I meet them at home and abroad, and very often Dr Sacheverell is one of them. I think as they think, and do generally as they do; and I fancy if you inquire fancifully and very maliciously, you may find from the day of my birth till now, that I have not kept myself without sin. It may be that I have robbed an orchard, and disobeyed my master at school, quarrelled with the college cook, scolded furiously at my laundress, and taken a degree too. If you should in your walks hear anything of this nature, be so kind as to keep it secret; for I am related to a great man in the holy society for the reformation of manners, who I know in his will has left me two of Oliver's shillings and a great silver calf's head, with the works of the learned Bunyan, the devout Baxter, and that admirable polemical divine Ben Hoadley,—all which I shall certainly lose if he hears from you, whose veracity he very much confides in, that I have been such a profligate liver—egg and bird."

"St Austin after his age looked back with another guise view on the same transgression; he did not think the breach of the eighth commandment a jesting matter, but gives it a large place in his confessions, and makes very severe reflections thereon. This author seems of the profane pope's mind, that wondered why God should be so angry with mankind for an apple or two."—The Modern Fanatick, Part II., Preface.

who must be provided for. His influence went high up at Court, for he wrote a vindication of the Court of Denmark against Molesworth's censures, and secured the patronage of Prince George of Denmark. He was sent to Ireland—the part of the empire where those who were not bound to any other part by strong social ties could be most easily provided for. He had taken a degree as doctor in civil law, and this qualified him to be appointed "Judge of the Admiralty, Commissioner of the Prizes, Keeper of the Records in Birmingham Tower, and Vicar-General to Dr Marsh, the Primate."[1]

The world is sometimes amused by stories of how persons of this easy, thoughtless, dissipated character, personate grave and reverend seigniors, creating misgivings and perplexities until a solution brings laughter at the grotesqueness of the whole. King was placed occasionally in this position by conditions not of his own making, except by the act of going to Ireland. There was another William King there—the Archbishop of Dublin—the grave author of the work on the Origin of Sin. The pleasures and pains of confounding these with each other were not equally divided, and as the Judge of the Admiralty had more of the enjoyable share, he was not so zealous as the prelate in rectifying the mistake. He acted a designed mystification on poor Bisset, by anticipating the defence he was to make of himself and critically demolishing it. When the second part of 'The Modern Fanatick' did appear, its author mumbled out his griefs about this unfair dealing, saying, "But of all his follies, none is so horrid and inex-

[1] Johnson's Lives of the Poets (1781), ii. 274.

cusable as the putting that text of Scripture in the title-page from Psalm cxxxix. 2 ('Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising, Thou understandest my thought afar off'), which he manifestly, impiously, and, I may say, blasphemously, refers to himself, as knowing my thoughts before I knew them all myself." Bisset of course denies the crimes and frailties laid to his charge, and indeed he uses so much of his "plain English" in announcing the vices to which he is not addicted, that in these days his defence would be banished from the tables of the sincere friends of virtue to whom he appeals. He produces written testimony here and there. His sister denies, under her signature, the story that she suffered ill-usage at his hands, or that she had to rebuke him for profligacy. He had been charged with the purchase of a coach never paid for by him, and he produces the coachmaker's receipt for the price. It is not likely that this solemn sincerity would have much influence on a man of William King's nature.

I have here endeavoured to draw out of a huge controversy, some characteristics that may reveal its nature without throwing too much of its tiresome monotony on the reader. If it be found that there is not much entertainment to be got out of the part borne by King, Bisset, Hoadley, and Blackall, we can expect less from the crowd of inferior spirits who were constrained by a sort of literary epidemic to burst into the conflict. The portion of it that centres round the two first principles set in contest—the right of resistance and passive obedience—soon becomes very wearisome.[1] But it would be wrong to

[1] Controversies about the divine right of sovereigns to reign, of

leave this literary heap behind without noting that the student of history and the British constitution will find in it matter of value. With the exception of a few professed wits like King, all who joined in the controversy were deeply in earnest, and they ran-

clergy to draw tithes, of apostolic succession in the prelacy, or the like, are apt to get into uniform circular grooves, where they roll on heavily unless some personality drives them furiously off at a tangent. Hence it is refreshing to find occasionally the essence of much prosing stated smartly and practically. As for instance—

"That which gave me most trouble in all our bickerings was that obstinate, vexatious citation of the thirteenth chapter to the Romans, which was thrown at my head on all occasions. I could not mention the Revolution, King William, the House of Commons, liberty of the subject, nor anything like them, but presently I was desired to look into the thirteenth chapter to the Romans."

"All governments have the same authority, but differ in the exercise and administration of it. The thirteenth chapter to the Romans is therefore a much quieter chapter than most people imagine. It changed no government. It settled none unalterably. It made no freemen slaves—it made no slaves freemen. It left every nation to be governed by its own laws, and if they could mend these laws they might, and if they should part with them for worse it did not forbid them doing so. It bids every soul be subject to the higher powers, but it does not tell us what those higher powers are."

"I entreat you not to abuse the Word of God; not to traduce St Paul; not to speak evil of the Christian doctrines, as though these did not only basely favour, but encourage and command the slavery of the subject and the prince's arbitrary command, if he should please to assume it. Let the Scriptures alone, and make not them subservient to the base and villanous designs of wicked men, that would enthrall their country."

"It is not to be proved with any certainty in whose reign or at what time the Epistle to the Romans was written. But let the passive doctors take it for granted that it was written when Nero reigned, and—if they like it the better for that—just when he caused the city of Rome to be set on fire, and strung his harp on that occasion; or when he gave his orders out to have his mother killed; or in what fit of enormous wickedness they please to place him: what, I would know, is all this to the other parts of the world, who were governed by milder princes and lived under laws both just and merciful?"—The Thirteenth Chapter to the Romans vindicated from Abusive Senses put upon it. Written by a Curate of Salop. London: printed for A. Baldwin. 1710. Price Twopence.

sacked all the learning at their command in support of their adopted cause. It could not be but that in such a process the hidden features of the British constitution should be dragged into a full blaze of light.

In this motley controversy, as in the decorous debates of the impeachment, Jacobitism has no place. No one ventures even a hint that the relief from all difficulties and dangers is to call the old Stewarts back again. So cautiously, indeed, did all avoid this dangerous topic, that it is rare to find even a taunt against any of Sacheverell's party that their conduct might favour the hopes of the exiled house. In the host of pamphlets, I can recall but one professing to implicate Sacheverell with the Jacobite cause, and this one is so superlatively overladen with burlesqueness, that its author might fairly have rescued it from all accusation of serious imputation.[1]

[1] "Instructions from Rome in favour of the Pretender, inscribed to the most elevated Don Sacheverellio, and his brother Don Higginisco, and which all Perkinites, Nonjurors, Highflyers, Popish desirers, Wooden-shoe Admirers, and Absolute Non-resistance Drivers, are obliged to pursue and maintain (under pain of his Unholiness's damnation) in order to Carry on their intended Subversion of a Government founded on Revolution principles. 1710." This trifle of fourteen small pages is attributed to Defoe, but apparently on no better ground than that everything in that period rising above a certain parallel of wit, and abetting Low Church and Whig principles, is due to his reputation. (See Wilson, iii. 112, Lect. I. 165). The following short passages are offered as fair specimens of the writer's powers, whoever he may have been:—

"Let your deportment be complaisant even to servile flattery. Court your very enemies with the most obliging language and protestations of kindness. Kiss those hands you would cut off, and hug him you cannot hang—at least until you can. Still fashion yourselves to the humour of the present company as the light is round the sun in the fire pyramidal. If any recommend liberty of conscience, insinuate further—as you have done already—that the Church is under persecution, and that the Dissenters are undermining the pillars thereof;

The fugitive literature of the great Sacheverell crisis is not limited to prose. It enjoys an anthology of its own kind—it is set to rhyme and somewhat to metre; but in all the life and spirit that should inspire whatever rises to the dignity of poetry, serious or comic, it is more prosaic than the prose portion of the controversy. Surely such a garland of withered weeds was never hung on any favoured shrine! And yet it may be said that there must have been earnestness and enthusiasm where people so totally incapable of touching the lyre took it in hand, and practised on it resolutely and vehemently. Those who desire to study the capacity of the English language to be ranged into irredeemable doggerel may with profit study this collection.[1]

that the Church will never be safe so long as the Toleration Act is in force—as indeed the Church of Rome will not."

"A miracle now and then may do well amongst the vulgar—but cautiously; 'tis a subtle, eagle-eyed age. Be sure, therefore, prepare your counterfeit that is to be possessed very well, and carry your hand and invisible juggling ware clearly."

[1] "A Collection of Poems for and against Dr Sacheverell. London, 1710." One specimen of these has already been given (see p. 193)—I here select a few more. They are taken from what appears to me to be the smartest, or the least doleful, efforts of the collection, so that I do not think it likely that any higher strains can be revealed by other investigators.

"A Late Dialogue between Dr Burgess and Daniel Defoe, in a Cider Cellar near Billingsgate, concerning the Times":—

"Quoth Daniel the Doctor to Daniel Defoe,
I pray, brother, tell me how matters do go,
And which gets the better—the high or the low.
Dan. In truth I can't tell, but fearfully doubt
The devil will have it,—we all must turn out.
One friend we have lost that stuck closely to us,
And the fatal remove may help to undo us.
Dr. Avert it, good heaven! for what will become on's
If the heads of our party be brought to the summons—
If a Parliament high should fall to impeaching?
Dan. Then farewell short clockes and extempore preaching.

There remains yet one scene ere the curtain drops on the drama of the Sacheverell crisis—the trials for high treason. These were true to the motley spirit of the other parts, if they did not even enhance it. The world was warned, by all solemn preparations, of a bloody end that was to make a tragedy of the whole, when, as by the touch of an enchanter's wand, it was suddenly changed into an egregious farce.

> Thy neck and mine, Doctor, must come to the stretch,
> And for opposing of Jack *Dan* be punished by Ketch.
> No more calves' head clubs shall meet at the proctor's,
> No more sequestration nor roasting of doctors.
> I confess 'twas a very untowardly hit
> That twenty such cooks should be beat with the spit," &c.

The next fragment is taken from the other side—"The Wolfe stripped of his Shephard's Clothing. Addressed to Dr Sacheverell by a Salopian Gentleman":—

> "Of all the jolly sights the town has shown,
> Of foreign apes and drolls—and of her own,
> Of filtered bullies or of hatless beaus,
> With all the civet train of furbelows, &c.,
> Unjointed vaulters, kickshaws, jack-a-Lents,
> Produced in streets, in taverns, or in tents,—
> There's none admired in all the loyal list
> As is the buttered or the non-resisting priest.
> A shepherd he, until he understood
> The only fattening food was flesh and blood.
> By these the wolf to mighty bulk increased,
> And his lean chaps grew watery at the feast,
> In gormandising guts the greater beast.
> No more the fleece shall for the flesh atone,
> And Pan shall keep the harmless sheep alone,—
> The harmless sheep, that only wish to share
> The common benefits of vital air,
> To feed and sport on Ida's flow'ry plain,
> Refresh'd by heav'ns own bounties, sun and rain,—
> At noon to cool at some refreshing spring,
> And sweetly join great Pan's just praise to sing,—
> Great Pan, whose watchful care at once did keep
> Th' unspotted lambs and the unguarded sheep,
> Who yield their fleeces and their lives, to boot,
> When their just Pan shall call 'em forth to do't."

One can see that this contributor to the Sacheverellian anthology had taste enough to admire Dryden's poem of "The Hynde and the Panther."

The great lawyers took possession of the affair for the purpose of making out of it a grand precedent in the law of high treason. The persons to be tried were three of the rioters who had wrecked the meeting-houses. The opportunity was deemed a good one for distinctly commemorating, in a practical shape, the subtle definition of Coke: "If any levy war, to expulse strangers, to deliver men out of prisons, to remove counsellors, or against any statute, or to any other end, pretending reformation of their own heads, without warrant, this is a levying of war against the king, because they take on them royal authority, which is against the king. There is a diversity between the levying of war and the committing of a great riot, or rout, or an unlawful assembly. For example, as if three or four or more do rise to burn or put down an inclosure in Dale, which the lord of the manor of Dale hath made there and in that particular place, this, or the like, is a riot, a rout, or an unlawful assembly, and no treason. But if they had risen of purpose to alter religion established within the realm, or laws, or to go from town to town generally, and to cast down inclosures, this is a levying of war."

The distinction is put with the exquisite exactness of its accomplished author; but it hardly tended to commend it for use on this occasion, that it had been applied to a charge for combining to put down all brothels. Here was a combination to destroy all meeting-houses. Meeting-houses were tolerated by law. Dissenters were tolerated by law. There were people in the country who thought it desirable that Dissenters should not be tolerated, and that meetings

should not exist; but such persons must leave it to the sovereign, with the advice and consent of the two Houses of Parliament, to settle such questions by legislation,—and to take the matter into their own hands, by the destruction of meeting-houses, was a levying of war against the sovereign. Had the mob, after wrecking Burgess's meeting-house, next assailed the Deanery of Westminster or Lambeth Palace, there would not have been the logical aggregation necessary for constituting high treason. But the natural solution of the whole difficulty might have lain in a practice familiar in the present day where there is a lower crime included within the higher, and prosecuted to the conclusion of punishment as more appropriate to the actual guilt. On such a practice the riot would have been punished, in this case leaving the treason to its full logical command of the theory.

As it was, we find Daniel Dammaree was charged "by force and arms against our said sovereign lady the queen," with a multitude of men "armed and arrayed in a warlike manner—that is to say, with colours flying, swords, clubs, and other weapons, as well offensive as defensive, unlawfully and traitorously being assembled together, public war against our said lady the queen, and traitorously did prepare, begin, and levy." To the solemn question, "How say you, Daniel Dammaree? are you guilty of the high treason for which you have been indicted and are now arraigned, or not guilty?" the answer was, "My lord, I was so much in liquor that I did not know what I did." He was not probably aware of the practical sarcasm he thus threw on the great

distinction of the sage of the common law; for the evidence showed that the quantity of liquor imbibed by him was the chief if not sole inspirer of his exertions for a comprehensive extinction of meeting-houses. The absurdity of the whole affair seems to have been felt by the great lawyers who managed it; for on the Attorney-General saying, "Admitting he was drunk to that degree, they would have it that is no excuse for his crime," the Lord Chief-Justice said, "It is almost necessary that when a man goes upon such actions he should be in drink; and I do not know but a little more drink might have carried him to St James's to pull that down." Another feature in this trial, in harmony with the steady hard drinking attested by the witness, is the abundant extent to which the report of the testimony is strewed with the popular form of individual excommunication—"God damn you!" This venerable denunciation came into use among our natural enemies as a definition of the Englishman since its application by the Maid of Orleans. The report of the trial of Dammaree shows that, since his day, like many other curious institutions, it has undergone decay. The nominative, that constitutes the most irreverent element, is generally omitted, and sometimes the accusative; so that it has become little more than an expression of petulant impatience.

Having thus seen the crisis of the Sacheverell impeachment to its ostensible conclusion, it would be satisfactory if we could balance the gains against the losses on two separate estimates; the one, in the interests of the ministry and their friends, who promoted the impeachment—the other, in the interests

of the nation, as touching the security of the Hanover succession. On the one account there is a distinct loss of popularity to the Whig party, or, to put it with more precision, they were afflicted with unpopularity; and the affair was perhaps the most potent among several causes concurring to drive their party from office. The other estimate must be less distinct. We cannot say that if the Sacheverell crisis had not come the great event of the succession would have been other than it was; but it cannot be doubted that the grand debate, both in Parliament and the press, had the effect of demonstrating that England at least was sound in loyalty to the settlement in the house of Hanover.

The grand mistake for which the Whigs suffered was the selection of a clergyman for their victim. It is the mistake that has over and over been committed by the civil authorities of states, from the two leading instances of Hildebrand and Becket downwards. It is the mistake of those who fight in the dark, and are unconscious of the strength of their enemy. The affair roused up into active exertion a quiet but deeply-seated attachment to the Church of England. The existence of this attachment had perhaps been little known at Court; for it was among the squires, the burgesses, and the peasantry that it had its vital force. It grew out of the reaction of the Restoration against the wild extremes of the time of anarchy, followed by the Puritanic despotism of the Protectorate; and this reaction was moulded by the Revolution so that it should abide as Protestant Episcopacy. Hence it was a separate institution, alien from Puritanism on the one side and Romanism

on the other. That its strength and consistency were unknown at Court until it was roused to action was no doubt due to a peculiarity deeply lamented as a defect—the Church of England's incapacity to show its strength in a concentrated representative body. Cromwell saw the aptness of such bodies to rival, or, at least, to disturb, the power of the State; and he closed their doors throughout the British dominions. His successors tacitly profited by the lesson, and kept a pressure on the Convocation, closing it entirely when it threatened to become mischievous. It has been often justly remarked that this stripping it of representative power was the salvation of the Church of England, since such a power, if dangerous to a State, is still more dangerous to the Church possessing it, especially when it is, like the General Assembly in Scotland, the central power of a popular hierarchy, with a local sub-organisation of Synods, Presbyteries, and Kirk-sessions. When great questions arise in such bodies they aggregate into hostile camps, and end in the stronger crushing the weaker; the majority driving forth the minority.

Not owning such a powerful organisation for keeping its strength in constant action, the latent power of the Church appeared when a panic fear was shot through it by the impeachment. But in all their rage and fear, the High Churchmen of England showed no symptoms of seeking relief in Jacobitism. In Scotland, a small knot of Episcopalian lairds had endeavoured to form a connection with the loyal Church of England. Otherwise, all men of that denomination in Scotland were thorough Jacobites—

it was the alternative forced on them by the domination of the Presbyterian Establishment. Had there been any fear lest this leaven of Jacobitism might have penetrated into England, the form taken by the excitement of the champions of the Church dispelled it.[1]

It is a strange conclusion to the enthusiastic championship of Sacheverell in his day, that he stands alone among the objects of great popular contests, as one who has had no historical vindicator. Whatever may be said of the folly, the tyranny, or the dishonesty of his opponents, no one has a good word to say for Sacheverell himself. Nay, he gets wounded in the assault on his enemies; for a chief characteristic in their offences is that they should have made war on a creature so despicable. This view of his character and position is perhaps the reason why there

[1] Lord Dartmouth, in a note to Burnet's History, says: "In the time of the trial, the Earl of Godolphin asked me if I did not think they had all gone mad, to fall foul upon the doctrine of the Church of England as well as the doctor. I said I supposed they would not trouble themselves with one but to have a fling at the other. He said, 'Well, things must be worse before they can be better,' and so parted without any further information of his mysterious sentence. But I knew neither the doctor nor the doctrine had been called in question, if the word *Volpone* had been left out of his sermon, which was too hard and significant a word to be passed over—in a sermon preached before the Lord Mayor and city of London—with impunity."—Edition 1823, v. 429.

Archdeacon Coxe says: "It may not, perhaps, in this place be improper to observe that the fatal and mischievous consequences which resulted from the trial of Sacheverell, had a permanent effect on the future conduct of Walpole when he was afterwards placed at the head of the Administration. It infused into him an aversion and horror at any interposition in the affairs of the Church, and led him to assume occasionally a line of conduct which appeared to militate against those principles of general toleration to which he was naturally inclined."—Mem. of Sir R. Walpole, 4to, i. 23.

seems to have been a reluctance to open up the question, by a search through the rich and curious materials left in the impeachment and the controversy. The story as it was originally told by Burnet and Tindal has been repeated over and over. And yet writers who have thus carelessly dealt in it, have attributed to Sacheverell alone the great events of the later years of Queen Anne's reign—events produced by operative causes of which the Sacheverell affair was a mere superficial phenomenon.[1]

The Sacheverell commotions were not entirely concluded by the judgment of the Lords. The great debate aroused echoes in the corporations and other local communities; and the country was not entirely quiet until these had exhausted themselves. The result of these provincial debates took the shape of addresses to the queen. The address of the county of Radnor, in great sessions, "presented by Robert Harley and Thomas Harley," lamented "the great mischiefs and manifold inconveniences that have for

[1] "To this one man was owing the change of the old ministry and consequently dissolution of the Grand Alliance; the peace of Utrecht; the ruinous and destructive South Sea scheme; the infamous bank contract; and innumerable other evils which it may not be so proper to mention. This wretch, therefore, was the distant cause of, and is chargeable with, the aggrandisement of the house of Bourbon, to the subversion of the balance of power, the loss of all the emperor's dominions in Italy, the settling Don Carlos on the throne of the Two Sicilies and the French in Corsica; to the ruin of our Levant trade, the Spanish depredations, and the too visible and daily increasing decay of our sugar colonies. We could dwell much longer on this melancholy subject, and extend the catalogue of the evils caused by him."—The History of the Life and Reign of Queen Anne, by Paul Chamberlen.

Yet other sage pundits in historical causation tell us that all these calamities became fixed in the decrees of fate at that moment when Abigail Hill was relieved from poverty by getting service as one of the queen's dressers.

some years last past, arose to your faithful subjects and the most pure Christian religion, happily established among us, from the many blasphemous, heretical, Jesuitical, atheistical, schismatical, and republican books and phamphlets, that have been industriously dispersed and encouraged." [1]

The county of Worcester, in "general quarter sessions," expressed their detestation of "traitorous practices," and, more definitely, "the boldness of the attempt, in defiance of the justice of the nation, when the representative body of the Commons of Great Britain had charged our offenders with high crimes and misdemeanours before your Majesty in your highest court of judicature, as well as the turning of it, when the great disturber of Europe was treating for peace, having been humbled by the arms of your Majesty," [2] and denounce the "tumultuous assemblies."

The county of Durham, in quarter sessions, protested against "men of antimonarchial principles, republicans, and the late advancers of the pernicious doctrine and duty of resistance to princes." [3]

Denunciations against the "Popish," and occasionally the "damnable, doctrine" that sovereigns can be deposed, and even murdered, by their subjects.

On the other hand, in several, the settlement of the throne "in the illustrious house of Hanover" is matter of congratulation.

Gentlemen of the county of Somerset, represented by Sir William Wyndham, maintain the Protestant

[1] A Collection of the Addresses which have been presented to the Queen since the Impeachment of the Reverend Dr Henry Sacheverell (Lond., 1711), p. 9.

[2] Ibid., p. 8.

[3] Ibid., p. 11.

succession "as well against the Pretender and all his adherents abroad, as against all hypocritical pretenders to loyalty at home."[1]

When all was over, there was a sense of security in the country having passed through a critical ordeal. Considerate men thought it would have been unwise to abolish the martyrdom ceremonials of the 30th of January, but felt that they gave tempting opportunities for High Churchmen, and politicians with a lingering loyalty to the house of Stewart, to become troublesome. The martyr's sufferings began in the contempt and denial of his royal crown and dignity; and a few subtle words could describe the commencement of these outrages in such terms as would apply closely to actors in the Revolution, and supporters of the Hanover succession. Those who had to extract from such tirades some distinct offensive treatment of the Revolution Settlement were apt to be perplexed by subtle distinctions. Thus, at the beginning of the queen's reign, there were censures on a sermon preached before the Lower House of Convocation, as commenting both on the crucifixion and on the royal martyrdom, in terms that might have an equivocal application to the treatment of the exiled king; while a book commenting on this and another 30th of January sermon, was denounced as "a malicious, villanous libel, containing very many reflections on King Charles I., of ever-blessed memory, and tending to the subversion of the monarchy," and so was ordered to be burnt by the hangman.[2]

[1] Ibid., p. 34.

[2] "Animadversion upon sermons on the 30th of January, ordered to be burnt by the hangman." "Dr Bincke's sermon censured."—Parl. Hist., vi. 22.

CHAPTER XIII.

The French Refugees.

DEFICIENCY OF NATIVE COMMANDERS BEFORE MARLBOROUGH—ATHLONE, THE SCHOMBERGS, AND GALWAY — RAPIN THE HISTORIAN—THE VALUE OF HIS OWN HISTORY AND THE IMPULSE IT GAVE TO TINDAL—CONDITIONS OF THE MATERIAL FOR THE HISTORY—ITS PLACE AMONG OUR HISTORIES—THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE REFUGEES TO OUR PRODUCTIVE INDUSTRIES — THE SILK MANUFACTURES — HISTORICAL CONDITIONS THAT HAD SEVERED THE BRITISH FROM THE SCHOOLS OF SKILLED INDUSTRY — NATIONAL ADVANTAGES OF THE INDUSTRIAL ACQUISITIONS—ACQUISITIONS THROUGH THE IMMEDIATE EXODUS OF THE CAMISARDS LESS VALUABLE—THE FRENCH PROPHETS AND THEIR ADVENTURES IN LONDON.

FRANCE was at this time, in the affair of the Camisards, shaken by commotions and contests, having, in themselves, as they passed, no claim to a place in our present narrative. They had, however, in their ultimate results, a material influence on the destinies of the British empire, by contributing a new and valuable element to the population of these islands. And to enable us to estimate the nature and significance of this contribution, a few words of explanation as to the causes that sent them forth from their own country to seek refuge among our people and political institutions may be desirable.

A parallel has naturally been drawn between the pursuit of the Camisards in the Cevennes, and the trials of the Covenanters in Scotland in the seventeenth century. But the two historical passages, though externally they might have some resemblance to each other, were severed in spirit by fundamental dissimilarities in the political and religious spirit of the two communities.

The Covenanters of Scotland, as Calvinists, took the tone and manner of their religion from France. At the opening of our period the Edict of Nantes had been seventeen years repealed. This brings us to a generation of Scotsmen nourished in the tradition that France was the friend and England the enemy of their nation. The influence of Knox, the Melvilles, and other eminent scholars who drew their light from illustrious Frenchmen of the Huguenot persuasion, was yet strong; and through them the Presbyterian polity in Scotland grew up after the model of the Huguenot communities. The faith, the form of worship, and the ecclesiastical organisation were the same in both communities. But the parallel went no further. The peasantry of Lowland Scotland were not susceptible of the fervour that fed a fierce bigotry in the nature of the Huguenot of Languedoc. The same bitter intolerance was professed but not practised by both, and thus any parallel between the wild tragic history of the Camisards and the brief struggle of the Covenanters, ending with the Revolution, is of no avail for clearing up the history of either. The religious institution of France, indeed, under the Edict of Nantes, involved conditions unexampled and not easily realised to the mind in our

country. There was no toleration on either side, and it may be questioned whether the Romanist in Paris or the Huguenot in Languedoc was the more intolerant; and against the latter it could be argued that in France the further south we look we come to hotter blood and fiercer passions, whether spiritual or material. There was in one event in Scotland—the murder of Archbishop Sharpe—an act only too much akin to the sanguinary career of the Camisards; but when, at the Revolution, the Covenanters had the upper hand of their enemies, they showed a moderation never exemplified in French revolutions.[1]

Occasionally during the war a question arose whether it would be a wise policy to send an auxiliary force to aid the Camisards, or any of the bodies, whether under that or any other name, standing forth in insurrection against the supreme power. The intolerance of King Louis had none of the spiritual palliations of bigotry. The gentlest among the in-

[1] The ferocious intolerance of the French Huguenots prompted an Englishman to glean from their wild annals some sanguinary instances fit to balance those in John Foxe's renowned 'Acts and Monuments of these Latter and Perilous Days, touching Matters of the Church, wherein are Comprehended and Described the great Persecutions and horrible Troubles that have been Wrought and Practised by the Romish Priests.' In 1587, within two years after the publication of Foxe's book, there appeared 'Theatrum crudelitatum Hæreticorum nostri temporis,' by Richard Versetegan, better known in his genial book called 'The Restitution of Decayed Intelligence.' So far as his cruelties are represented by art, they exceed in power the well-known woodcuts that grace Foxe's book. But the instances are all found among the feats of the French Huguenots, with the exception of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots; a very perilous instance, since to bring her case within the category of persecution for religion, it would be necessary that the deeds for which she suffered should have been owned and vindicated by her Church. It was perhaps to supply the deficiencies in Versetegan's retaliation on Foxe, that in a French translation instances were added from England in the reign of Henry VIII.

fluences stimulating him was that of the remarkable woman who was ecclesiastically a saint, politically a prime minister, and domestically a concubine. But she infused none of her bigotry into the nature of the lord she ruled, and he had no better motive for acting the fanatic and the persecutor, than the tyrant's self-supremacy determining that all minds shall bend to his will, whether in things temporal or in things eternal.

Still, assistance to a community in insurrection against a constituted government is not an alliance to be courted, though in this instance the temptations were strong. The constituted authority had committed usurpation when it took from its subjects the protection they had obtained by a treaty. Their king had especially divested himself of the benefit of the plea, since he was ever on the watch to aid any effective insurrection by the Jacobites in Britain; and though he might say that in this he was furthering instead of assailing legitimate authority, the saying would occasion more provocation than assent. There was one satisfactory reason why auxiliary troops were not sent in aid of the Protestant insurgents of France, that they could not be spared from other departments of the war. There came, however, at one period, an aspect of the war suggesting that a descent on France from the Mediterranean side might be a politic step; and among the probabilities of its success, vicinity to the field of contest was doubtless an element. It was determined that Toulon should be besieged. Early in June 1707, Sir Cloudesley Shovel and Sir George Rooke had under their command forty-three men-

of-war and fifty-seven transports — these were for the conveyance of the land-force to be commanded by Prince Eugene. The town, at the head of a deep bay or estuary, was profusely fortified towards the water, a strong citadel standing at the head of the bay. On such fortifications the method of bombardment, according to the science of the time, played idly. It appears, indeed, that the fleet could not hold its own under the guns of the citadel, and had to seek a less exposed position in the river Vaar.[1] It was impossible that a sea-force could have effect further than in co-operation with a land-force; and communications were established for such co-operation had the land-force sufficed for the ambitious objects of the expedition. It was said that Prince Eugene was short of his complement of 8000, expected from Austria, but detained on account of some suspicious movements by the King of Sweden. The land-force, such as it was, had ample supplies of ammunition and siege equipments from the British transports. The sea and land force, wasting time and ammunition on menaces and ineffective attacks, abandoned the enterprise on the 22d of August.[2] The attempt proved, after it had

[1] "Whereas the army and H.R.H. the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene is marched from before Toulon to Frejus and the Vaar, and our bombardment by sea having been continued to this morning, by which time the enemy had brought guns upon the shore and much damaged the war-vessels, which has made it impossible to continue the bombardment; and H.R.H. having likewise desired the fleet to accompany the army to the Vaar,—it is unaminously agreed that we proceed with the confederate fleet to that place."—Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and Council of War, Aug. 11, 1707; Brit. Mus. MS., 28134, f. 8.

[2] Martin, Hist. de France, xiv. 479 *et seq.*; Rapin and Tindal, iii. 26—here there is an ample engraved plan of the town of Toulon, with its harbour and fortifications; Lives of the Admirals, iii. 1.

been abandoned, the cause of a heavy and mournful loss to the British navy. On the way home, part of the fleet, including the admiral's ship, got entangled and wrecked on the rocks called the Bishop and his Clerks, and Sir Cloudesley Shovel was seen no more.

In the summer of 1710, a British fleet, containing a force contributed from the allies, entered the Mediterranean, and appeared before Cette in Languedoc. It was believed that, if it succeeded in effecting a landing, there would have been negotiations with the Camisards; but the fortifications of Cette were seen to be far too strong to be taken.[1] Such is the account in the chronological histories, but it appears from a report by Sir John Norris that there had been some partial successes before the abandonment:—

"On the 13th [July 1710] we arrived on the coast of Cette in Languedoc, and that night we disembarked the troops, with General Swiffen, about a league from the town of Cette, and marched the 14th at break of day to the said town, and appointed ships for the battering the fort on the mole-head of Cette. As soon as the troops came to the town, the inhabitants took to the church, and after a small fire passing between them, in which four Englishmen were wounded and some of the inhabitants, they surrendered the town; after which the fort upon the mole, which had in it eighteen cannon, followed their example and surrendered."[2]

The influence of the Camisard troubles in this country was to be not in foreign alliance and par-

[1] Salmon: The Chronological Historian, 304.
[2] Brit. Mus. MSS., 28142, f. 37.

ticipation, but in the new element brought by it into our own country, as the home of French refugees. Generations have passed since the influx began, with the result of proving that the British empire made great gain by the misfortunes that drove crowds to accept of our hospitality. It has provided a large practical example, for a study of what is taught to us in the diffusion and mixture of populations. Parallel with the great example furnished in the origin and progress of the United States of America, it has shown us that refugees for conscience' sake ingraft upon an average population a race influenced by motives higher than the average stimulants of human conduct, and therefore, likely to be all the more valuable as citizens.

It was well for the stability and progress of the United States that they had a fundamental population of the descendants of those who had fled across the Atlantic for freedom, religious or political, before they absorbed their large accessions from the lower grade of people who, naturally of the humbler order of class and spirit, feel themselves dropping their hold on a respectable position even in that obscure sphere, and trust to emigration for the recovery of their original humble position, and no more.

It has to be kept in view as a social phenomenon, attested by abundant facts, that refugees arriving at the country of their adoption, do not become at once valuable citizens. It is when those who have fled in youth have reached mature years—but more frequently it is in the descendants of those who have changed the land of their abode—that the value of the race comes to be practically felt in the land of adop-

tion. It is not significant of a high tone of feeling in the exile that, Coriolanus-like, he turns at once on his ungrateful and unappreciating country, and tries to retaliate on it, if not with a mortal stab, at least with tokens that indicate more resentment than sympathy or sorrow. It is necessary to keep this distinction in view in dealing with our limited period of history, because we find during that period the descendants of refugees who had rooted themselves in the social soil of the country, while others are yet coming over; and while the country is reaping usefulness and honour from the descendants of earlier settlers, the new-comers are found indulging in the fantastic tricks that made the "French prophets" one of the scandals of their day.

There was at this period a prevalent opinion that Britain had become dangerously pacific—was settling down into lethargy, and might be lost in the next dangerous crisis. There existed in abundance the physical material of an army. The country never had been, in comparison with others, so rich. It was even suffering from some of the disturbing elements of surplus capital. But in the age of peace and security there had been no opportunity for developing military commanders fitted for a possible trial of strength. It was, as an illustrious commander of later times put the conditions of the situation,—"If sixty thousand troops should be got into Hyde Park, where is the man who could take them out again?" And this was in the face of a great aggrandising military power gradually conquering Europe. The desperate condition justified a desperate remedy, and foreign generals must be trusted to lead our troops. The

crisis had passed over at the commencement of our period, for we had found Marlborough. He, however, was a gift fortunately dropped in our way at the hour of need by the national conditions that had made leaders for the rest of Europe. He had been trained in the greatest warlike school that the world had then seen—in the armies of King Louis, under the teaching and the practice of the great Turenne.

It is to be regretted that we have not more full information about the youth of Churchill. He held a commission in the auxiliary force of 6000 men under Monmouth to assist King Louis in the war against the Dutch. They were our naval rivals, and as France was driving them from their cities on the land, there was an opportunity for England to help in prostrating the power capable of sending a rival navy to sea. It was thus his destiny to assist in the seizure of those fortresses on the Rhine and the Maas, afterwards retaken by him, as we have seen. At the siege of Maastricht by the French, he took part in a desperate passage of personal conflict in the taking, losing, and retaking of a lodgment in a battery. In this affair he was wounded; but it was also his fortune to be solemnly thanked at Court for saving the life of his commander, the Duke of Monmouth. In this service, in 1674, he reached the rank of colonel, vacant by the resignation of another Englishman, Peterborough. Thus in this war were trained, to such share of command as their youth permitted, the two great leaders of our troops in the great war of our period. It will be noted that when the result of their training in the same school matured itself in the command of armies, it would be difficult to find in all

military history a greater contrast. If Marlborough brought the technical skill he had acquired in the French system to perfection, by enhancing its promptness and power of concentrating great forces on any point, the other English pupil seemed at once to throw to the winds every lesson of caution and precision that he might have learned from the enemy.[1]

This training of Marlborough has a material connection with the necessities that drove us to the employment of foreigners for military command, because it has the credit of producing a commander and a military organisation releasing the British empire from so humiliating and perilous a resource.

Before this relief came, the first act of distinguished service within our period was the race that carried a garrison into Nymeguen—a feat performed for us by the Dutchman Ginkel, Earl of Athlone. The Schombergs and Galway had, as we have in some measure seen, found for themselves a place in history

[1] An anecdote is current telling with much precision how, on a post being lost, Turenne betted that the handsome Englishman, as Churchill was called by the French, would retake the post with half the number of the garrison that lost it—and the bet was gained. It can be said for this story that it is accepted by the cautious and precise Archdeacon Coxe (Life, chap. i.); he got it, however, on no better authority than a showy book with conventional pictures of many battles, called 'The Military History of the late Prince Eugene of Savoy, and of the late John, Duke of Marlborough,' &c., by Claude du Bosc (2 vols. folio, 1736), i. 94. On the principal fact that Marlborough was a commissioned officer in the French service, Coxe gives us distinct evidence: "His commission is still extant at Versailles, April 3, 1694, signed Louis, and countersigned Felier, M.P." Coxe says further: "In this rank he appears to have served during the German campaign of Turenne, and to have been present at the battle of Sinzheim, on the 16th of June, when the Imperialists were worsted, and their defeat was followed by the memorable devastation of the Palatinate. There is little doubt, also, that he assisted in some of the military operations between 1675 and 1677, after the death of his patron, Turenne."—Coxe, i. 8.

by assisting us in our hour of need. The Schombergs owed scant allegiance to France. They were Germans who passed under the dominion of the throne of France with the annexation of the Alsatian territories. On the repeal of the Edict of Nantes, the family sought refuge in England, where their chief, Duke Schomberg, served King William and was killed at the battle of the Boyne. He had been created by King William a duke in the peerage of England, and endowed with large revenues. His son, Meinhardt de Schomberg, was created Duke of Leinster in Ireland. The British honour of the family died with him. We have seen that he was recalled from the seat of war in Spain. He acted there as Captain-General of the Portuguese forces in Spanish pay. There are traces through the correspondence of the period that he made himself offensive by a haughty manner and imperious temper. It would almost seem as if the sense that he was necessary to the country that had adopted him, had roused in him the spirit of domineering arrogance that is so often attributed both in fiction and serious history to the mercenary soldier, called in for the protection of feeble communities unable to defend themselves on the field of battle. More popular and successful among the refugee commanders was De Rouvigny, Earl of Galway, whose career in Spain we have seen. He was old; he had been twice severely wounded in his service there; and he was commander in a hopeless cause, with the restless Peterborough for his companion.

In 1711 the conduct of both was matter of inquiry in the House of Lords. This inquiry was one among the many unseemly scenes in both Houses, having

their cause less in the matters that were the immediate object of legislative consideration and inquiry, than in the critical conditions arising in the ministerial revolution. The inquiry began in an order that "the Earl of Galway and the Lord Tyrawley—formerly known under the name of Sir Charles O'Hara—appear before them, . . . which they did accordingly; and the first having a chair appointed him without the bar, by reason of his infirmities, was desired by the chairman to give the Lords an account of what he knew concerning the affairs of Spain." He explained apologetically that he would satisfy their demand as well as his imperfect knowledge of the English language permitted; and the minute of the day calls it an account "with which their lordships appeared to be well satisfied." But in the progress of inquiries there seemed to arise disputes and irritations breaking in on the satisfactory character of the beginning. Tyrawley began the brawl with a sharp little touch of defiance. When he was desired, as Galway his superior in command had been, to make explanations, we are told that "his lordship stood on the reserve, and said that when he was in the army he kept no register, and carried neither pen nor ink about him, but only a sword, which he used the best he could upon occasion; and that all he knew in general was, that they always acted according to the resolutions of the council of war."

There were remarks on what had dropped from Galway and Tyrawley, and in these we have perhaps the only vestige of Marlborough having slightly lost his temper, on seeing his companions in arms subjected to harassing questions. It is briefly reported

that "the Duke of Marlborough said that it was somewhat strange that generals who had acted to the best of their understandings, and had lost their limbs in the service, should be examined like offenders about insignificant things."[1] And again rising, he said, "He could not perceive the tendency of such an inquiry; but if they designed to censure persons who had acted to the best of their understandings, they would have nobody to serve them."[2]

Some questions were put to Peterborough having the effect of letting him loose—or, it might perhaps be more appropriately said, of hounding him on the committee, in his own peculiar manner. Among these was the irritating question how he was supplied with men and money during his command in Spain. This is the first of "five questions put to the Earl of Peterborough and his lordship's answers;" and his answer, put in the third person, opens thus: "That the management of the war in Spain, when under other generals, was not only supported by great numbers of men and vast sums of money, but also with notorious falsehoods published in their favour to excuse their repeated disgraces; whereas his lordship was not supported as the service required with either men or money, but had his conduct traduced, notwithstanding his constant success, by multitudes of representations and suggestions to his prejudice, all of them detected to be false." He made a curious special statement, bearing on the extreme difficulty of knowing the numbers engaged in the war in Spain, and showing how wide apart the data sometimes might be for even counting the British contingent in that war

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 938. [2] Ibid., vi. 955.

Stanhope had brought with him a reinforcement. On this point Peterborough assures the committee, "That the troops he brought there did not amount to 5000, though published in the English Gazette to amount to 25,000;" and as to condition and equipments, "That no regiment was provided with the least equipage—no mule, no horse, no carriage for the troops, nor any beast of draught for the artillery; no magazines for provisions for a march. His lordship having taken and relieved Barcelona, drove 7000 men, with 3000, out of Valencia, and 25,000 men out of Spain, with the inconsiderable forces he had, before he received one penny from England. His lordship said further, he never had any establishment ordered, nor was allowed for baggage-money, forage-money, or the train of artillery, till just about the time when the command of the forces was put into other hands. His lordship was pleased to say he was forced to shift as well as he could with what money he had of his own and could pick up and down the world; and was rewarded for his pains and services with having his bills protested which he drew from Genoa."[1]

Here we find Peterborough in full characteristic; as affirmative and truculent before the august assemblage of his fellow-peers as in his dealings with the serene and stupid Austrians, the impracticable Portuguese, and the rascally Miguelites. His good fortune has not deserted him, since he is successful in the senate as in the field; for the committee, though much animated by a spirit of censure, resolved that "the Earl of Peterborough, during the time he had the honour of commanding the army in Spain, did perform

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 948.

many great and eminent services; and if the opinion he gave at the council of war at Valencia had been followed, it might very probably have prevented the misfortunes that have happened since in Spain."[1]

What renders this approval the more remarkable is, that it was bestowed for conduct signally the reverse of Peterborough's nature and actions. We have seen him at the beginning of the war projecting a dash at Madrid, and the kidnapping of King Philip. In the instance commended, he had stood alone in a council of war, denouncing any attempt to take the active and aggressive part, and recommending the passive and defensive, until the army in Spain was strengthened. But he was overruled, and hence the defeat at Almanza overtaking the cause of King Charles with irretrievable destruction. The whole affair confirms what many sharp eyes saw under the wild eccentricities and audacious projects of the man, an inner fund of deep sagacity.

We must not forget that we are here dealing chiefly with Galway the refugee; but Peterborough became a party to his case, for they were on opposite sides on the great question of the aggressive and defensive. The committee found that it had been well for the service—that the great calamity might have been averted—had Peterborough's counsel prevailed. Yet they could not well censure Galway for giving effect to the decision of a council of war, when there was but one exception to unanimity.

It is impossible, however, to follow the course of this inquiry without the feeling that hard measure was dealt to the poor refugee, whose military train-

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 981.

ing and high spirit had served us in our hour of need. The spirit of hostility was not personal as against himself. Its real object was the expelled Ministry. But it could furnish small consolation to a gallant soldier, that the object of exposing his defects was the punishment of those who had employed him for the incompetence and mismanagement testified in their selection.

It seemed to be felt as necessary, however, that something defective should be found in the general selected by the departed Ministry. There seemed to be a desire in passing a censure on his conduct, to put it in the gentlest possible form. It is not easy to do thus with a high-spirited soldier. Put severely or gently, anything touching his honour or his courage is the direst of calamities; and there is sometimes aggravation rather than mitigation in a tender attempt to deal gently with a weakness. In this instance the offence selected for chastisement effectually served the purpose of mitigating its severity. It was the mistake in etiquette of giving Portuguese the right and British troops the left on the march; and the resolution was, "That the Earl of Galway, in yielding the post of her Majesty's troops to the Portuguese in Spain, acted contrary to the honour of the imperial crown of Great Britain."[1]

[1] By something like unanimous negligence the biographical dictionaries seem to have dropped Lord Galway from the lists of fame. He is neither to be found under the head of Galway, nor of De Rouvigny, inherited by him from an illustrious Piedmontese house. Even in 'The Dictionary of Biographical Reference, containing one hundred thousand names, together with a classed index of the biographical literature of Europe and America,' by Lawrence B. Philips, he is not to be found. This is the dictionary of the dictionaries, giving rarely more than a half-line to each name, and a reference to all the

Among the valuable acquisitions made by this country through the policy that cast forth so much of what was morally and intellectually precious in France, the student of history naturally looks with an eye of special interest to Rapin de Thoyras. He belonged to a family of the original Huguenot stock; and he was twenty-eight years old when the Revolution of 1688 brought him to the conclusion that the sure place of refuge and comfort for one of his nature and opinions was Britain. He served under his countryman De Rouvigny, whom we know better as Lord Galway, and was wounded in the Irish war. Conscious of the freedom enjoyed in the country of his adoption, he studied its laws and constitution, and it dawned and gradually strengthened on him that he should trace to its origin the national progress that had developed itself in the English constitution. He was a close observer of the existing working of the constitution, and gave a signal rebuke to the common opinion that no foreigner can understand it, in a thoroughly instructive commentary on the political divisions such as he found them during his abode in Britain.[1]

With the singleness of purpose necessary to the accomplishment of great discoveries or other intel-

biographical dictionaries where the owner of the name figures at more length. In this general silence we are surely all the more indebted to the author of a quarto volume carrying what follows on its title-page: "Henri de Rouvigny, Earl of Galway: a Filial Memoir, with a Prefatory Life of his Father, the Marquis de Rouvigny. By the Rev. David C. A. Agnew. Edinburgh: William Paterson. 1864."

[1] See "A Dissertation on the rise, progress, views, strength, interests, and characters of the two Parties of the Whigs and Tories, first published in the year 1717," Appendix to edition of Translation of "The History of England written in French, by M. Rapin de Thoyras, 1733."

lectual triumphs, he resolved to devote his life to the task of bringing into light the hidden treasures, of which he had discovered the external traces as a geologist believes that iron or coal or copper will be found in the rocks distributed under his feet. For such a design the resources of life must in the first place be secured: these would not come as the immediate fruit of his labour, for that was not available until he had spent seventeen years on his task. He had some little remnant of the patrimony of an old respectable family. Bentinck, Duke of Portland, King William's favoured minister, countenanced him, and he managed so to live as to be able to pursue his great project in freedom. But one item in his arrangements showed that he was not endowed with much more than the bare necessaries of life. He found that he could not afford to live in England until his work was completed. Hence, having made collections of such materials as he could only find in England, he settled himself in Rhenish Prussia for the completion of his work and his life.

It seems not inappropriate to withdraw for a short space from the busy world of historical events, to estimate the character of the task undertaken by the solitary scholar, in a brief note of the materials that he found in existence, for supplying our country with the history of its past. The books professing to supply the history of our islands were neither few nor meagre. Foremost among them were the folios of Raphael Holinshed, gorgeous with fables, "conteyning the description and chronicles of England, from the first inhabiting unto the Conquest. The description and chronicles of Scotland, from the

first originall of the Scottis nation to the year of our Lord 1571. The descriptions and chronicles of Yrelande, likewise from the first originall of that nation untill the year 1547. Faithfully gathered and set forth."

The world of literature owes a debt to this work beyond the acknowledgment of its wild picturesqueness. It supplied to Shakespeare the materials for King Lear and Macbeth. Holinshed was not the inventor of either story, and he took his Macbeth, with all its incident and variety, natural and supernatural, from the work of Hector Boece. Holinshed was, however, essentially the standard historian of the three kingdoms, and his works were popular in England in editions profusely adorned with picturesque woodcuts. There was another service to subsequent literature due to these old chronicles though limited to Scotland. They tempted George Buchanan, the greatest master of the Latin language since the days of the early Cæsars, to write his history of his native country. He had formed his style on a close study of what had come down to his age from Tacitus, Livy, and Sallust. If it lie to his charge that the charms of his style thus served to give currency beyond their natural limits to many fables, it has to be said, on the other hand, that his book had the merit of promoting classical study in his own country, by stimulating the learning of the Latin language throughout the parochial schools, the reward for industry being the perusal, in the lofty language of the old Romans, of the patriotic achievements of the two national heroes Wallace and Bruce.

If it be said that the authors of the books we have

just been handling must either have been afflicted with intellectual imperfections or guilty of telling gross falsehoods, we may safely in their cause deny both conclusions. In their period the Homeric spirit still lingered with those who professed to tell of deeds worthy of commemoration. The chroniclers, such as Boece and Holinshed, were the authors of romances founded on facts, or on things believed by them to have been facts. The propensity thus to decorate history had a long life in literature. Perhaps its latest development was in the shape of what has been termed the "philosophy of history," where the facts come forth with a decoration of speculation and theory that is apt, if not under very strong control, to warp the simple helpless facts. It may surely be at last pronounced as an established opinion, that absolute fact is the foundation of all history, and that it must come clearly to the surface and be seen uncorrupted by any element of dubiety, as the foundation whereon any decorative elements, rhetoretic or philosophical, may, if they are desirable, be raised.

The great merit of Rapin was in his striving to complete a history subject to this condition; and it is almost as touching as the old image of the good man wrestling with the storms of fate, to follow him in the struggles of his task. For the Roman period he had Cæsar and Tacitus, authorities so hallowed by classical homage, that at that period to question the truth of their sayings was a sort of literary blasphemy. In this age we may take the freedom to say that Cæsar was somewhat too much of an egotist, with his own objects in view, to be im-

plicitly trusted in all things. As to Tacitus, we are warranted in going further in the iconoclast direction, and holding that his most eloquent and picturesque incidents, with the chief personages rendered illustrious by them — Caractacus, Boadicea, and Galgacus—are mere inventions for the purpose of affecting some end or creating some effect as parodies on events or characters known at Court.

It was not until he reached the period of the Saxon Chronicle and the History by the Venerable Bede, that the historian of the British Isles at that period could find his feet on any firm ground. There were other sober chronicles accessible in print, such as Baker's, Langtoft's, and Higden's Chronicles. Of the quantity of chronicle lore, chiefly in manuscript, at the service of the historian of the past living during our period, a powerful practical estimate may be made by any one who casts his eyes over the shelves of a library rich enough to possess all the volumes of the collection of 'The Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages,' edited under the superintendence of the Master of the Rolls. For the manuscripts, there were many impediments and difficulties in the way of discovering their hiding-places. And when available, whether in print or manuscript, there were perils in their use by those who had much faith and little critical acuteness. The most illustrious perhaps among them was that of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Of this book our historian had warning, if he required it, from a contemporary critic, who told him, with the rest of the world interested in the matter, how, "after the Conquest, the first man

that attempted the writing of the old British history was Geoffrey, Archdeacon of Monmouth—and he did it to some purpose. This author lived under King Stephen about the year 1150. He had a peculiar fancy for stories surmounting all ordinary faith, which inclined him to pitch upon King Arthur's feats of chivalry and Merlin's Prophecies as proper subjects for his pen. But his most famous piece is his 'Chronicon sive Historia Britonum,' which has taken so well as to have several impressions. In this he has given a perfect genealogy of the kings of Britain from the days of Brutus, wherein we have an exact register of above seventy glorious monarchs that ruled this island before ever Julius Cæsar had the good fortune to become acquainted with it. The first stone of this fair fabric was laid by Nennius; but the superstructure is all fire-new, and purely his own. They that are concerned for the credit of this historian tell us that he had no further hand in the work than only to translate an ancient Welsh history brought out of Britany in France by Walter Calenius, Archdeacon of Oxford, who was himself an eminent antiquary, and added a supplement to the book. The translation of the whole he committed to the care of his friend Geoffrey, who, says Mathew Paris, approved himself 'interpres verus;' and there I am willing to let the matter rest."[1]

If the investigator, ambitious of exhausting the materials to be found in the whole body of the

[1] 'The English Historical Library, in three parts, giving a Short View and Character of most of our Historians, either in Print or Manuscript, with an Account of our Records, Law-books, Coins, and other matters serviceable to the undertakers of a General History of England.' By W. Nicolson, Archdean (now Bishop) of Carlisle. Pp. 38, 39.

chronicles of the British empire, should feel alarmed by the magnitude of the task, he will soon, with a little close observation, learn short paths to the completion of his journey, in the discovery of repetitions on a vast scale. He will find the earlier periods identical, or differing only in casual abbreviation, in the great bulk of the chronicles. The cause of this was the interest taken in chronicle lore by all who could read, and the difficulty of supplying the demand so created before the invention of printing. In each religious house it was customary to assign a chamber as the "scriptorium;" and there some monk or other brother of the house sat, sometimes copying missals or books of devotion, but also at times copying or writing chronicles. An ample chronicle was among the boasted possessions of these houses. When such a house acquired a chronicle down to a certain period, it was continued downwards from that period in the "scriptorium." If it fell at a subsequent period into other hands, or if a copy of it were obtained, then it would be continued on from the latest previous period of completion, and so on. Hence it occurs that the further back we go in the chronicles, the closer we come to identity of detail throughout all.

It is pleasant to know that the foreigner in his tedious work with the unravelment of all these difficulties, had the path occasionally opened for him. The book cited above, Nicolson's Historical Library, cleared away the lumber of a load of impediments, and afforded the stranger a guide to the riches of the chronicle literature of the British empire. The Historical Libraries of Bishop Nicolson—there is one for

each of the three kingdoms—unite to form a work of such a character that, had it not been enlightened by an intellect of signal acuteness, would have been as thoroughly an encumbrance and nuisance in the world of books as the many chronicles he finds it necessary to expose as forgeries or mendacious fictions. To the archæological student his works are as valuable as those of any great discoverer who has made an epoch in science. Fame, however, does not attend such services, probably because the mere service of clearing away what is useless or pernicious cannot find a conspicuous place in the eyes of men.[1]

The foreigner, as he pursued his task of bringing out to the light of day the real history of the strange country where his brethren had sought refuge, found another source of practical aid in the successive publication of the volumes called the 'Foedera,' of which the first volume was printed in 1704.

This contains for its period the full text of all the treaties and diplomatic documents connecting England with other countries, along with many other State papers not coming within the definition of the title. The merit of this collection is in its mere accuracy,—in rendering its documents word by word, and letter by letter. It may seem strange that such a simple service should require great skill, and earn

[1] The first edition of the English Historical Library was published in the years 1696 and 1699, the second in 1714. The Scottish Historical Library was published in 1702; the Irish in 1700. It does not detract from the merit of Nicolson's services to the historical literature of the period now before us, that we have for the present generation the larger work by Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, called 'Descriptive Catalogue of Materials relating to the History of Great Britain and Ireland,' in three large octavo volumes.

for the performer corresponding marks of distinction. But changes in the fashion of the language, the method of spelling, and in some measure the powers of the letters of the alphabet, with a slow but steady pressure, compel old things to become new, and, after the passage of centuries, convert them into something so different from their original character that it often requires much learning and art to restore them.

It was an additional item of good fortune to the author whose selected task carried him through the great civil wars of the seventeenth century that there was a harvest for him in a crowd of books and pamphlets that fought the battles over again in printed literature. Much of this new material was scattered in fugitive pamphlets, many of them worthless; but Clarendon's great History was revealed to the world in three folio volumes between the years 1702 and 1704. Nearly at the same time the six folio volumes of John Rushworth's Historical Collections had all become available. They were serviceable not only in what they taught, but in what they excited others to teach in the spirit of controversy. Those who leant to the politics of loyalty and High Church, thought that Rushworth had selected his documents with an eye to the support of the Parliamentary side of the great contest, and that it was fitting to provide an antidote to this corrupting influence. Hence, among other efforts of a less distinguished kind, we have the two volumes, folio, edited by John Nalson, with the title, 'An Impartial Collection of the Great Affairs of State, from the beginning of the Scotch Rebellion in 1639, to the Murder of King Charles

I.; taken from Authentic Records, and methodically digested.'

For all the assistance he thus received from restorers and classifiers of historical documents, the exile had consumed nearly thirty years of his life in the great task when he died in 1725. He had then completed his book to the death of Charles I. This 'L'Histoire d'Angleterre' was published at the Hague in 1724, and it was followed by a continuation down to the death of William III., written by David Durand, who is believed to have in a great measure relied on the notes and fragments left by Rapin. The work was in high esteem abroad, and was stamped by the commendation of Voltaire.[1]

In so far completing his intended task, the exile left behind him a power, that incited others to work out to further conclusions the resources available for the history of the British Islands. The history, as left by Rapin, with the continuation as far as the Revolution, was translated into English by Nicholas Tindal. The task seems to have inspired, and to have in a manner educated, him to the project of carrying the history onward. The book known as 'Rapin and Tindal's History of England' brings us through the reign of Queen Anne to the death of George I.

This is a book of high authority. It used to be said by sages advising parents on the best sources of instruction in the history of their native land, if they wanted superficiality and elegance let them look to

[1] "Ou peut ajouter qu'il n'a été inspiré en écrivant que par l'amour des lois et de la liberté. Au reste, il a un style clair, rapide, bien que peu châtié. Il classe les faits avec méthode, raconte avec autant d'exactitude qu'il lui est possible, et prend soin de citer des autorites." —Cited, Hoefer, Nouvelle Biographie Générale, *voce* Rapin.

Hume; but if accuracy, precision, and fulness were desired, the heavier task must be imposed of studying the folios of Rapin and Tindal. There was yet another candidate before the world as a teacher in Tobias Smollett, who had a hold on the affections and attention of his countrymen by his marvellous fictions. He, too, had written a History of England. It had been completed in a few months by the use of Rapin and Tindal, as Orator Henley had made a pair of shoes in five minutes by cutting down a pair of boots. In Hume's History there was, however, a separate value even if he took the main bulk of his facts from the French exile and his continuator. He was a man of large reading and profound thought, who could see more clearly than others into the relations of causes and effects, and into the relative significance of the events he had to describe in their reference to events elsewhere; and he had a peculiar gift in the discrimination of the true from the imaginary or the false. There was a universal testimony to the superiority of Hume's work in the countless editions of 'Hume and Smollett's History,' —the inferior author being trusted of necessity when the superior was not available.

During the latter half of the eighteenth century and a portion of the present, the "Hume and Smollett" formed the text-book whence our youth drew their historical education. It was so even if the book actually perused bore another name on its title-page; for no compiler of a school-book would have ventured to pass over the accepted authorities, unless, indeed, he undertook the weighty task of drawing on the fountain whence these had been supplied

—the folios of Rapin and Tindal. For these separately there was a great sphere of appreciation and fame. They were essentially library books, to be consulted by all who aimed at a scholarly estimate of the history of their country, and so held a distinguished place in every gentleman's library. For this, indeed, the dignified conditions under which the work was generally published prepared the way, with its great folios, that could not be kept entire without costly binding. They had attractive decorations in a high tone of art, and were in all things a "Pictorial History" of far higher worth than the books of the present day known by that name. There were in the first place the portraits, engraved, some by Vertue, and others by Houbraken. Each of these (and they are very numerous) is a costly and skilful work, far beyond the artistic rank of anything that professes to illustrate books of history—or, indeed, any class of books—at the present day. To the children of a household possessed of such a treasure, these portraits must have been a perpetual source of instruction in a knowledge of the eminent persons represented in them, and must have at the same time assisted in rousing a taste for beauty and dignity in art.[1]

Tindal's continuation of Rapin has perhaps been more amply founded on by later historians, as an authority, than any other book referring to the period

[1] In Bohn's edition of 'The Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature,' by Lowndes, there is (*voce* Rapin) a long precise list not only of the various portraits of this great book, but also of the representations of historical monuments, and the plans of fortresses and battle-fields. This list is of considerable use even to those who possess the history itself with all its illustrations.

it covers. The part containing the History of Queen Anne, written by Tindal, has been especially serviceable to all later historians of the same period. He was twenty-seven years old at Queen Anne's death, and as he lived for sixty years thereafter, ever correcting and improving his great book, his opportunities for completing it according to the canons of historical literature prevalent in the middle of the eighteenth century were eminent. The raising in our literature of an eminent historical monument is thus traceable to the political conditions that rendered Rapin de Thoyras an exile to our shores from his native France. But while in the ordinary books of biographical reference in the French language, the exile and his services have been amply commemorated in terms that have naturally been transferred to the English biographical dictionaries, in these it is difficult to find, as to the Englishman Tindal, traces that he ever existed.

The prevalent characteristics of the historical literature of the present generation give occasion to dwell somewhat on the services done for us by the great Frenchman and his English follower. The impression has taken practical root, that a history carrying a great nation like our own through several centuries of its progress is too heavy a task to be undertaken by one intellect; so that even a great historical scholar must content himself with perfecting a special chapter of the narrative. We have the quartos of Sir Francis Palgrave on the Anglo-Saxon period; and he had just ventured to touch the Norman Conquest when an end came to his industrious life. Freeman, with his five mighty volumes, still clings to the Nor-

man Conquest. Then we have Froude, contenting himself with the annals of seventy-five years, and not even stepping back to the proper beginning of his epoch in the reign of Henry VIII., though the materials for that period are all printed to his hand. Brodie, Forster, and some others, have given us fragments on the mighty struggles of the seventeenth century. Macaulay was cut off when he had finished but a fragment of the great gift he had intended to bestow upon the world. The 'Pictorial History of England' was the collective work of many hands; and it was only providing us with a convenient and well-written abridgment of that ponderous work, when Mr Charles Knight published, in eight octavo volumes, 'The Popular History of England: an illustrated History of Society and Government from the Earliest Periods to our own Times.'

It will not be doubted that the writer who selects a period of a country's life, and having exhausted all possible available materials for its history, delivers the result in a compact and readable shape, does a distinct item of service in historical literature. But the world has also use, in the more ambitious services of the author, who, capable of setting forth in a narrative symmetrically giving each part its proper allowance, completes the history of a state through all its vicissitudes. Whether we be merely readers gratifying curiosity, or special students in some select corner, it is well to have available a comprehensive history carrying the impression of one well-stored mind. In fact, without such books we do not possess the means of readily balancing the significance of historical events with each other. We have there-

fore, as yet, nothing of native growth in this shape to supersede Rapin and Tindal's history.[1]

It happens that the only work of the present generation that can either supersede or rival Rapin's and Tindal's, has come to us from a foreigner. It was written in German by Von Ranke, and translated into English in six thick octavo volumes. This book professes to deal in full detail only with the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but the introduction is sufficiently enriched with the spirit of the earlier period to make the book a full history of the British empire. The author's vast researches, into the early ecclesiastical condition of Europe and the connection between the empire and the Papacy, give great value to whatever a person so endowed might utter as to any portion of our history.[2]

The merit of having laid before our ancestors such

[1] I remember an occasion many years ago—when, having indulged in certain historical gropings in dingy corners, I had formed an exaggerated notion of the dignity of the occupation—having the benefit of discussing the relative value of general and particular history with Sir William Hamilton. He was then Professor of History in the College of Edinburgh. Remarking that it would take a long lifetime to exhaust the history of our civil wars in the seventeenth century, I asked him how he managed to teach to young men the history of the whole world from the beginning. He answered that the great object of his teaching was to impress on the young mind the significance of great epochs, such as the reconstruction of the Empire by Charlemagne, or the Reformation. We were rummaging in a heap of old books that had lain long untouched in a garret, and he happened to have in his hand a copy of the Letters of Busbecque, telling of all the wonders he had seen in Turkey. Sir William remarked that his revelation to Europe of the power and discipline of the Turkish army, followed as it was by the siege of Vienna, made an epoch worth remembering, and capable of being taught and remembered by its picturesqueness.

[2] Englische Geschichte, vornehmlich im sechzehnten und siebzehnten Jahrhundert, 1859-68.

A History of England, principally in the Seventeenth Century. By Leopold von Ranke. 1875.

a comprehensive and symmetrical history of their country as we have not rivalled in later times, is enhanced when we recall the mass of accredited fable that hung about the task when it was undertaken by the French refugee. He did not attempt, indeed, the task that is yet hardly completed, of denouncing the fabulous Histories of the Islands, and tracing the historical conditions that led to the fabrication of the fables; but he showed marvellous skill in keeping clear of their entanglements. These fabulous histories had a strong existence, because they were not the visions of dreaming seers, but forgeries made for the accomplishment of practical political ends.

In the first place, the fabulous history of England was created to become a testimony to the dependence of Scotland on the crown of England. Scotland invented in defence, and both stories were told to the Papal Court in ponderous pleadings, with the thoroughly practical result that Robert the Bruce was acknowledged to be an independent monarch, and was inaugurated with the imperial anointing. In this kind of competition—the invention of fabulous annals—Ireland naturally excelled her neighbours in boldness and brilliancy. There was at work there during our period a certain Geoffrey Keating, whose history of his native country, written in its own Celtic, was a few years afterwards handed over to the criticism of the empire at large in a translation printed in folio. Here there is a chapter on "The First Invasion of Ireland before the Flood." The narrative goes trippingly downward, crossing the Flood by agency of its own manufacture until the year of the world 2736, when we are in comparatively

modern and homelike times—Milesius having then arrived and founded the Milesian dynasty of the kings of Ireland, who afterwards supplied in their descendants a royal race both to England and to Ireland. The long wild story, of which these are petty items, was fully believed during the period of our history, and so long afterwards, that when Thomas Moore the poet wrote his history in 1835, he felt it an awkward and almost a perilous task to dispel fables that had carried his wretched country into visions of ancient freedom, supremacy, and wealth. He murmured that he had "not only to surrender his own illusions on the subject, but to undertake also the invidious task of dispelling the dreams of others who have not the same imperative motives of duty or responsibility for disenchanting themselves of so agreeable an error."

Before leaving the consideration of the question—how far the joint labours of Rapin and Tindal supplied a sound and fair history of the British empire—it has to be admitted that in the present day of critical investigation a considerable portion of useless lumber has been printed to encumber literature. Theory, analogy, and an inordinate manipulation of the slippery powers of etymology, have in a manner occupied the place of the fabulous narratives. The founder of this peculiar school of historical criticism was the late Sir Francis Palgrave. His profound palæological erudition gave him a sort of mystic power in tossing about analogies, theories, and etymological inductions, created at the pleasure of his own capricious will, with intellectual tools that no other person could handle for his detection and the

dispersal of his visions.[1] On the contrary, indeed, there seemed to be something so fascinating in the contemplation of his triumphant gambols, that a considerable portion of any complete British historical library is occupied by his imitators.

We have seen the services performed for us in the battle-field by the refugees driven from France in the persecutions following on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and a specific account has just been given of a special separate service, in the shape of historical literature. But the greatest of all the services reaped by us from the exodus was in the communicating to our working classes the knowledge and practice of many skilled trades. That our country, thronged with accomplished artisans, supplying the rest of the world with the fruit of their labour, and sending forth millions of craftsmen to throw their skill into the cradles of future empires, should have had to accept its training and tuition in this department of human labour from a community now lagging far behind them in the race of productive industry, is a phenomenon carrying us, when we look to its sources, into historical conditions far back within the world's history, but there coming forth with very satisfactory distinctness.

We were not among the populations privileged to inherit the civilisation of the great Roman empire.

[1] See The Rise and Progress of the Commonwealth—Anglo-Saxon Period; containing the Anglo-Saxon Policy and the Institutions arising out of the Laws and Usages which prevailed before the Conquest. A fragment published in two volumes quarto in 1832.

The History of Normandy and of England; General Relations of Medieval Europe; The Carlovingian Empire, &c. Also a fragment, in four volumes, 8vo. 1857-60.

The language of France and the English tongue distinctly proclaim this fact. In some parts of the continent of Europe, where the Romans were once firmly planted, and have left vestiges of their influence, the Teutonic form of speech has, after a contest, prevailed. For instance, Treves was the capital of a great Roman territory; and we can see in it to this day, not only in public buildings but domestic houses, the architecture peculiar to the Romans. We have remains sufficient to show us that a rich and luxurious Roman colony was once supreme in the southern portion of Britain; but the successive inundations from the Scandinavian tribes, coming to their climax in the predominance of the Saxons, swept every vestige of Roman life and civilisation from the island.

If the retention of a form of speech of such a character that, though modified through the lapse of centuries it still proves indubitably its Roman origin, may not of itself suffice to convince us that the people got their industries from the same source as their language, we have additional testimony in that form of industry that creates permanent results, visible for centuries,—in the works of the architect and the builder. No procession of causes and effects can be more distinctly traced than those that carry back the architecture of the middle ages—the architecture called Gothic—to the Roman source. As a sort of homage to this truth, the ecclesiastical architecture, typified by the round arch, and called some half a century ago the Norman form of Gothic, has recently been called the Romanesque as a more descriptive name. In the trades of the architect and the builder

we have at the same time a living testimony to a characteristic in the history of mechanical trades—the propensity growing in all those who become skilled in them to preserve that skill as a monopoly, to be shared in only under certain conditions, and protected by strange mysteries and occasional acts of violence. All the adepts in all trades resolutely concealed their mysteries from those among their countrymen who failed to comply with the conditions of participation; and thus all the communities endowed with the privileges, kept nations that were foreign to them entirely incapacitated in the skill that might rival them in the market. It so befell that, when we were thus excluded from all means of acquiring the arts of the skilled workman, an access of fanaticism, tyranny, and cruelty in France sent us the artisans themselves.

In what are called the middle ages, the accessible parts of Europe had a tendency towards a division, on the one part, into communities supplying themselves by their industry with the comforts and amenities of life; on the other, communities living by the acquisition of the fruits of the property of the industrious through violence. When commerce increased and commodities created by industry were dispersed over the world by the traffic of the ocean, the system of violent appropriation took the shape of piracy. In the remote calm estuaries of the fiords of Norway, fleets of pirate vessels lay secure, and when they did business in the mighty deep they carried their plunderings as far as the Mediterranean. From swarms of these plunderers Britain was peopled, and our ancestors were proficients in piracy. Among

those who so lived on the industry of others, one constructive mechanical art flourished luxuriantly —this was the art of shipbuilding, unknown to the Romans, who could only navigate oared galleys. To build and employ these was an accomplishment bequeathed by the Romans to the Latin races, and it was one of great value to all whose ventures on the ocean were limited to the Mediterranean and other narrow seas. The rigged sailing vessel—one of the greatest achievements of human genius—was peculiar to the lands touched or penetrated by the Northern seas; and the skill required for handling these ships in storms as well as on smooth water, made a class of workmen so separated from the rest of their kind by their peculiar skill and the proportion of their lives spent on the ocean, that the sailor was a being more specifically marked off from his fellow-beings than, in many instances, the community under one government is from that under another. Our seamen were thus our own, and they spread themselves as a peculiar type of our country over all the navigable world at the period when we were supplying our inland workshops with the skilled artisans who fled from persecution in southern France.

From the accession of Queen Elizabeth downwards, there was a general spirit of encouragement and hospitality towards the Protestants from France, suspended in some measure during the latter days of the Stewarts. The first group, large enough to be spoken of as a colony, fled before the terrors of St Bartholomew's Day. At the dawning of our period the French churches or congregations were a distinct and thoroughly-organised feature in the religious world of

England. The French showed themselves in exile, as at home, possessed of a facility for a separate organisation of the same character, though naturally not so powerful, as that which had enabled the Huguenot party during the subsistence of the Edict of Nantes to establish itself in preponderance, accompanied sometimes with intolerance, in the districts where their religion predominated. As a body the refugees were favoured by the people, and they were warmly countenanced by the sovereigns, from Edward VI. downwards, with the exception of his immediate successor, Queen Mary. Through this countenance from royalty their separate congregations were united for combined action by corporate privileges. The church first established was founded in London in the middle of the sixteenth century. It was not exclusively French, nor indeed were the more eminent of its members Frenchmen, and it was put under the superintendence of the celebrated divine, John Alasco, a Pole. It was when other countries on the Continent had settled down into quietness and a certain amount of toleration, that France, suffering under the exceptional calamity of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, sent so great a preponderance of fugitives to Britain that those of other nations were attached to the French churches. On the accession of Queen Mary, Alasco had to flee for his life, and the community he had ruled over was dispersed to return at the accession of Elizabeth. The French Church in London was curiously involved in the great religious contest of the seventeenth century. Laud was all too closely reminded of their offensive neighbourhood, since one of the earliest of their com-

pleted congregations had found access to the crypts of Canterbury Cathedral for their place of worship. Laud drew a line between those born in allegiance to the crown of England, and strangers who had come over the sea. From the English-born he demanded conformity with the hierarchy and ritual of the Church of England. The congregations on this occasion felt the strength of that organisation by superior and subordinate collective assemblies—such as France bequeathed to Scotland in the General Assembly, Synods, Presbyteries, and Kirk-sessions. They held out till Laud came to ruin, and they found protection and friendship in the Assembly of Divines. Under the Protectorate they were heartily encouraged. They saw indeed, in that aggressive power, a tendency to protect Protestantism with the sword wherever it was endangered or oppressed, and were made not only secure in England, but comforted with the hope that an avenging hand might be stretched out to succour and protect their suffering brethren at home.

All such hopes vanished with the Restoration. The French communities, however, actually established in England were effectively protected. The German historian of the exodus caused by the persecution in France, has afforded in the following sentences an abridgment of the measures taken for protecting and cherishing those who had sought refuge in England ere yet the great blow had been dealt in the Revocation of the Edict:—

"When in 1681, Louvois, for the first time, essayed in Poitou the system of dragonnades, the action of the nation upon the Government was so strong, that the frivolous Charles II., who did not blush to re-

ceive a pension from Louis XIV. to betray the interests of his country, could not avoid interfering in favour of the fugitives. By an edict signed at Hampton Court, the 28th July 1681, he declared that he held himself bound by his honour and conscience to assist the Protestants persecuted for their faith. Consequently he granted them letters of naturalisation, with all the privileges necessary for the exercise of their trades and handicrafts, which should not be contrary to the interests of the kingdom. He undertook to propose to the next Parliament to naturalise all those who in future should come to England, and in the meantime he exempted them from all imposts to which natives were not subject. He authorised them to send their children to the public schools and the universities. He ordered all his civil and military officers to receive them wheresoever they should land, to give them passports free of charge, and to supply them with the needful sums to go whithersoever they proposed. The commissioners of the Treasury and Customs he enjoined to let them pass freely, with their furniture and their merchandise, their tools and implements, without exacting any duties. He commanded all his subjects to collect whatever sums charitable persons would give by way of alms to assist those who should be in want. Finally, he appointed the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London to receive their requests and present them to him. This edict was soon followed by an order in Council naturalising eleven hundred and fifty-four fugitives who had just quitted France."[1]

[1] Weiss: History of the French Protestant Refugees. The foreign

If King Charles had little spontaneous sympathy for those suffering for conscience' sake, and yielded to the pressure of public opinion on the occasion, issues of a more critical kind might be expected to arise in the reign of his brother James. The severities against the Covenanters in Scotland were permitted to continue in their course; but it was the policy of the Court to keep persecution, even to the extent of mere inequality of privilege between religious communities, out of sight and recollection. Especially it was the policy to avoid any approval of, or sympathy with, the oppression of Protestants by a Popish monarch. The revocation of the Edict was indeed, though its influence was unavowed, a heavy item in creating the conditions that drove King James from his throne. It showed to the people in the strongest light and colouring what they might expect from a Popish monarch; and if King Louis, instead of reserving sympathy and kindness for the banished monarch after his calamity, had given some thought to the question how far it was in his power to stimulate or restrain the impulses towards a revolution, he would have abstained from issuing the Revocation.

The war with France was, during its first few years at least, popular, and much of this popularity was due to the existence among us of the patient refugees carrying to their new homes the general sprightly characteristics of their country. The English people were divided by habit into two separate classes—town

tone of this passage, especially seen in its imperfect expression of the technicalities of English constitutional practice, serves better than a more correct account taken by the foreigner from some English narrative, to show the impression made abroad by the spontaneous nationality of the hospitality extended by England to the strangers.

and country: the one living in streets filled with shops, warehouses, and manufactories; the other in absolute rurality and devotion to the cultivation of the soil. The partiality for a suburban abode, afterwards conspicuous in the class rich enough so to apply land that might be more profitably used, had not arisen within our period. The poor French settlers, however, had often a desire for rurality as a sweetener of their monotonous drudgery. And thus they clustered round the outskirts of London, in such districts as Bethnal Green, the Seven Dials, and Spitalfields, where each might have a small plot for flowers and train a few creepers on the wall of his poor abode. The refugees had a partiality, too, for keeping and training animals, and their working districts became known as markets where singing-birds and other household favourites could be bought.

The industries brought to the benefit of this country by the exiles were various. There were among them hatters, makers of clocks and watches, workers in glass-ware and cutlery, and papermakers. But the most important, from its extent and the variety of the purposes to which it could be applied, was the weaving of textile fabrics. Lyons, rising to be the great centre of manufacture and trade in silk, was in a manner desolated by the revocation of the Edict. If silk was wrought in England before the refugees came over, it was of a coarse fabric and trifling in extent, generally for the casual decoration of other textile fabrics. Early in the eighteenth century it became customary for the dealer in silk fabrics in central Europe to tell that his commodity was of English produce. Brocades, lustrings, satins, figured

silks, and silk velvets, came into the market in succession. The phenomenon was seen of the French silk-worm's cocoon imported into England to be worked into a fabric by French workmen and then exported to France or elsewhere abroad.

We are so apt to dwell with pride on the magnitude and influence of our inventions in machinery, that we forget the merit due to the inventors or designers of the fabrics on which our machinery has wrought. And this brings us to the consideration that the strangers had their share in the merit of inventing machinery, and its substitution for the human hand, in the production of the woven fabrics and patterns brought among us by them; since it was the value of the several fabrics and patterns brought among us by them, that stimulated the mechanical genius of our race to invent the machines that would supersede the human hands. If we take our French refugees and their superiority in their hand-industry as a type of the old civilisation that spread over the countries of Europe, where the social conditions were those of the old Empire, we may take the machinery that accelerated the production of their wares as the contribution made to the market by the bold inventive genius of the North. There was a painful process in the acceleration of production, but it was in the end a relief from slavery. The slavery of the handloom was abject even when there was no competition with machinery. There had been skill in the adjustments, but the real work was thus described by a clergyman of a handloom weavers' district:—

"To make a single inch of velvet the shuttle has

to be thrown 180 times; 180 times the treadles have to be worked; 60 times the wire has to be inserted; 60 times to be withdrawn; 60 times the knife has to be guided along the whole breadth of the work; and 60 times the pressure of the chest has to be exerted on a heavy beam which is used to compress the work. Six hundred distinct operations are thus required to make one single inch of velvet, the average payment for making which is one penny."[1]

It was destined that all this weary work was, in the steam-engine and the power-loom, to be superseded by forces that knew neither the weariness of monotony nor the tiredness of overwork. Yet there was a struggle with tragical casualties, if starvation and shortened lives can be so described, to compete with the mechanical rival and drive him from the field. And the contest on the side of human hand labour against forces to be regulated by the supremacy of human intellect, was excited not merely by the desperation of those who must follow their old accustomed employment or starve, but by the supporters of human labour against mechanical power as a general principle.

As the mixture of a French element in our labouring population has thus come to be connected with scenes of misery and degradation, it is fair, in the estimate of national responsibilities, to remember that the strangers did not set the example in their own degradation. Pauperism is a social disease of our insular race, and it does not mitigate the curse, or

[1] Evidence of Reverend Isaac Taylor.—Cited, Timbs's Curiosities of London, 744.

relieve us from its responsibility, that the pauper is created by the free morsels of the means of subsistence scattered about from our profuse industrial wealth. If the French people possess not the strength of body and energy of purpose that distinguish the highly-developed English mechanic, they are comparatively free of the curse of pauperism. A close observer and student of the old and recent history of the French working refugees in London says: "The weavers are principally English and of English origin, but the manufacturers or masters are of French extraction; and the Guillebauds, the Desormeaux, the Chabots, the Turquands, the Mercerons, and the Chauvets, trace their connection with the refugees of 1685. Many translated their names into English, by which the old families may still be known. Thus the Lemaîtres called themselves Masters; the Le Roys, King; the Tonnelliers, Cooper; the Lejeunes, Young; the Leblancs, White; the Lenoirs, Black; the Loiseaus, Bird." Although the pauperised handloom weavers were fundamentally English, yet we are told on the same authority that among them were many of French descent, who "still cherish proud traditions of their ancestry. Though now perhaps only clad in rags, they bear the old historic names of France—names of distinguished generals and statesmen; names such as Vendome, Ney, Racine, De Foe; La Fontaine, Dupin, Bois, Le Beau, Auvache, Fontaineau, and Moutier." [1]

It was only natural that the acquisitions to our population by the migration of French refugees should

[1] Timbs's Curiosities of London, 744.

not be invariably a happy contribution. Those distinguished among them were, as we have seen, descendants of victims who had fled from the theatre of intolerance. But refugees arrived within our period, bringing with them constitutions, moral and intellectual, that had been ruined or distorted in the hot fire of persecution. We have, fortunately, nothing in the known annals of our own country that would help us to form a practical idea of desperate extremities overtaking the population at large, over districts containing millions of people. The policy of the government of King Louis was inspired by that logical "ergoism," as it is sometimes called in this country—that absolute assurance of having adopted what is right and declared war against what is wrong, that has so often in the course of French history developed itself in mighty effusions of human blood. We islanders are more readily content with a remedy for the evil or difficulty that has to be practically met. The doctrine applied to the Camisards, after a certain amount of contest with them, was, that not only those in arms must be erased from the population of the country, but also all those of like mind, however passively they might entertain their opinions. The skilled physician doing justice to his patient is not content if he alleviates or even removes the acute symptoms of disease if he can find the means of safely expelling its causes from the constitution. Accordingly, not only those who had committed themselves by assembling in arms must be extirpated, but also all who held the same religion as those who had taken arms, so that the source whence any hostile

force could be raised should cease to exist. When it was found that death seemed to have lost its terrors—that martyrdom made proselytes, so that the recruiting-ground of the rebels threatened to spread itself indefinitely over orthodox France—the less ferocious form of deportation or expulsion was permitted as an alternative.

The vast and terrible organisation for suppression created a responsive popular frenzy. This relieved itself in sermons or exhortations; but the priest became as it were intensified into the prophet, and the frenzied ravings of lunacy passed as inspiration. The vast mental epidemic invaded a country suited by its physical aspect to propagate and acerbate the disease. It did not spread in fruitful sunny plains, nor did it ascend into grand mountain-ranges with deep fruitful valleys between. The district of the Dragonets and Camisards was an elevated bleak stretch of ascents and descents filling the broad stretch of southern France between the Alps and the Pyrenees. In the outbreak, in every sense a smaller affair, of prophetic and superstitious fanaticism in Scotland in the reign of Charles II., scenery of the same sterile gloomy order seemed to have its influence, and the voice of the inspired prophetic Camisard has a moderate repetition in Scott's well-devised ravings of Habakkuk Mucklewrath: "I heard it—When did I hear it? Was it not in the Tower of the Bass, that overhangeth the wide, wild sea?—And it howled in the winds, and it roared in the billows, and it screamed, and it whistled, and it clanged, with the screams and the clang and the whistle of the sea-birds, as they

floated, and flew, and dropped, and dived, on the bosom of the waters. I saw it—Where did I see it? Was it not from the high peaks of Dumbarton, when I looked westward upon the fertile land, and northward, on the wild Highland hills; when the clouds gathered and the tempest came, and the lightnings of heaven flashed in sheets as wide as the banners of an host?—What did I see?—Dead corpses and wounded horses, the rushing together of battle, and garments rolled in blood.—What heard I?—The voice that cried, Slay, slay—smite—slay utterly—let not your eye have pity! slay utterly, old and young."[1]

As a witty Frenchwoman said, in such phenomena the first step is everything; and inspiration and prophecy becoming accomplishments of the adult, we need not be surprised that young men and maidens partook of the gift, nor that articulation was prematurely bestowed on babes and sucklings, that they also might be among the prophets.[2] The gift of all kinds of tongues, known and unknown, accompanied the reveries and ecstasies of the inspired; and their resources in the shape of the marvellous, and, it must be said also, of the mischievous, were astounding.

What increased the power of those scenes of wild mania was the vastness of the stage and the millions

[1] Old Mortality, chap. xxi.

[2] "Le sombre enthusiasme qui couvait dans ces montagnes fit explosion par d'étranges phénomènes. On racontait que les assemblées nocturnes des *fidèles* étaient guidées au désert par des météores; que des enfants au berceau prophétisaient. . . . L'extase se propagea comme une épidémie; on vit des enfants catholiques prophétiser contre la Babylone romaine, à l'example des enfants protestants."—Martin: Hist. de France, xiv. 399.

of people acting on it. The students of mental diseases do not readily obtain opportunities of taking a diagnosis, as it is termed, of wide gregarious influences. They were at work here probably on the largest scale that has been authentically established, tainting a people through and through with active mania. We may understand the gigantic nature of the inebriating and infuriating influences thus set to work, when we are told of five thousand prophets assembling and dispersing, each one to exhibit his gifts in the midst of a sympathising audience, gradually advancing from sympathy to frenzy. If a household are afraid in the possession of one insane member of a family circle,—if people ponder sometimes on the dangerous nature of the duties undertaken by the manager of a lunatic asylum,—it must needs have been a disturbing thought to be conscious of the presence of lunatics counted by thousands and hundreds of thousands.

In such phenomena there is apt to be a first step that brings a rush of others— the first act of destruction, or the first drawing of blood. A crisis came in this form on the 24th day of July in the year 1702. A body of people, old and young, seeming to consist of a group of families, were travelling in the Cevennes, their design being, it was said, to escape to Geneva. They were seized and imprisoned. The accounts of the matter are not clear, or even reconcilable in names of persons and places, but their general outline is that the outrage was committed under orders from a dignified priest, and that a group of the captives were detained within his house or palace. At a field-

meeting in the neighbourhood certain prophets were present. One of them had seen the Lord, who had commanded him to take up arms and rescue the prisoners. Another had seen a suggestive vision. It represented certain black oxen in a garden or vineyard where they had no right to be, grazing busily and growing fat; and he was ordered to drive them forth. The Cevennes were the garden, and the black oxen were the priests. A mob took its way to the place of detention, and its approach was announced to those within by psalm-singing. The priest received them with insults. As they persisted in their object of forcing the building and releasing the prisoners, there were shots from within and an assailant fell. The mob finding the trunk of a tree, used it as a battering-ram, and cleared an entrance. They did not content themselves with releasing the prisoners. The edifice was burned down; and the priest, with other priests who seemed to be sitting with him in ecclesiastical conclave, were put to death.

This was not only the opening scene in the bloody drama, but the entrance of one who took a conspicuous share in it, and the acquisition of a military commander to the fierce and headless mob. Among the besiegers of the priest's house was a handsome youth, known afterwards as Jean Cavalier. He was a heaven-born military genius, and discovering a tactic suited to the class of warriors among whom he found himself, he seemed to render them unconquerable in his hands. The sanguinary crew that gathered round him got from him the name of Les

Enfants de Dieu, and he became to them prophet and priest as well as military leader. As he was a brave soldier, a skilful general, and had some method of civilisation in his madness, the Government invited him to treat. He required hostages for his safety, and became conspicuous by the splendid attire of himself and a guard of followers, who entered Nimes to meet the ambassador from the king. This was the great Marshal Villars, who had replaced Montrevel, as a token that an attempt was to be made to conciliate the Camisards. He agreed to the terms of compromise suggested to him; but another chief among the Camisards, Roland, backed by a prevailing party, refused to ratify them. Cavalier was now in danger on both sides, but he escaped, and carried with him a small force to fight under their countryman, Galway, at Almanza.[1] He joined the army of Eugene, and afterwards took refuge in England, where we shall see that he might have renewed acquaintance with his prophetic companions.

The adventures of the Camisard prophets were so erratic and wild, that it was hard for sober England to believe in them on mere narrative. It happened, however, that specimens of the class were cast into the unsympathising community of London, like blazing meteors discharged on the cold earth, and there they offered, for the observation of all who cared to witness them, manifestations connected with their peculiar gifts. They made at least two converts—

[1] "Cette troupe et un régiment de l'armée françoise se chargerent à la bayonette avec une telle fureure que l'un et l'autre furent presque détraites."—Hoefer: Biographie Universelle, *voce* Cavaliere.

Sir Richard Bulkeley, and a John Lacy, who is called Esquire. It is only through these two English gentlemen that the French prophets left any trace of their visit to London in the year 1706.[1] These gentlemen tell us at once the nature of the apparition that had come among them, the influences that converted them to a firm belief in the genuine apostolic character of the mission: "The subject-matter and economy of four or five hundred prophetic warnings, given under ecstasy in London, unless it be acknowledged to come from God, is altogether unaccountable; a few contemptible creatures, dispersed by persecution from the Cevennes, a desert country more obscure than Galilee, sent forth a voice, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord;' their commission is to proclaim, as heralds, the same to the Jews, and every nation under heaven, beginning first in England. The message is, that the grand jubilee, the acceptable year of the Lord, the accomplishment of those numerous scriptures touching the new heavens and new earth; the kingdom of the Messiah, concerning which our Saviour answered His inquisitive apostles that the time was not for them to know, but reserved in His Father's hand; the marriage of the Lamb; the first resurrection or the new Jerusalem descending from above is now even at the door, and to be manifest over the whole earth, within the short term of three years. They tell us this great operation is to be wrought on the part of man by spiritual arms only, proceeding from the mouths of those who shall,

[1] The names of those achieving the highest pinnacle of notoriety among them were—Elias Marion, John Cavalier, Durand Fage.

by inspiration or the mighty gifts of the Spirit, be sent in great numbers to labour in God's vineyard. They tell us this mission of His servants shall be witnessed to by signs and wonders from heaven, by a deluge of judgments on the wicked universally throughout the world—as famine, pestilence, earthquakes, fire from heaven, darkness, tempests. The exterminating angel shall root out the tares, and there shall remain only good corn. The works of men shall be thrown down, and there will be but one Lord, one faith, one heart, and one voice among mankind."[1]

The original prophets, and those natives of the British Isles taking inspiration from them, had the gift of tongues—sometimes specified as "unknown tongues." The philosophy of the unknown is either absolute or specific—the former sealed and unknown to the human race at large, the latter measured in the ignorance of specific human beings. Professors of unknown tongues have generally a tendency to the comprehensive in the unknown, uttering that which no one can detect and make amenable to criticism, as accurate or inaccurate, in grammar, idiom, or pronunciation—a sort of tongue briefly announced in our own vulgar tongue as "gibberish." It would appear that the French prophets showed a better taste, and took a more audacious if less comprehensive flight. There are three of them, for instance, the two Englishmen, Bulkeley and Lacy, with "Mr Facio," perhaps a

[1] See a pamphlet of the period called 'The Prophetical Warnings of John Lacy, Esq., pronounced under the operation of the Spirit, and faithfully taken in writing when they were spoken.' 1707.

foreigner, in a coach, where the Spirit pays them a visit, and "we were all the way proposing and reciting of sentences of the hardest Latin we could think of. Mr Facio recited to him out of Ovid's Metamorphoses, Virgil's Æneid, Lucretius, and out of Martial, Horace's Odes, and De Arte Poetica, &c., not any of which books he had ever read at school except Martial; and that no sooner did we recite a line in Latin but he recited the same in English, as readily as if he were then reading it before him. In all which he did not miss the signification of three true Latin words. But he proposed to us not to give him any technical words made Latin, as *alpites, schoenobates,* or the like, which was but reasonable, neither of such being properly Latin; and in truth, with all our endeavours, we could not pose him, which was to our great astonishment. This gift doth come and go; and when away he knows no more Latin than what his natural memory retains, and which, I may say, he had learnt while he was under the operation of the Spirit as to that gift."

Their own fellow-countrymen, the directors of the French Church in the Savoy, were not so complimentary to their utterances, finding, by the account of competent witnesses to their fits of inspiration, "that the same are counterfeit, and altogether unworthy of the wisdom of the Holy Ghost. But the manner in which they make the Holy Ghost speak is yet more unworthy, for they make use of perpetual hesitations childish repetitions, perfect nonsense, gross contradictions, palpablies, conjectures turned into predictions, predictions already confuted by events; or moralities

which are daily better delivered in common discourse, and which have nothing new in them but the grimaces with which they are accompanied."[1]

The prophets got into difficulty and danger by exciting the attention of that savage beast, the mob of London. It was proclaimed that on the 1st of May 1707, they were to attend at St Paul's Churchyard "for the restoring of Dr Wells to life, who was dead and buried."[2] The object was not attained; and the failure was attributed by the performers to the disturbing element in the presence, on the occasion, of unfaithful eyes—a phenomenon not unlikely among some twenty thousand of the mixed population of London. On this and on other occasions when the prophets courted publicity, the mobs assembled were riotous and formidable; but the tone of the contemporary accounts of these indicates that as no absolute mischief was done, no public authorities in London considered themselves justified in suppressive or penal action. Their own fellow-countrymen of the refugee congregations were the most urgent in desiring the intervention of the civil power, and apparently with some difficulty brought it to pass that some of them were bound over to prosecute the prophets. Three of these were tried at the Queen's Bench, and sentenced to stand in the pillory at Charing Cross, pay a penalty, and find security for good behaviour for a year.[3] The

[1] The History of the Reign of Queen Anne, digested into Annals, vi. 369.

[2] Cunningham—Hist. of Great Britain, ii. 81.

[3] Ibid., 371. The author remembers having seen in some contemporary publication, of which he has lost trace, an anecdote to the effect that one of the initiated waited on Chief-Justice Holt with information that

latest intelligence about the prophets is that they had left London and travelled to Scotland, where they seem to have dropped into obscurity, since a contemporary historian specially records that nothing more was heard concerning them.[1]

the Lord had appeared to him in a vision, and told him to demand that the Chief-Justice should direct a *nolle prosequi* in the case; whereat the Chief-Justice said that he thought it very unlikely such a message should come from such a quarter, since it would be known there that the Attorney-General and not the Judge had the responsibility of such a direction.

[1] Cunningham—Hist. of Great Britain, ii. 81.

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